



AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING MOVIE MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH

JANE
POWELL

Marilyn
Monroe
Was My
Wife

BY JAMES DOUGHERTY

20¢

Ann
Gold

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Silken
your hair!

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Magic! because it flashes up like lightning, because it rinses out like lightning, because it's milder than castile! *Magic!* because this new formula leaves your hair bright as silk, smooth as silk, soft as silk. And so obedient.

Just try this new Drene with its *lightning lather* . . . its new, fresh fragrance of 100 flowers. *You have a new experience coming!*

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Drene

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Prompt action can often help head them off

AT THE FIRST SIGN of a sneeze, cough or tickle in your throat, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic . . . quick! You may spare yourself a long siege of a cold or sore throat due to a cold because Listerine Antiseptic fights the infection as an infection should be fought . . . with germ-killing action.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders" (see panel below). These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues. Listerine Antiseptic attacks them on these surfaces before they attack you.

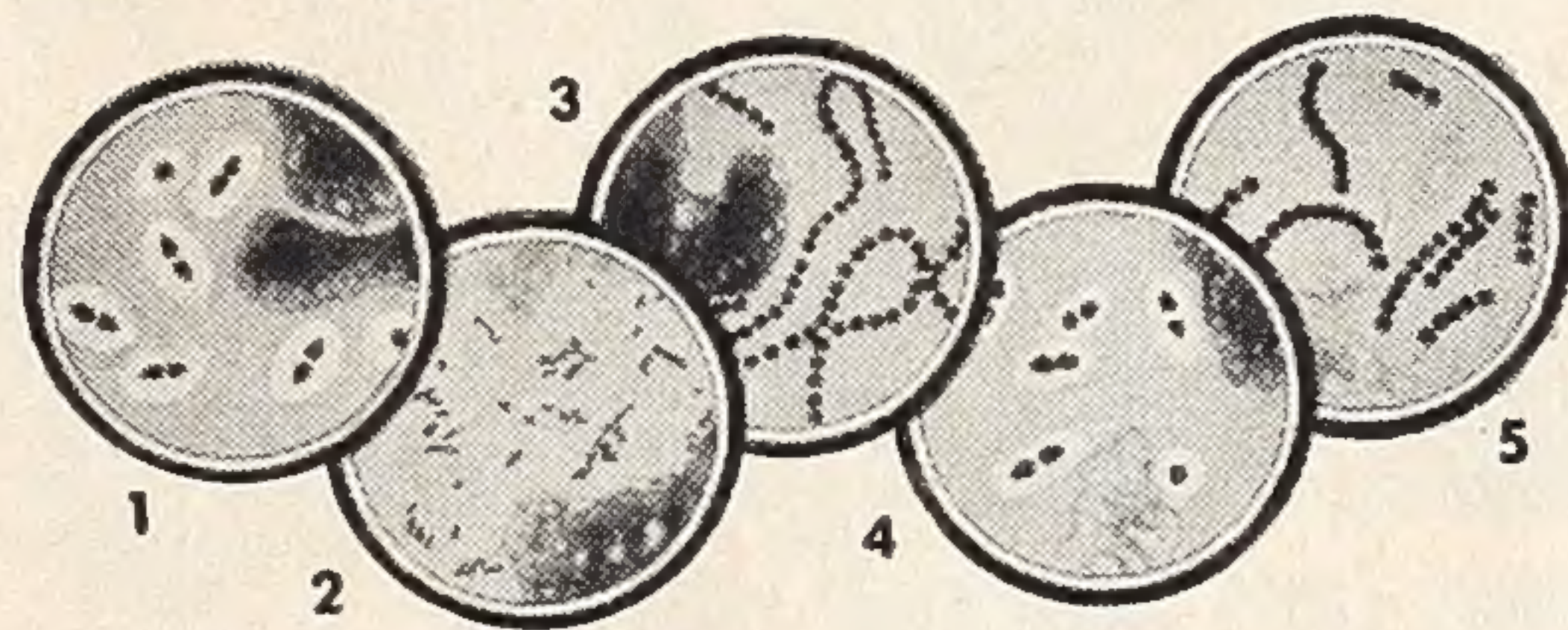
Remember that tests made over a 12-year period showed that regular twice-a-day Listerine users had fewer colds, and usually milder ones, than non-users; and fewer sore throats.

So, get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and betweentimes, when you feel a cold or sore throat coming on. Lambert Pharmacal Company Division of The Lambert Company, St. Louis 6, Mo.



Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—to get after these germs

Tests showed that even fifteen minutes after Listerine Antiseptic gargle bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces were reduced up to 96.7%; an hour afterward as much as 80%. Among bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces can be many of the "secondary invaders," some of which are shown at right. These are the very germs that can cause so much of a cold's misery when they invade the body through throat tissue.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

And to be *Extra Careful* about Halitosis (bad breath)
Use **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** . . . no matter what else you do

Do you know *why* Listerine Antiseptic is better? Because the most common cause of Halitosis is germs . . . that's right, germs start the fermentation of proteins always present in your mouth.

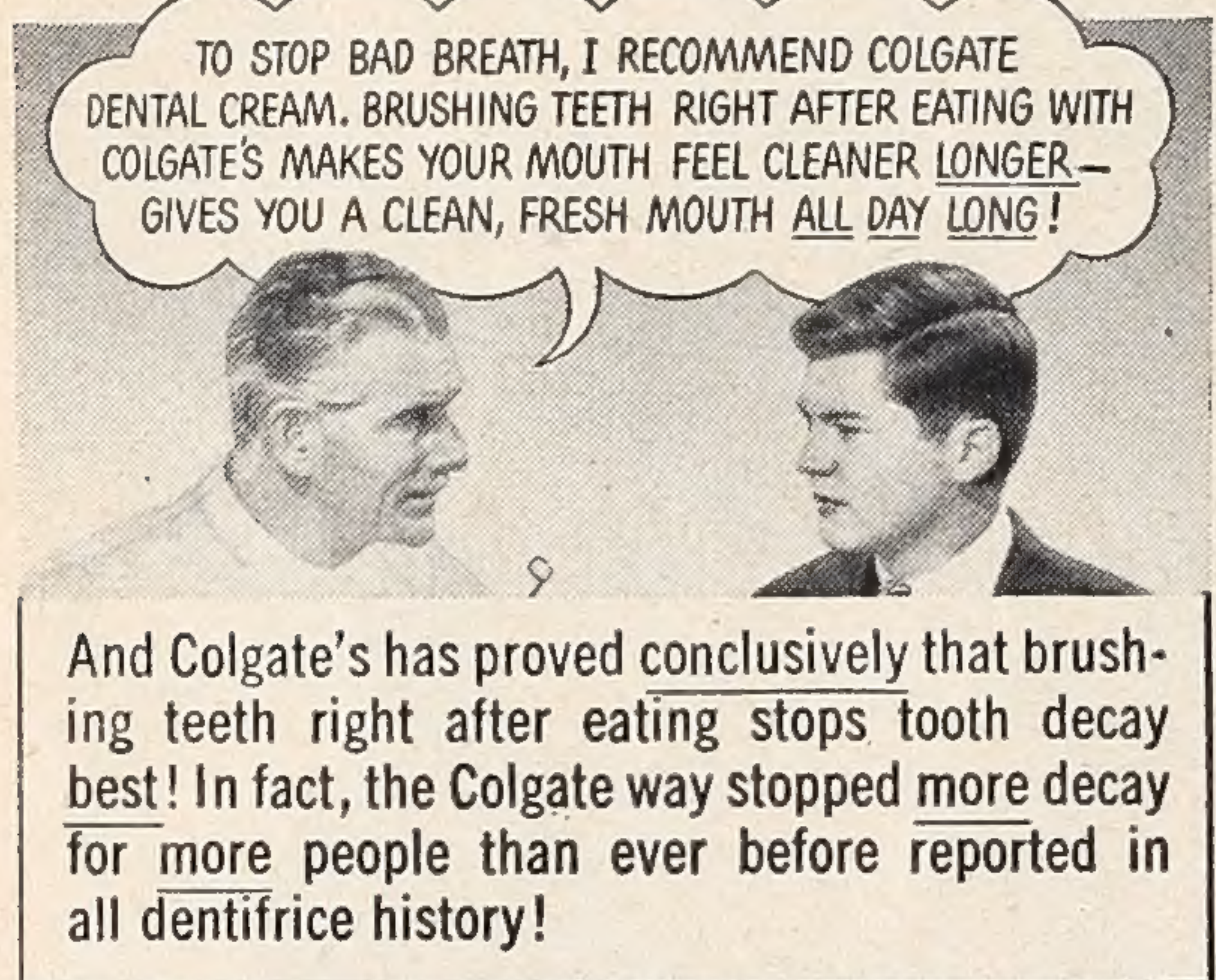
Listerine kills germs that cause that fermentation . . . kills them by the millions. Brushing your teeth doesn't give you this antiseptic protection. Chlorophyll, chewing gums don't kill germs. Listerine does.

That's why Listerine stops Halitosis instantly . . . and usually for hours. That's why Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better than the leading chlorophyll products it was tested against.

So, if you want really effective protection against Halitosis . . . no matter what else you may use . . . use an antiseptic . . . Listerine Antiseptic, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



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BAD BREATH and
STOPS DECAY!**

Colgate's instantly stops bad breath in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! And the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating is the best home method known to help stop tooth decay!



**IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT
CLEANS YOUR TEETH!**

PHOTOPLAY

MARCH, 1953

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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AN M-G-M PICTURE

HEAR
 the hits on the
 M-G-M Records!

what hollywood's whispering about

BY FLORABEL MUIR

A ROMANCE causing much speculation is the one between Ginger Rogers and her young French protégé, Jacky de Bergerac. Slim, trim, platinum blonde, Ginger, who never grows old, made her first trip to Paris a year ago, where she met twenty-five-year-old Jacky, who at that time was escorting Evelyn Keyes around the gay French capital. The charming Gallic man-about-town was manager of an automobile agency, but Ginger thought he ought to be in the movies. They were both house guests in Italy of John Perona, the suave owner of Manhattan's exclusive El Morocco.

The more she saw of Jacky the more Ginger became convinced that Hollywood needed him. She got in touch with head men at M-G-M and told them she'd found a potential actor worth cultivating, and, since the studio officials had high respect for Ginger's judgment, they gave the French lad a contract and brought him to Hollywood. The first thing he had to do was learn English, and Ginger has been his personal language tutor. Marriage? Ginger laughs that question off, but they're always together. And when they're dancing at the Sunset Strip night spots they seem oblivious of everything but themselves and the music. Hollywood whispers that Ginger has once again lost her heart.

The feud is on between Pamela Mason, wife of the fascinating James, and Zsa Zsa Gabor. It started when the lovely Hungarian passed on to others some gossip intended for her ears alone. When Pamela heard that Zsa Zsa had
(Continued on page 6)



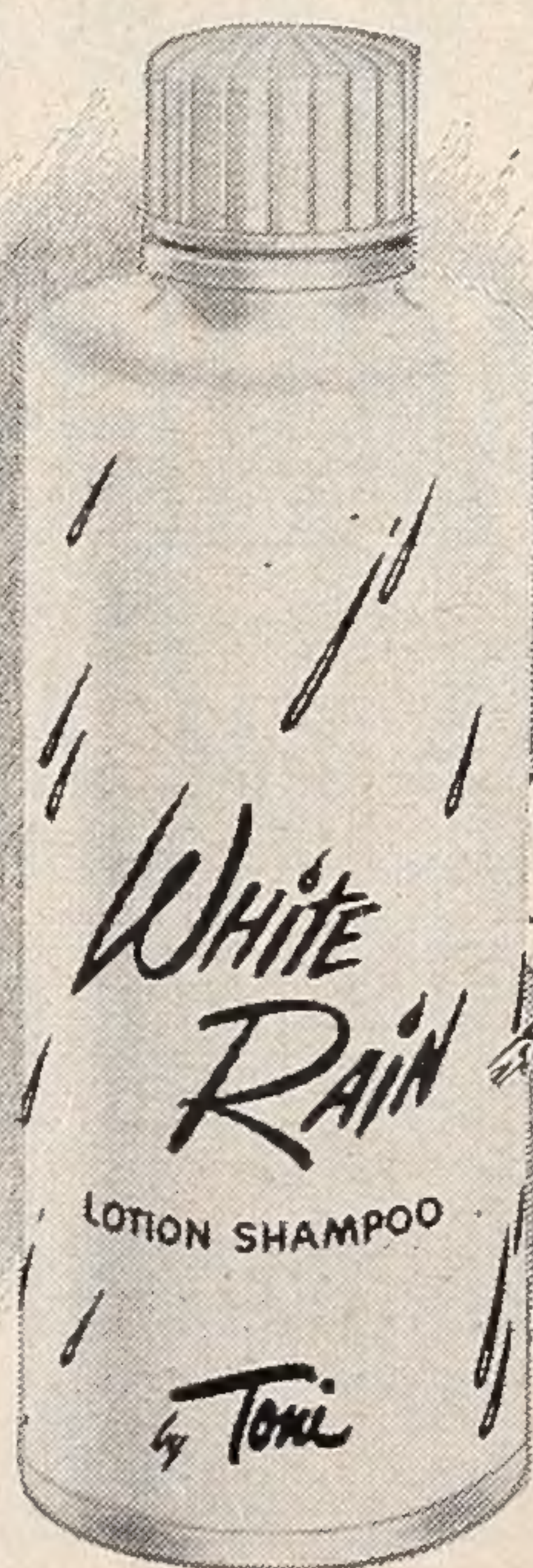
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*WHITE
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Ginger's romance has a French accent

THE HOLLYWOOD SET

By MARY MARATHON

Rosemary Clooney's vivid personality seeped right through the microphone onto stacks of platters of "Come On-A My House" and "Botch-A-Me," records which swung her to the top of the list of singing artists and focussed the eyes of Hollywood upon her. Paramount invited her to come on to their lot for a screen try and almost in the next breath Rosemary romped off with a starring contract. After seeing "The Stars Are Singing," Rosemary's first picture, I can well understand why this bright newcomer to Hollywood is the talk of the town! She's a treat for your ears and she's *very* easy on the eyes!

Starring with Rosemary in this sprightly Technicolor picture are Anna Maria Alberghetti and Lauritz Melchior. Youthful Anna Maria, introduced by Bing in "Here Comes The Groom," won the immediate and enthusiastic acceptance of screen fans and critics. This golden-voiced youngster can act and she's gay, too. In "The Stars Are Singing," it's a kick when she joins Rosemary and her pals in a singing commercial. Lauritz Melchior? His role of "Papa Poldi," a former Metropolitan Opera great who has been licked by a swelled head, has overtones of gentleness but he gives it the Melchior vigor we've come to expect. And he's in lusty voice! Talking of voice, there's one character in this show that doesn't have much of a speaking part, but he'll slay you! His name is Red Dust, world's laziest and funniest—dog!

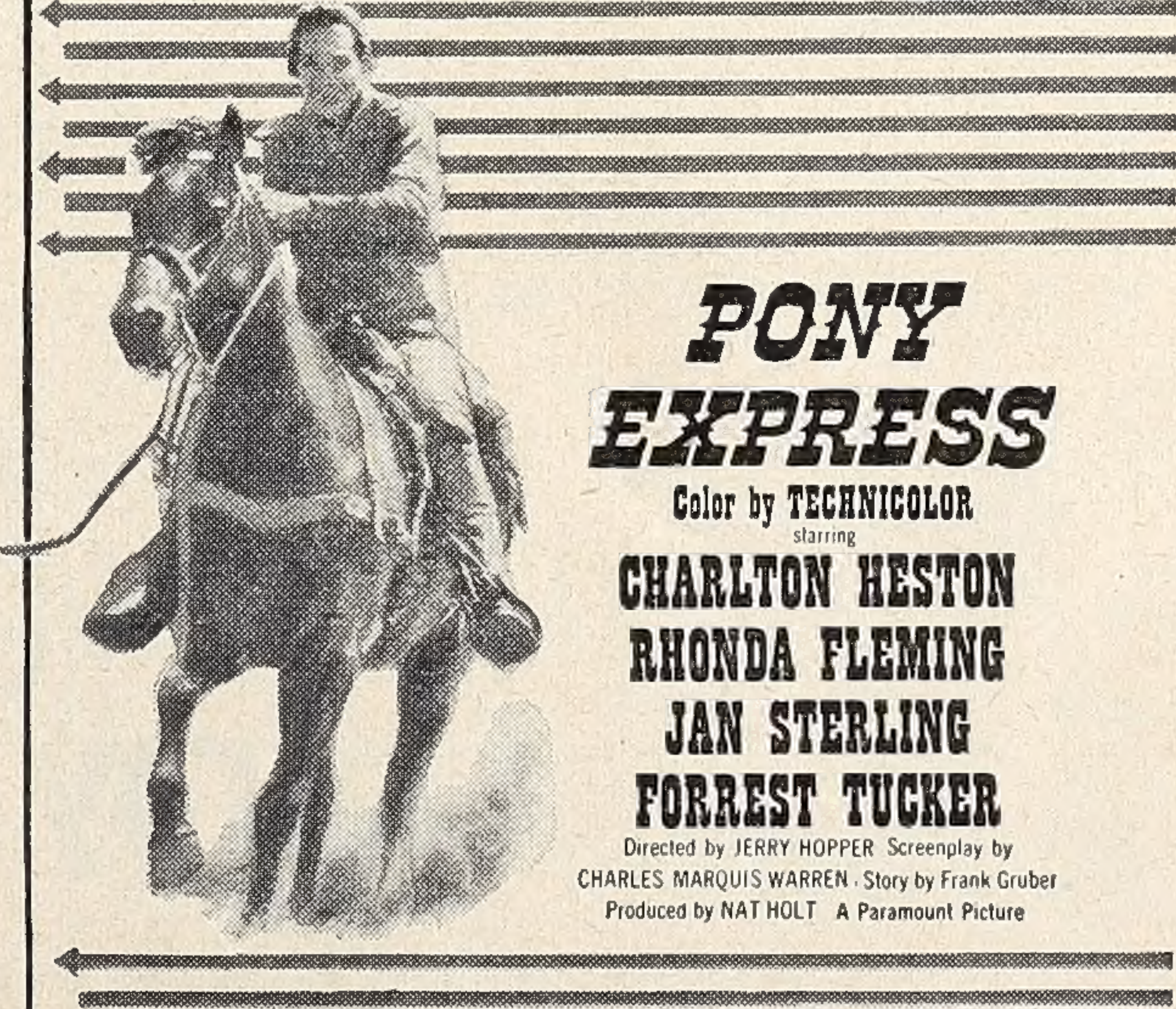
For good measure, there's a heart-warming story. Katri (Anna Maria) in seeking out Papa Poldi, lands in the Greenwich Village apartment where Terry (Rosemary) has gathered 'round her a merry group of young hopefuls who are struggling toward success in the entertainment world. Being a stowaway, Katri is to be deported. Terry and her gang, along with Papa Poldi, say "no can do"... then swing into action with the vigor of a detachment of Marines. Just leave your worries on the doorstep and direct your feet to the sunny side of screen entertainment when "The Stars Are Singing" comes your way!

* * *

Mention of Marines, which I did a few sentences ago, reminds me that I've another fun picture to report on—"Pleasure Island." Here we have 1500 Marines, not engaged in war on "Pleasure Island"—just a bit of skirmishing among themselves to capture the attentions of three lovely girls. What delightful odds! How come 1500 men and three girls? On a South Pacific Island lives Roger Halyard, British Copra grower, with his three pretty, young daughters and a housekeeper. Except for Halyard and his agent, the island is practically manless. Suddenly the Marines appear to construct a landing strip. It's a riot thereafter! Halyard, so VERY correct, almost loses his mind as well as his three darling daughters. The girls have a fine time! The picture is in Technicolor, which is special when a South Pacific Island is the locale. Leo Genn plays the father, Elsa Lanchester the housekeeper, Joan Elan, Audrey Dalton and Dorothy Bromiley, those three lovelies, are the darling daughters.

* * *

Next month I'll be ready to give you the details on "Pony Express," starring Charlton Heston, Rhonda Fleming, Jan Sterling and Forrest Tucker. It's a vivid picturization, in Technicolor, of the most colorful era in our nation's history—a tribute to those rugged men of vision, Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok! More anon.



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what hollywood's whispering about

continued

talked, she said critically, "Why can't she keep her big mouth shut?" Zsa Zsa loves nothing better than a feud so she picked up the ball and ran with it. She's got one other feud going in a big way with Corinne Calvet who sued her for \$1,000,000 for telling a columnist that "that Calvet girl is not French, but English." The suit is still pending with each gal sounding off plenty.

Fernando Lamas recently launched a campaign to meet Marilyn Monroe. He says he just loves blondes, although he's been dating red-headed Arlene Dahl. Hollywood can't forget that he was head over heels in love with blonde Lana Turner for awhile. Marilyn so far has shown no interest in Lamas.

Will the current bust-up between Donald O'Connor and his wife Gwen be the final one? They've separated several times but have always gone back together. The latest rift appears more likely to be permanent. Also, the break between Gregory Peck and his wife Greta in Europe. They've quarreled before too, but not too seriously. However, this time may be the one that breaks the camel's back, as they say. Gene Kelly and his wife Betsy also find European climate not conducive to marital harmony. There's been talk before about Gene's interests outside the home, but the girls in his life were never a threat to Betsy's peace of mind until now.

Mickey Rooney's fourth bride, Elaine Mahnken, is interested in a movie career. Will her desire to be a film star outrun her will to be a good wife for Mickey? This has happened before to the pint-sized comedian who seems always to be seeking marital happiness and never quite finding it. Will this be the successful marriage?

The May-September romance of Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Wagner budded when they both were working in "Titanic" at Twentieth. Despite the twenty years difference in their ages, Bob seems fascinated with Barbara and vice versa. They have eyes only for each other when they go dancing at Mocambo and other bright spots.

M-M-M-M-M-MAYO



The
night-life
of the
party
in

She's
Back on
Broadway

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VIRGINIA MAYO

GENE

NELSON

FRANK

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DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS

MUSICAL NUMBERS STAGED AND DIRECTED BY LEROY PRINZ

MUSICAL DIRECTION BY RAY HEINDORF



Hollywood Party Line



BY
EDITH
GWYNN

DON'T REMEMBER WHEN there's been a month more crowded with galas of all kinds—openings, dinners, dances—premieres of palatial hotels and wot not! Believe me, kiddies—the past few weeks, any gal who gets around Tinseltown, could have used three wardrobes! Esther Williams and Ben Gage celebrated their seventh wedding anniversary with an intimate little soirée—cocktails and dinner for Marie McDonald and Harry Karl, Denise Darcel, Jeff Donnell and Aldo Ray, the Jim Backuses and the Dick Wessons.



Esther and Ben—in seventh heaven

Probably the most nostalgic evening shared by a lot of celebs, was the night old-timers Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields opened at the Cocoanut Grove—the first time in many a year the two had worked together. (Betty Hutton's picture, "Somebody Loves Me," is based on Blossom's life, if you recall.)

Piper Laurie, in mauve taffeta, was there with David

Schine, whose family runs the Ambassador; The Ed Wynns; The Jack Bennys; Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse; the Jeff Chandlers (Mrs. C. in gray chiffon—to match his hair, I guess); the Jerry Lewises; Gracie Allen (in a beautiful emerald-green evening gown of full-skirted taffeta, tight bodice of matching chiffon slightly draped and very décolleté, yet having long tight sleeves) and George Burns, who did the "introducing" honors . . . Undoubtedly the biggest shindig was the one staged by CBS to open its vast new television studios in the heart of Hollywood. They only seated a thousand people for dinner! It made one realize how hard it's getting to distinguish between video and film notables. So many are both these days. Marie Wilson fooled everyone by not wearing a gown cut down to her ankles and concentrated on a new hair-do of short, tight curls; Lucy Ball and Desi Arnaz, who keep combing movie bids out of their hair, beaming about the baby, which arrives before you read this. A pal asked Keith Andes, "Have you got a cigar?" Keith flipped, "Who do you think I am—Anne Baxter?"

Somewhat smaller was the party Jerry Lewis threw for his Patti's birthday—and how did he manage to keep it a surprise from her? When he rushed her into La Rue, she had no idea he'd taken over the entire Terrace Room and hired a band—and that the party was already ON! Not only did Jer' and Dean Martin give out with their craaaazy antics, but Lewis gave his wife an affectionately inscribed loving-cup—and inside the cup was a diamond and emerald necklace! Patti wore a gown of black and white, black bodice topping a full skirt of organza. Dean Martin's Jeanie was lovely in white lace, embroidered with crystal beads. On hand were Spike Jones and his Mrs.; Dinah and George Montgomery; the Norman Taurogs; Mona Freeman, and lots more.

Next day, for no special reason, Spike Jones gave his ever-lovin' Helen, a bright red rabbit coat, lined with candy stripes of red and white. These brightly dyed rabbit jobs (everything from tiny boleros to big, full sports coats) are the rage around here. They're perfect—day or night—for any time of year. As for "any time of year"—it's too bad that some of the prettiest and smartest fashions worn by Hollywood's stars, are those never seen by their public. These clothes have no particular "season" and are picked to please the stars themselves. Olivia de Havilland sometimes entertains a few guests wearing a dramatic coachman coat of midnight blue satin, the full skirt sweeping along from a tiny, fitted waistline. Sleeves are short and cuffed, lapels very wide.

Joan Caulfield loves a similar get-up for small parties. Her housecoat is slightly fitted, has elbow-length, full push-up sleeves, is double-breasted (four big, dark-red bone buttons) and its floor-length swoosh is very full. Joan's is of a mixed red, blue and gray heavy linen—so rough it seems tweedy when the weather is cool. Anne Francis likes to loll in smartly tailored slacks, topped by feminine (but not fussy) blouses or shirts. With tobacco-brown trousers, her blond beauty is accented by a coral semi-tailored blouse of soft silk, short-sleeved, shawl-collared. With it she wears a huge coral chiffon hankie pinned to the inside of her trouser pocket, and a large "flower" of coral beads at her throat.

Told you ages ago about what fun Van Johnson and Ethel Merman were having with their dueting around at private parties—and we betcha they'd get their wish to do it publicly one of these days. Well, they sure did—at a big-time benefit staged by members of the congregation of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Beverly Hills. Van and Ethel teamed for "their first public appearance." Other performers included Barry Sullivan, Dotty Lamour and Debbie Reynolds. Lena Horne closed the bill. No one "follows" Lena.



Jane Wyman and her groom

This must have been "Merman month"—because if it wasn't a party for her, she was giving one. Her farewell to Hollywood (until fall) was the dinner dance she tossed at Romanoff's, for about seventy! Clifton Webb, the Johnsons, Jane Wyman and Freddie Karger, Joan Crawford—with a short, short, short hair-do—the Darryl Zanucks, the Walter Langs and Richard Greene were some on hand. Also Zsa Zsa Gabor and Joan Fontaine, both in flaming red. Gabor's gown was of satin, Joan's was lace. . . . Red was the color of the month—saw Dotty Lamour in fire-red lace and Lori Nelson in a red Persian print.



Beautiful Hair

B R E C K



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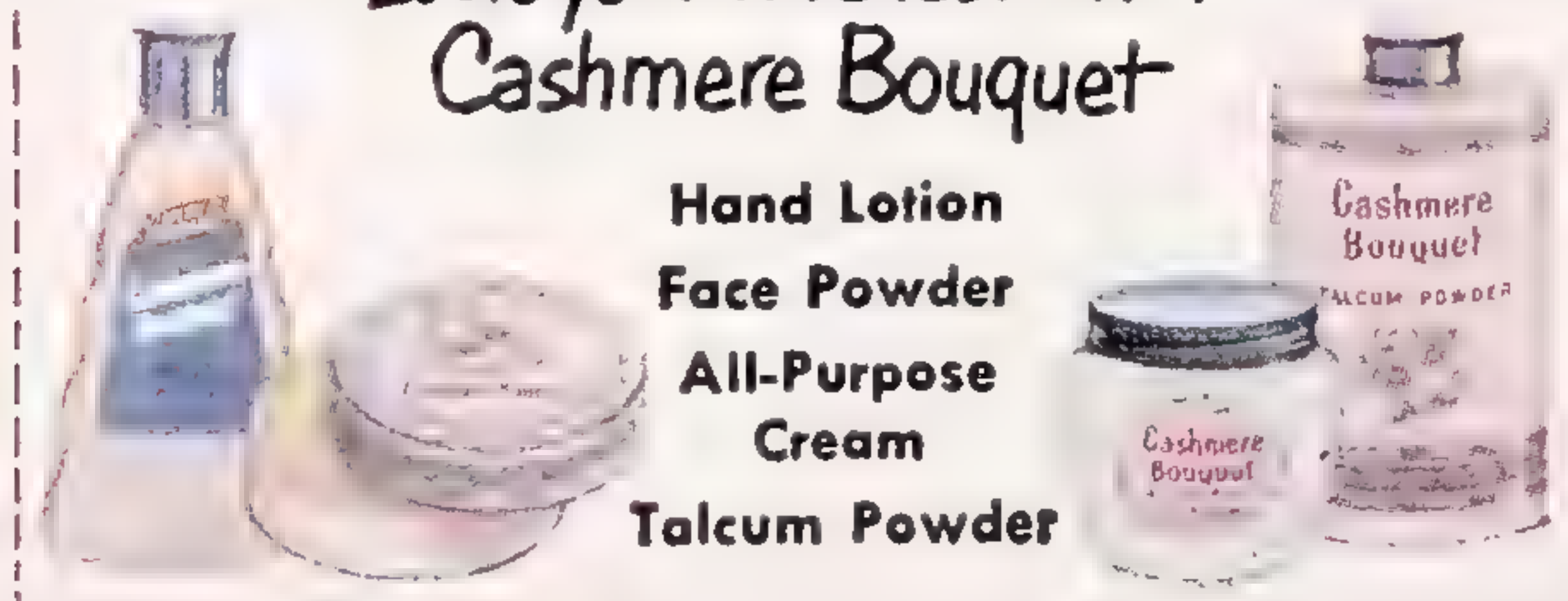


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Look your loveliest with
Cashmere Bouquet



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SHADES

*Just
39¢*



What should I do?

YOUR LETTERS ANSWERED

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen years old. About a year ago I met a boy in the Air Force. We fell very much in love and wanted to be married, but we had known each other only a short time. He had his orders to leave for Germany, and the pressure of my parents' ideas and our worry over being parted for a long time decided us against marrying then.

At first we wrote every day, but finally I didn't hear from him for a long time. Then a dreadful letter came, saying that we should forget each other. He said that he still loves me very much, but that things were bad in Germany and that he has turned out to be the sort of person I shouldn't know. He still has two more years over there, and he says that in two more years he will have changed so that I won't understand him at all.

Please tell me what I can do or say to make him realize that if I lose him I don't want to live. I think my family might be able to arrange a trip for me next summer if you think it would be a good idea for me to go over there and try to straighten things out. He is my life and all I have to live for!

Corinne A.

Dear Corinne:

Oh, come now, let's not get desperate! Don't you realize that the real reason you are making so much of this breakup of your romance with a boy you scarcely knew is that you are—in an indirect way—punishing your parents for not permitting you to marry?

It's a little foolish for a girl of nineteen to announce that a boy she has known only a short time is her life and all she has to live for. Each human being has the development and the destiny of his soul to give real meaning to his life.

I don't think you should consider a trip to Germany. This boy has indicated that he would rather not continue his relationship with you; that being the case, how would he feel if you showed up at his base? Probably he has a new girl friend and your trip would result only in embarrassment.

Better find a new beau, and when you allow yourself to think of the Air Force lad, you should regard that romance as just one of the many maturing encounters you will experience before you marry.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have a problem which quite a few other girls probably have, too. I have two older sisters, one is eighteen and the other is sixteen. I am fourteen. My oldest sister, Marian, is quite popular with the boys, but the other one, Stella, isn't so fortunate. She does have some dates, but not many. My problem is that I'm quite popular.

I hope that doesn't sound braggy, but I have to explain our difficulty. Mom often refuses to let me go out because



BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Stella's pride and feelings are hurt.

All of our dates are very informal, such as going to movies, or get-togethers in our homes, where our parents know exactly where we are and with whom.

We have always been a very close family and of course I don't want dating to break up this wonderful bond, but do you really think it's fair for Mom to prevent me from having dates just because Stella isn't as much in demand as Marian and I are? Ariadne O.

Dear Ariadne:

Yours is rather a common problem. A great many family misunderstandings are caused by the attempt of a loving and well-meaning parent to spare the feelings of one child to the detriment of another.

I have letters from unmusical children who must take music lessons in order to play with a brother or sister who is a wizard. I have letters from brothers of totally different temperaments who are sent to the same technical school by a sentimental mother who wanted the boys to stick together.

Each human being is unique and his progress should not depend upon the progress of another simply because the two belong to the same family.

Your middle sister has probably not developed as rapidly as you have, despite the fact that she is two years older. Usually a popular girl is one who has begun to take a definite and sensible interest in boys. An unpopular girl, frequently, doesn't really want to be popular, although she might deny this. She may be more interested in other activities than dating.

I believe it is the job of a mother to study each child individually, and to interpret the differences between them. If your middle sister were made to understand that your dates were a part of your life and cast no reflections upon her life, suggested no shortcoming, she might be very happy to stay at home and amuse herself in some way that she really enjoyed. Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am married to a wonderful man fifteen years my senior. I am twenty-three, and the mother of a beautiful little daughter.

My problem is that I have always had a terrible temper. Sometimes, to get what I want, I have had tantrums and thrown myself on the floor, screaming and crying. I simply haven't been able to stop myself.

Until recently, my husband has tried to pacify me by giving in to my whims. He has been wonderful.

Recently, he read in a magazine that a beauty expert advised a girl to use a paddle, and use it conscientiously, to remove excess poundage from her hips. Well, you see I have rather fleshy hips, so my husband suggested that I try this.

(Continued on page 12)



A Stanley Dealer is a Person Worth Knowing

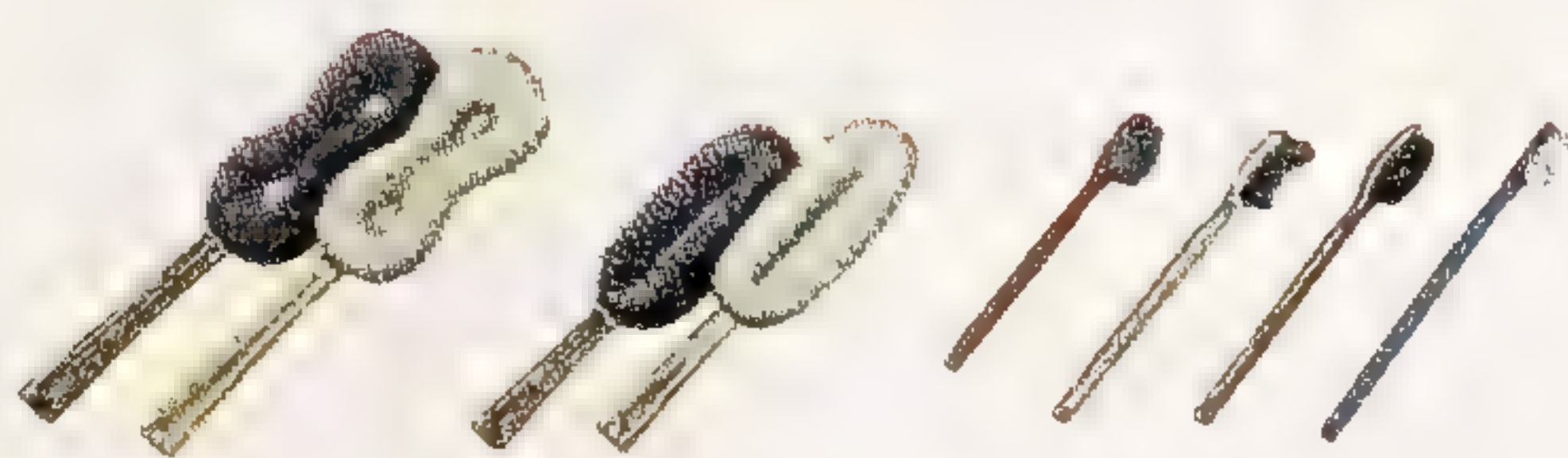
CORDIALLY welcomed by 11,000 STANLEY Party Hostesses daily, STANLEY Dealers are held in particularly high esteem. Women everywhere like the fun and shopping convenience of a STANLEY Hostess Party which the STANLEY Dealer is so glad to arrange in any home. They like the many QUALITY PLUS Products to lighten housekeeping tasks and to improve personal grooming which the STANLEY Dealer demonstrates at these Parties. Have you a favorite STANLEY Dealer? If not, we suggest you make the acquaintance of

one of these friendly Dealers right away. You, too, will find *your* STANLEY Dealer a person well worth knowing.

★ ★ ★

IT'S FUN TO HOLD YOUR OWN STANLEY PARTY

STANLEY Hostess Parties are by long odds the most popular of all within-the-home shopping parties. No home is too little, no group too small . . . and Hostesses get wonderful Dividend Gifts. To arrange for your own STANLEY Party, phone or write your STANLEY Dealer, your nearest STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS Branch Office, or communicate direct with STANLEY'S Home Office in Westfield, Mass.



STANLEY LEADS With More Than 150 Quality Plus Products: Dusters, Mops, Brushes, Waxes, Polishes, Cleaning Chemicals to make housework easier. Toilette Articles, Bath Accessories, Personal and Clothing Brushes and a wealth of other items for personal grooming.



Originators of the famous Stanley Hostess Party Plan

STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS, INC., WESTFIELD, MASS.
STANLEY HOME PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LTD., LONDON, ONTARIO.

(Copr. Stanley Home Products, Inc. 1953)



*Enriches your hair with beauty
... instead of drying it*

TWICE AS MUCH LANOLIN *is the reason*

Gives hair twice the twinkle. Leaves it so manageable your comb is a magic wand! Even in hard water, gets hair so clean you can *feel* the difference—soft and sweet as love's first kiss. Come on, give your hair a fresh start in life... with the shampoo that gives you twice as much lanolin as any other leading brand. Try it today—from 49¢.

Helene Curtis
creme shampoo



What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 11)

I agreed, but now whenever I have one of these temper spells, he takes me across his knee and spanks me vigorously with a hairbrush. I have pleaded and protested, but it does no good. I even discussed these spankings with my mother. She said my husband had already discussed them with her and that she and my father agreed that if they had applied the hairbrush when I was a little girl, it wouldn't be necessary now.

Things are more important to me than they are to other people, so there are times when I can't avoid showing how I feel. I think that, regardless of my actions, I am too old to be spanked.

Jessica W.

Dear Mrs. W.:

Your letter "made" my day!

So many of the letters I receive really tax every bit of insight and knowledge which I have managed to acquire so far in my lifetime that it is a genuine delight to read a letter outlining a problem to which there is a pat, simple, obvious solution.

I'm mildly astonished that you haven't thought of it yourself.

All you have to do to avoid future spankings is to avoid future tantrums. Grow up and your husband's treatment of you will become adult as well.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I will appreciate if you will give me some information as to where I might locate a talent scout. We live about one hundred and fifty miles from a major city, so I feel certain that there must be a scout stationed there. I should like to know his name and street address.

I have a highly photogenic daughter who might develop into a famous person, if given a chance. Not only is she beautiful, but she is sweet, modest, courteous, and religious. She has a sweet soprano voice and sings in the choir.

She never pushed herself forward in school. Her popularity has come to her unsought.

She will graduate from high school next spring, and says she doesn't really know what she wants to do. I believe she is a "natural" for motion pictures. How can I go about securing her first break?

(Mrs.) Helena S.

Dear Mrs. S.:

I believe your letter tells far more about yourself and your daughter and your relationship than you realize. You want a career for her and you are prepared to make a frontal attack to win it.

On the other hand, I suspect she has always lived somewhat in your shadow and somewhat in your echo. I gather that she is inclined to be retiring and easy-going.

Instead of seeking out a talent scout, don't you think that you might try to get better acquainted with your daughter? Undoubtedly you love her deeply, but it is almost as bad for a child to grow up over-protected as under-protected. If you will allow her to be a person, not necessarily the type of girl you would choose for a daughter, but the type of girl she is, naturally, you may find that she does have definite opinions and positive ambitions which she has been afraid to voice to you in the past.

She is an individual, you know, and has a right to that precious and unique status.

Claudette Colbert

readers inc...



OUR ERROR:

The enclosed is a paragraph from your December issue of Photoplay:

"Probably to prove that the Christmas spirit can overcome anything, Steve Cochran, who insists he will never re-marry, always entertains not only his ex-wife, Fay McKenzie, and their little girl at Christmas time, but also his ex-mother-in-law. Actually they all meet (together with Steve's mother, who flies in from her home in Alaska) at Carmel, California, where Fay has a house—but it is Steve who foots all the bills, gives everyone terrific presents and enjoys himself very much."

How misinformed can you be! I have never lived in Carmel and do not own a house there, and Mr. Cochran and I had no children, and I assure you I have never spent a Christmas with him since our divorce.

I expect and am sure you will print a complete retraction at once. This has caused me much embarrassment since I am now happily married and do have a small son. My husband is Thomas Waldman, who is a television writer and producer.

I really don't relish being pictured as a sort of poor relation of Mr. Cochran's.

I realize this was probably the result of carelessness on someone's part, since Mr. Cochran was previously married to a Florence Lockwood. Perhaps she is the one to whom Miss Waterbury was referring. However, that doesn't lessen the embarrassment for me and I must insist that you print a correction at once.

FAY MCKENZIE WALDMAN
Scarsdale, New York

Photoplay regrets that its errors in the December article caused you any embarrassment. It is always this magazine's intention to publish only verified facts, and Ruth Waterbury, the author of this particular feature, sincerely is known as one of Hollywood's most accurate reporters. Please accept our apologies.—ED.

SOAP BOX:

... "One Minute to Zero" ... was the best picture put out for many months ... There was only one fault with it, however. Ann Blyth's portrayal certainly didn't belong in this picture. Her part just wasn't realistic enough ... Whoever heard of a girl having her hair in place, having manicured nails, fresh clothes, and looking freshly scrubbed while up on the front lines?

ROBERTA APPLE
East Cleveland, Ohio

... my first letter of either praise or complaint about a movie and I'm sorry it had to be one of complaint! ... let me state that I have liked Mario Lanza from the beginning—and I have seen some of his pictures as many as four times each, but I could not stand "Because You're Mine"! Even his wonderful voice couldn't and didn't make up for the senseless story ... To me, Mario looked much handsomer with a fuller face!

FRANC KUTZLI
Flint, Michigan

Haven't you noticed a resemblance between lovely Joan Evans and Marilyn Monroe? They can pass for sisters, for both have the face and figure.

CHARLES BLACK
Belmont, Trinidad

Almost every article written about a young and eligible female movie star (and too, one that isn't so young and eligible for that matter) praises, among other things, the fact that she writes to the boys in service ... A great morale builder, says Hollywood. Just wondering why the bachelors of Hollywood don't follow suit and write some friendly notes to the women in service; especially those overseas ... (or is the grass really greener on the U.S. side of the ocean?).

PFC. ELIZABETH J. HOLMES
c/o Postmaster, APO 503
San Francisco, California

Well, Hollywood has its new king! John Derek's good looks qualify him for the throne, but his sensational acting ability makes the throne his *place* in Hollywood.

BETTY GARRARD
Macon, Georgia

Why, oh why, won't Hollywood men cut their hair? ... why it hangs down over their ears and neck! My favorite example is Rock Hudson ... I'm quite sure he'd be just as handsome without all that hair!

NANCIE ANDERSEN
Silver Springs, Maryland

"The Snows of Kilimanjaro" was excellent, but I'm tired of reading about how good Ava Gardner was. She was good, but not half as outstanding as Susan Hayward. Let's give Susan some credit, too ... Tab Hunter was outstanding in "Island of Desire," but it looked silly to see a boy that looks eighteen play opposite a woman about thirty-four ... let's see him with Debbie Reynolds, Lori Nelson or Barbara Bates.

LYNN FISHMAN
Altadena, California

CASTING:

I heard John Agar sing in a theatre in Chicago and I think he has a wonderful voice. Why doesn't some studio give him a chance to play in a musical? ...

CAROL MUELLER
Chicago, Illinois



John Agar

Why, oh why, doesn't 20th Century-Fox ever produce any more fine musicals? ... I'd give anything to see them make one on the life of Ted Lewis, starring their one and only Dan Dailey. Dan could really put ribbons on a part like that ...

BETTY BEAUGHAN
Seattle, Washington



Dan Dailey

I think Robert Mitchum is one of the best actors on the screen ... but I wonder why it isn't possible for him to play in a picture with that fiery Marilyn Monroe ...

PFC. LOWELL GREEN
Landshut, Germany

I think some of those directors and producers must have birds in their heads ... Why don't they put someone like Doris Day and Frankie Laine together in a big musical? They can sing and they don't sound like a rooster with a split throat like some of the stars.

CAROL TIMMINS
Johnston City, Illinois

I think the book "Ben Hur" would make a good movie. Gregory Peck as *Ben Hur*, Deborah Kerr as *Mary*, Stewart Granger as *Joseph*, Ursula Thiess as *Ben Hur's* wife.

JERRY D.
Waterbury, Connecticut

Since Betty Grable likes horses so well, why not star her in a musical Western? She could sing and dance and ride horses, too.

SHIRLEY HARRISON
Dunbar, West Virginia

QUESTION BOX:

Could you please tell me who played in the "Black Rose." I said Wanda Hendrix and Tyrone Power had the leads, but my sister said I'm wrong. Please settle this point.

FLORENCE TRZESNIEWSKI
Milwaukee, Wisc.

Tyrone Power, Orson Welles and Jack Hawkins were cast in the three leading masculine roles, and the leading feminine part was played by Cecile Aubrey.—ED.

(Continued on page 14)

Easy way to a naturally radiant skin

QUICK HOME FACIAL

WITH THIS 4-PURPOSE CREAM!



Now... follow Lady Esther's super-speed recipe for true loveliness!



1. Smooth Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream up your neck and face. Don't rub! This self-acting cream takes away dirt that can turn into blackheads... relieves dryness. Remove gently.



2. Splash face with cold water. Blot with soft towel. You don't need astringent. This 4-way Cream works with Nature to refine coarse pores.



3. Smooth on a second "rinse" of Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Remove with tissue. A special oil in the cream softens and conditions your face for make-up.



4. Ready now to put on your "face." Make-up goes on smoothly—clings for hours! You're *really pretty* always.

So easy. Just think... with one face cream alone you can give your skin

all the vital benefits of an expensive beauty shop facial. Because *all by itself* Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream *cleans, softens, tones and satinizes* your skin. And *all in one minute!* Get the Lady Esther facial habit for healthier, cleaner skin. Be lovely to look at always!

Lady Esther

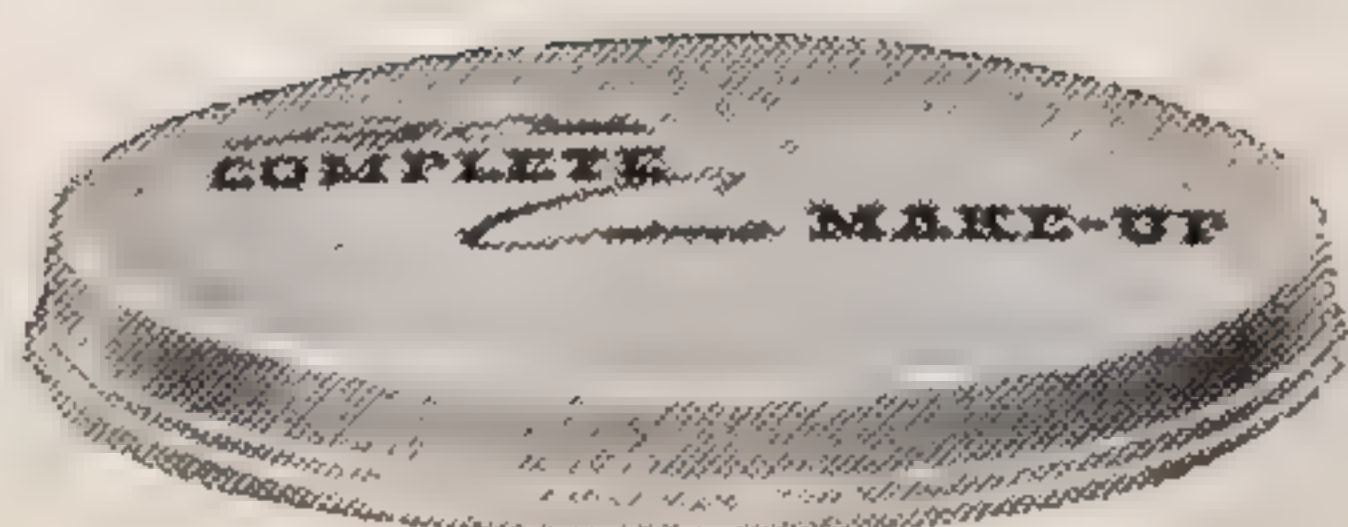
4-Purpose
FACE CREAM



AFTER YOUR FACIAL

Lady Esther Complete Creme Make-up

Generous Compact
50¢
Plus Tax
(Slightly Higher in Canada)



All you need for all-day loveliness! New Creme Make-up plus 4-Purpose Face Cream! Depend on this Terrific Twosome for flawless, radiant skin.

readers, inc . . .

(Continued from page 13)

I saw "The Lusty Men" and it seems as though I've seen it before... It was on the order of... "Bronco Buster"... can you tell me if "The Lusty Men" is patterned after another movie?

MARILYN RIEDEL
Minneapolis, Minn.

"The Lusty Men" is not a remake of any other film. The only connection between it and "Bronco Buster" is that they both dealt with rodeos.—ED.

In our newspaper last year there was an article by a columnist... saying that Jeanne Crain was to star in a movie called "Something for the Birds." A movie is now out with that title, but Jeanne Crain is not in it and I would like to know why.

VELMA TEACHOUT
Seattle, Washington

There was a cast change after the announcement was made because of the pending birth of Jeanne's little girl.—ED.

Could you please tell me whether or not Doris Day is Peggy Lee's sister?

CAROLYN DEL CURTO
San Francisco, Calif.

No, they are not related.—ED.

Could you please tell me what the letters R.K.O. stand for?

LINDA BROWN
Oakland, California

The letters R.K.O. stand for Radio Keith Orpheum.—ED.

Could you tell me who the leader was of the original Dead End Kids? Was Leo Gorcey in the original group? If so, was he the leader? Was Huntz Hall with any other gang? If so, who was the leader?

BOB & EARLENE LACEFIELD
La Center, Kentucky

Leo Gorcey and Huntz Hall were both in the original film called "Dead End" in which they portrayed the Dead End Kids. Leo Gorcey was considered the leader. This, however, was the only film in which they used the name Dead End Kids. They later appeared in other films and were called the Bowery Boys.—ED.

Enclosed is information concerning the producing of the "Life Story of Father Baker"... and a remake of "Ramona"... I think they would make money and bring happiness to everyone... I think they would be up for Academy Awards...

TONI AMOROSO
Lancaster, N. Y.

"Ramona" has been made as a motion picture at three different times, so your hunch that it would make a successful film is certainly a good one.—ED.

I would like to know who played the part of the young steward in the picture "Encore?"

LOIS REPLOGLE
Roaring Spring, Pa.

That was Jacques Francois.—ED.

Could you please tell me if Stewart Granger was playing a double role, as both kings in "Prisoner of Zenda?"

LINDA BEHER
Washington, Indiana

(Continued on page 18)

The Screen Achievement of 1953...



Columbia Pictures
PRESENTS

RITA
HAYWORTH
STEWART
GRANGER

IN

SALOME

CO-STARRING

CHARLES LAUGHTON

WITH

JUDITH ANDERSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BASIL SYDNEY • MAURICE SCHWARTZ
ARNOLD MOSS • ALAN BADEL

AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS

COLOR BY
Technicolor



Screen Play by HARRY KLEINER • Produced by BUDDY ADLER • Directed by WILLIAM DIETERLE • A BECKWORTH Corporation Production

P



Tampax Sets You Free

*from many monthly
annoyances*

The first thing you notice about Tampax is its small size, for it is many times smaller than the external "pad" commonly used for monthly sanitary protection.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Next you realize that Tampax needs no pins or belts—no supporting harness of any kind.... Tampax is worn *internally*, as designed by its doctor-inventor.

While wearing Tampax in this way (internally) you need have no fear of odor and of course there is no chafing either. Also, your mind is at rest concerning possible bulges and edge-lines, even with the smoothest dress or skirt.

Tampax is very simple to use....Made of pure surgical cotton of great absorbency, it comes to you in dainty slender applicators to make insertion easy and convenient....And disposal is just as easy.

Relax physically and mentally—with Tampax. You do not even feel it while wearing it....Sold at drug and notion counters in three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Month's supply will go into purse. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

impertinent interview

BY MIKE CONNOLLY

"WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE," I asked Anne Baxter, "by smoking cigars? Did it ever strike you that your fans might be repelled by it and disappointed in you?"

I got a quick answer. Our Annie is on an "Express Yourself" kick. She has, accordingly, given up trying to be the First Lady of Hollywood. She won an Oscar for her intense emoting in "The Razor's Edge," and what did she gain by it? Some more tear-stained roles.

So now Anne has decided to let her hair down and quit being a lady. And for Anne, this apparently consists of smoking cigars, wearing lowcut gowns, showing off her legs, plus making risqué remarks.

Yup, Annie's got nice legs, in addition to other natural attributes! And she's bound and determined to show 'em off. Her first move in



Raymond Burr wishes Anne Baxter speedy recovery from on-set injury

this direction was a blonde dye-job on her hair with the hope of landing the role of *Lorelei* in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Marilyn Monroe got the part instead of Anne. But Annie isn't giving up!

Lunching with her at Romanoff's and discussing the "new Baxter," I think I learned exactly when and where our girl decided that she must "express herself"—i.e., to be the gal who puffs on stogies and defies convention. Anne steered me away from any discussion of her separation from John Hodiak by talking about her steam bath treatments—and how her glamour-kick began.

"I ran into a friend of mine in the steam room," Anne recalled. "She's an actress—and a very beautiful actress. But she wasn't at all beautiful there in that steam room! There she was bereft of all the props women keep on hand to enhance their looks or to create the illusion of looks they never had.

"No makeup, of course, and her hair was stringing down over her eyes in the dense steam. And you know what? She was absolutely lost! And then I realized something."

What Annie realized then and there was that this famous beauty was no more beautiful than many other women—just wise enough to be sure her fans never saw her off-guard; she exhibits herself only after a tender decoration job.

Annie promptly set out to prove this theory on herself with all the glamour aids at a star's command. Like a window dresser at work, Annie is busy "expressing myself."

At the moment, I'm not sure I can find Annie behind the wrappings.

"Captivating" is the word for Mona Freeman's beauty. Eyes that almost speak—soft skin that's enchanting. Easy to see why directors cast Mona for romantic young roles.

"Here's my care for smoother skin ... Lux!"

says Mona Freeman

For lovelier skin, try this star's daily Lux Soap care—it has beautifying Skin-Tonic Action!

Mona tells you that lovelier skin can be yours. "I find just a few seconds for daily Lux Soap facials keep my skin sparkling."

Gentle Skin-Tonic Action in Lux care helps skin retain natural moisture. And *this* makes even dry skin look more luminous . . . more alive.

Discover the quick new beauty this Lux Soap care can give your skin. Try it . . . *see for yourself*. Daily Lux care, with Skin-Tonic Action, is guaranteed to make your skin definitely smoother, definitely fresher. *You'll* see this new beauty—or Lever Brothers Company will gladly refund your money.



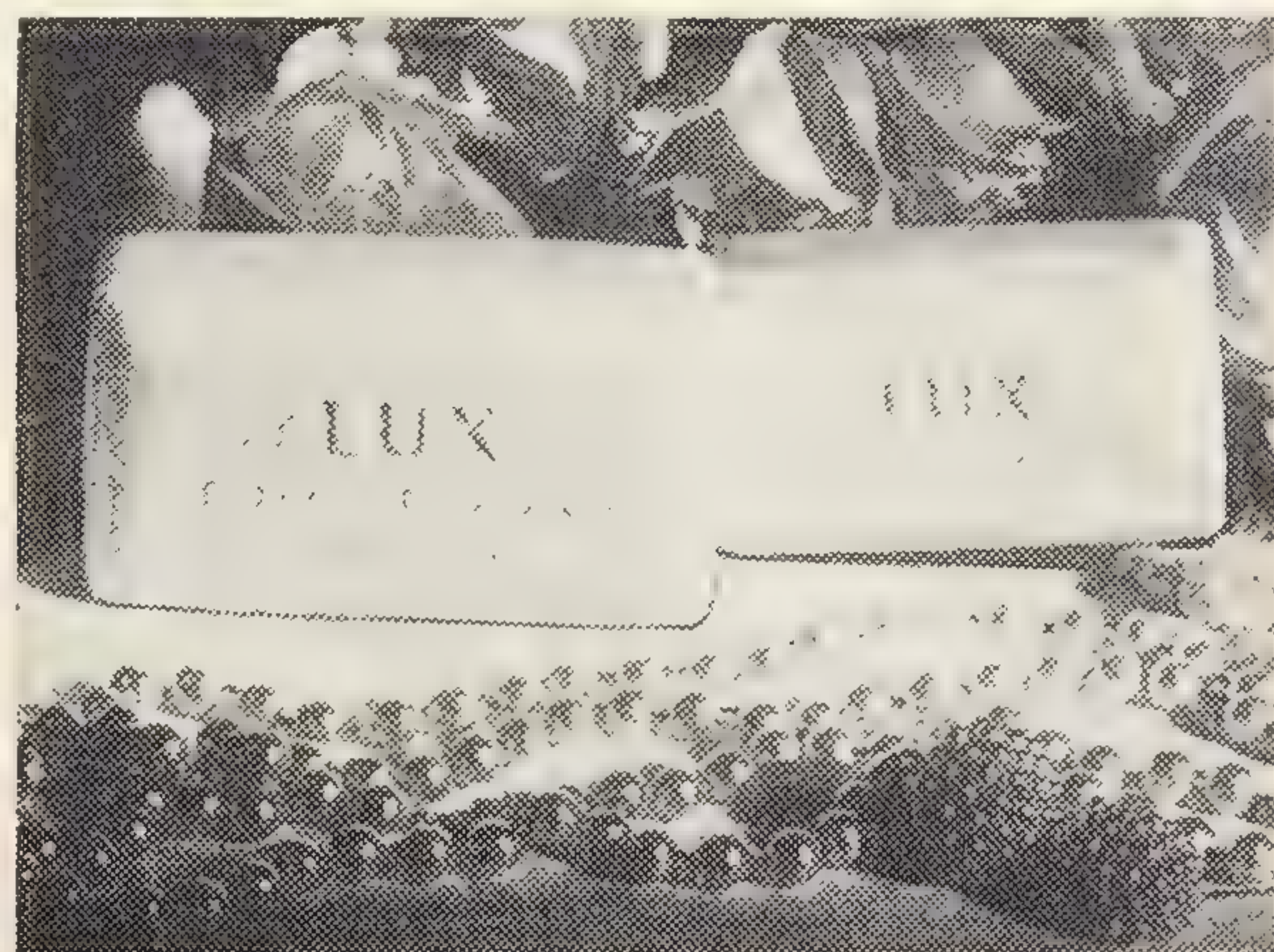
Mona Freeman co-starring in RKO Radio's "ANGEL FACE"

Mona's glamour sparkles—even off-screen. Her tip: "Fresh skin adds to *any* girl's charm—daily Lux facials are a *must* for me!"

Mona selects fluffy blue hat. "Feminine colors flatter a fresh skin!" Here's her way to a fresh skin . . .

"Lux facials work wonders! I cream in a rich Lux lather . . . rinse warm, splash cold. My skin simply glows!"

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap—for complexion, for daily beauty baths, too. Try this! fragrant white soap that is Hollywood's favorite. You'll discover . . . life's lovely when you're Lux-lovely!



Too Fat?

here's
an easy
way to
reduce
—says Barbara Hale



Lovely Barbara Hale enjoying a fishing trip on Lake Mead. Says Barbara, "Ayds has really helped me to keep my figure trim."



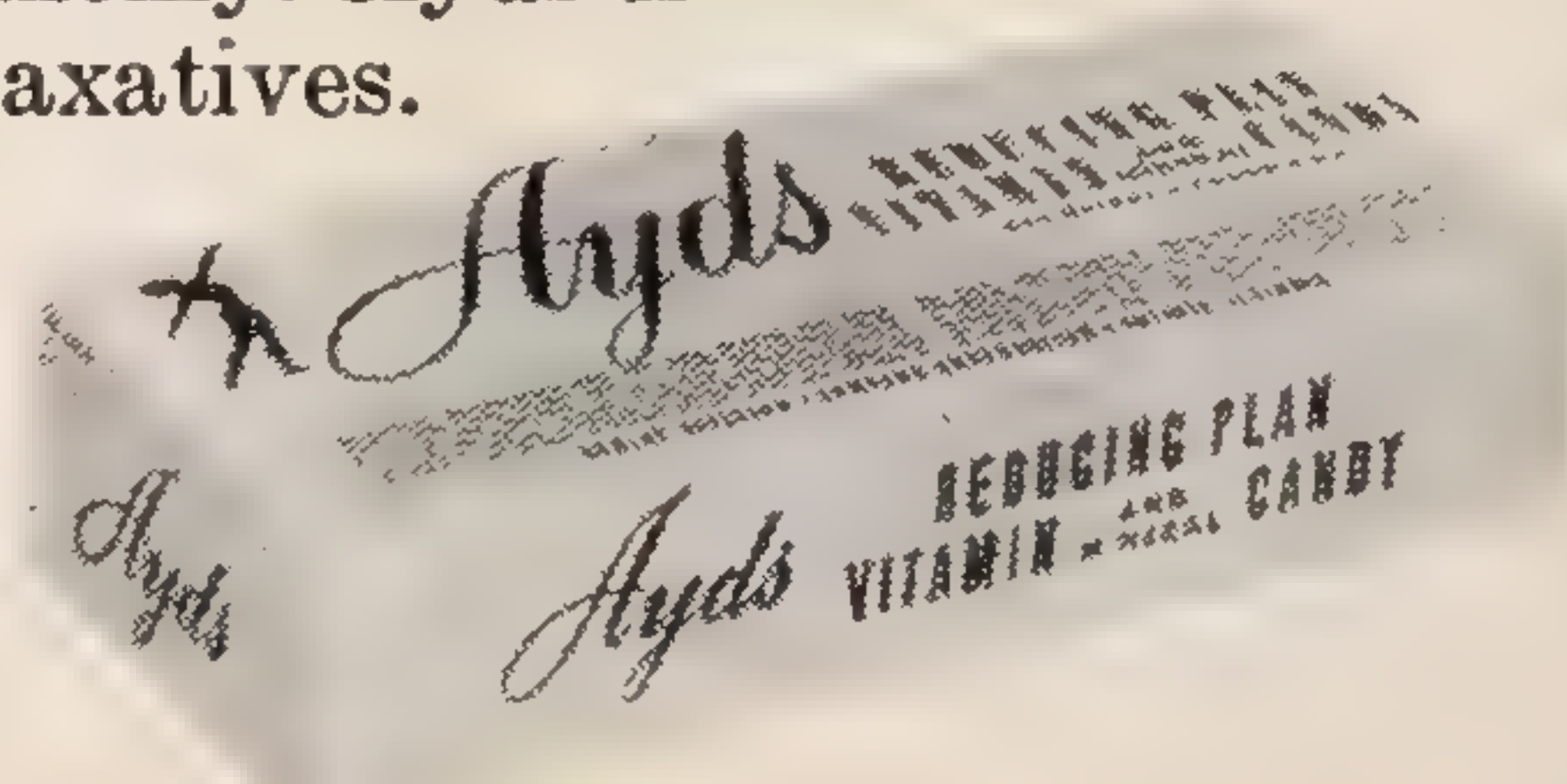
Barbara relaxes in the pool of her Hollywood home. "Many of my friends have got the same wonderful results with Ayds," says Barbara.

No Drugs . . . No Diet . . . Results Guaranteed! Excess weight may ruin your health and your looks, too. Lovely movie stars lose weight the Ayds way—why not you? In fact, you must lose pounds with the very first box (\$2.98) or your money back!

Proved by Clinical Tests. With Ayds you lose weight the way Nature intended you to—without dieting or hunger. A quick natural way, clinically tested and approved by doctors, with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—have a lovelier figure.

Controls Hunger and Over-eating. When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want—all you want. No starvation dieting—no gnawing hunger pangs. Ayds is a specially made, low calorie candy fortified with health-giving vitamins and minerals. Ayds curbs your appetite—you automatically eat less—lose weight naturally, safely, quickly. Ayds is guaranteed pure. Contains no drugs or laxatives.

New Loveliness in a Few Weeks. Users report losing up to ten pounds with the very first box. Others say they have lost twenty to thirty pounds with the Ayds Plan.



SLIM THE WAY THE STARS SLIM

readers, inc . . .

(Continued from page 14)

Yes, Stewart Granger did play both Kings' parts.—ED.

Could you please tell me who played Susie the messenger girl in . . . "Rainbow Round My Shoulder"? Also, who was the other young girl who sang all through the picture? . . .

CATHY SMITH
Bronx, N. Y.

Susie, the messenger girl was portrayed by Barbara Whiting, and Charlotte Austin was the singer.—ED.

My friend and I had an argument. She said that Esther Williams does not swim, and that somebody does it for her in films . . . I say that she does swim. Can you tell me which one of us is right?

LUCY BUTZEN
Sheboygan, Wisconsin

You are! Esther made the 1939 Olympic team. She was also with Billy Rose's Aquacade and the San Francisco World's Fair Aquacade.—ED.

I should like to know if the enclosed picture which illustrated a story in an adventure magazine is Dale Robertson.

MONA LOVEALL
Los Alamos, New Mexico

Our guess is that it is. Many of Hollywood's stars were models before they achieved screen fame.—ED.

Could you please tell me if William Reynolds played the party of Tony Curtis' best friend in "Son of Ali Baba"? What are his next pictures? Could you give me some information on him, please?

DIANE GIDDIS
Lowell, Massachusetts

Yes, he did. You can see him now in "The Lawless Breed" and in "Mississippi Gambler." He's six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has blue eyes, and dark brown hair. Is married, likes to read, listen to music and swim.—ED.

Some time ago I saw the picture "Ten Tall Men." I would like very much to know who the beautiful blonde was who appeared only once during the picture . . . She makes all of the so-called beautiful and sexy women in Hollywood just plain Janes in comparison . . .

WANDA SPROUSE
Kermit, Texas



That was Mari Blanchard. She was recently signed to a long-term contract by Universal-International.—ED.

"I prayed for rain... in a downpour!"

"Several scenes in 'I Confess' called for rain," Anne Baxter explained. "But the weather was so lovely, we had to make our own rain. After being drenched by the studio hose, I prayed for some 'gentle rain from heaven'!"



ANNE BAXTER,
co-starring in
"I CONFESS"

A Warner Bros. Production
Directed by Alfred Hitchcock

"When it finally rained, I worked outdoors in sopping wet clothes for days! My skin just couldn't take it without soothing Jergens Lotion. It kept my face and hands beautifully soft."



"Making these windy ferry-boat scenes chapped my skin raw, but Jergens Lotion rescued me again—and so quickly—'cause it's absorbed instantly! See why: Smooth one hand with Jergens . . .



"Apply any lotion or cream to the other hand. Then wet them. Water won't bead on the 'Jergens hand' as it will over a lazy, oily skin care.



"For close-ups, my skin was always soft and properly romantic, thanks to Jergens Lotion!" No wonder Hollywood stars choose Jergens Lotion 7 to 11!



Use Jergens regularly on your skin. You'll see why more women buy Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

Remember JERGENS LOTION . . . because you care for your hands!

Let's go to the movies

WITH JANET GRAVES

OUTSTANDING

VERY GOOD

GOOD

FAIR

FAMILY F

ADULTS ONLY A

For brief reviews of current pictures see page 110
For complete casts of new pictures see page 108



Best Performances: Danny Kaye, Jeanmaire

In dreams, Danny rescues Jeanmaire from "brutal" Farley F

Hans Christian Andersen

COLDWYN, RKO; TECHNICOLOR

Intentionally, this is no biography, but an airy, romantic extravaganza that Andersen himself might have written. The great Danish fairy-tale writer here becomes a village cobbler, interpreted lovingly by a subdued Danny Kaye. He's run out of town because his story-telling lures the children from school; so he goes to the big city—"Wonderful Copenhagen"—where he falls humbly in love with a beautiful ballerina. This is Jeanmaire, a new sort of ballet dancer, more earthy than ethereal. In humorous and tender scenes, she shows off a delectable personality; but it's her spirited grace in the ballets that earns her special plaudits. Farley Granger's Byronic good looks suit the role of her husband. With exquisite color and a brilliant Frank Loesser score ("No Two People," "Anywhere I Wander" and many more), the picture's full of magic in sight and sound.

Verdict: Prodigal serving of sheer enchantment



Moulin Rouge

U. A., TECHNICOLOR

This utterly different story of another artist does remain close to the facts, following an unhappy life from which sprang immortal paintings. José Ferrer assumes an elaborate make-up to play Toulouse-Lautrec, dwarfed by a childhood injury that stopped the growth of his legs. Though Ferrer's portrayal is meticulous, it's lacking in heart, and the personal drama proves less absorbing than the surging impressions of Paris in the eighties—the cafés, the streets, the entertainers, drifters and derelicts that Lautrec painted with such affection and pity. In brittle, effective style, Colette Marchand plays the street girl too warped by the slums to return Lautrec's love, and Suzanne Flon is quietly charming as the girl who loves him too late. Again, the use of color is the big attraction; greens and mauves often flare up in haggard faces, just as in Lautrec's pictures.

Verdict: Vivid story of a painter and his world

José schools himself to expect only friendship of Suzanne Flon A

My Cousin Rachel

In a setting of gloomy cliffs, old houses and slow-motion surf that naturally recalls "Rebecca," another Daphne du Maurier best-seller unfolds on the screen. But character limitations keep Olivia de Havilland and Richard Burton from rivaling the memorable lead performances of the earlier movie. Olivia's the enigmatic lady who may or may not have poisoned her bridegroom; Richard's the cousin and foster son of the deceased, veering from suspicion to abject devotion and back again in his attitude toward the lovely widow. Audrey Dalton (like Burton, a newcomer from England) has the minor role of Olivia's youthful rival; George Dolenz acts the suave continental as Olivia's closest friend. The darkly romantic atmosphere is satisfying, but a hero who's pretty much of a weakling and a heroine whose character is deliberately left undefined are no great assets.

Verdict: Elegantly mounted mystery with a cheating finish

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT

The Stooge

Like "That's My Boy," the new Martin-Lewis picture gives the two comics credible characters to portray, rather than just gags to run through. Well, maybe Jerry is a little on the fantastic side from time to time, but he puts the chief accent on pathos. Dean's practically the villain of the piece, a swellheaded singer-comedian who insists he can become a vaudeville hit on his own. He breaks off with his old partner, then flops completely as a single until Jerry strays in to become his stooge. Actually the mainstay of the act, Jerry is kept in the background. He gets no billing; he serves cheerfully as Dean's valet backstage; he covers for his partner when Dean shows up drunk. The situation outrages Dean's wife (Polly Bergen), Jerry's girlfriend (Marion Marshall) and the partners' agent (Eddie Mayehoff), all of whom help bring about the happy ending.

Verdict: Funny and touching vignette of show business

U-I, TECHNICOLOR

The Mississippi Gambler

All the ingredients for high adventure are here: the whistle of the steamboats, the stately turning of the paddle wheels, Tyrone Power (just the gent to wear costumes with an air) flipping cards and flourishing rapiers, Piper Laurie peering from under ruffled parasols. But the plot wanders aimlessly, with sundry characters slipping in and out of the film to no apparent purpose. Ty, it seems, has set about making his fortune as an honest gambler on the riverboats. Money and skill with the sword give him an entrée in New Orleans society, but he's less lucky in love. The aristocratic Piper chooses to marry a banker (Ron Randell), who proves less scrupulous than the gambler. Julia Adams, as a lady in distress whom Ty befriends, looks more assured in a role subordinate to Piper's, and John McIntire has his moments as Ty's wily partner, an old professional.

Verdict: Handsome, fitfully exciting ante-bellum antics

RKO

Never Wave at a Wac

We've all met the hero who's an obnoxious type until the Army makes a man of him. Now meet his twin sister. A frivolous, self-centered lady well-known as a Washington hostess, Rosalind Russell joins the WAC only to get to Paris and keep an eye on her officer fiancé. She's happily convinced that her senator father (Charles Dingle) and her big-brass pals will wangle her a commission and a fast plane trip. But she's been framed. Pop, intent on humanizing her, leaves her to plug along like an average recruit. Laughs are plentiful, though both Roz and the writer make the heroine a caricature instead of a person. Paul Douglas, as her bluff ex-husband, intervenes in her Army career, and Marie Wilson has some bright scenes as a burlesque queen who's a better soldier than the socialite is.

Verdict: Rowdy but respectful tribute to the female G. I.

More reviews on next page



A *It's clear to Audrey that Olivia holds Richard under her spell*



F *Polly is Dean's wife, but her sympathy is heartily with Jerry*



F *John Baer and Tyrone take an interest in Julia's problems*



F *Paul's amused to find the snooty Roz policing a barracks*

Forbidden Games

(TIMES FILM)

A

Best direction: René Clement

The dialogue is French, with English titles, but this overwhelming movie tells its strange story in pictures stronger than any spoken language. Boldly mixing humor with terror, it focuses on a little war orphan, portrayed by Brigitte Fossey in one of the most remarkable performances ever given by a child. She loses her parents when Nazi planes strafe a road jammed with refugees. A peasant family near-by takes her in, and their young son (the winning Georges Poujouly) becomes her special protector. For both children, the little girl in particular, the fact of death has a looming importance; they make a secret game of creating a cemetery for animals, beginning with Brigitte's puppy, killed in the strafing. There's a shock element in this, as the two mimic religious ceremonies and steal crosses to put over the graves, but its implications are innocent and heart-rending. The family's Hatfield-Coy feud with the clan next door and a low-brow *Romeo-Juliet* affair play a rough obligato to the main theme, but it's the children who are unforgettable.

Verdict: *Amazing tragicomedy of war*

Stop, You're Killing Me

(WARNERS, WARNERCOLOR)

F

To fans who remember the hilarious "A Slight Case of Murder," this new version of the gang farce may seem less sharply outlined than the original. But there are still plenty of laughs in the story of the prohibition-days beer baron who's trying to be a respectable citizen after repeal. Broderick Crawford's a likable roughneck as the poor fellow who must round up



Claire gushes over Margaret Dumont

enough cash to save his brewery, at the same time coping with four corpses that are cluttering up the house. Claire Trevor gives an expert, good-humored performance as his devoted wife, whose gaudy past keeps showing through her genteel pretensions. But Virginia Gibson, as the couple's daughter, and Bill Hayes, as the young state trooper she wants to marry, make

(Continued on page 24)

*I dreamed I went
to the Circus in my
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with the gala Maidenform figure! Clowns jump for joy in
the center ring—and the applause is all for my curves...
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a Bright, New Outlook for Dull, Dry Skin

by Rosemary Hall
BEAUTY AUTHORITY

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Rhonda
Fleming
writes
home!



RF
Dear Louise,
Watch for my new picture, Paramount's
"Pony Express"—in Technicolor!
As to your other question, I do have a
favorite Cold Cream—Woodbury! It has
a wonderful ingredient called Penaten
that penetrates deep—loosens every trace
of make-up! My face has never felt
so clean, so smooth. I've used more
expensive creams, but none better than
Woodbury Cold Cream.
Do try it! Love,
Rhonda

penetrates deeper because
it contains PENATEN



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movies CONTINUED

rather colorless juveniles. Dashes of music are tossed in, notably "You're My Ever-Lovin'."

Verdict: Cheerful spoof on gangsters

The Little World of Don Camillo

(I. F. E.)



A

The popular book has been turned into a movie at once rollicking and inspirational, shot in Italy by a French-Italian troupe. (Again, the dialogue's French, with English titles.) The long-faced, buck-toothed Fernandel, star of many a good French movie, makes a doughty figure of *Don Camillo*. This village priest is on the closest of terms with his God, addressing Him frequently and always receiving forthright answers. *Don Camillo* is engaged in a running combat with the Communist mayor (burly Gino Cervi). Deep inside, the adversaries like and respect each other, but they war bitterly and often even bodily for the allegiance of the townspeople. Maybe this portrait of a red who has a secret streak of devoutness is wishful thinking, or maybe some Italians do translate communism into terms the Soviets would never approve. In any case, there's no doubt where the movie-makers' sympathies lie. Once more, a family feud has a pair of young lovers doing a *Romeo-Juliet* act.

Verdict: Sunny comedy on a big theme

The Man Behind the Gun

(WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR)



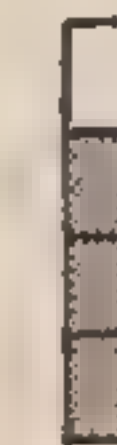
F

Randolph Scott's association with well-made Westerns has earned him a spot among the top box-office stars, and his latest is up to the Scott standard. In pre-Civil War days, he's an Army major who gets into civvies to foil a plot in California. A conspiracy's afoot to turn the southern half of the state into a separate country, ruled by the pro-slavery plotters, and it's Randy's job to identify, outwit and outshoot the ringleaders. Patrice Wymore's under wraps as the school-marm heroine, but Lina Romay has a livelier assignment as a dance-hall owner. Even the ladies get into the big-scale brawl that winds up this lavish melodrama. Traditional comedy trimmings are provided by Alan Hale, Jr., and Dick Wesson.

Verdict: Fancy, fast-moving horse opera

No Time for Flowers

(RKO)



F

This seems to be the month for comedy on un-comic subjects. Now a movie shot in Europe by an American company actually manages to find laughs behind the Iron Curtain, in enslaved Czechoslovakia. In deliberately unbecoming costumes at first, Viveca Lindfors charmingly portrays a staunchly Communist government secretary, horrified to find herself working for

(Continued on page 26)

\$40,000 in cash!

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Are you shy . . . timid . . . afraid to meet and talk with people? If so, here's good news for you! For Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, has written a book packed solid with ways to develop poise and self-confidence.

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Good manners are one of the greatest personal assets you can possess. Good jobs, new friends, romance, and the chance to influence people can be won with good manners. Ladies and gentlemen are always welcome . . . anywhere. And the most encouraging thing about good manners is that anyone can possess them.

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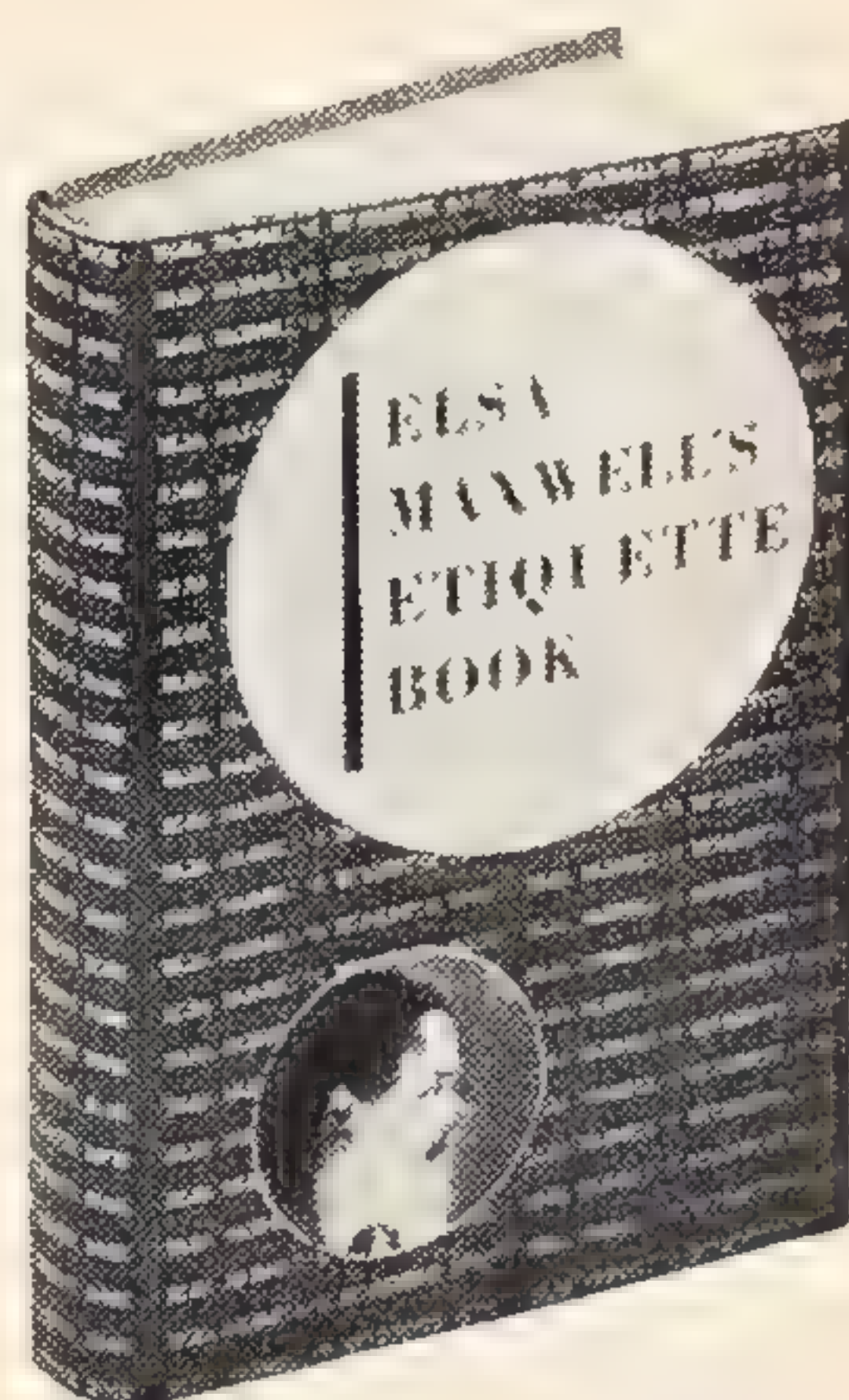
brings you a thorough social education, that will enable you to live a richer, happier life.

Here in clear, straightforward language are the answers to all your everyday etiquette problems. Here you find important suggestions on good manners in restaurants—in church—in the theatre—on the street—and when you travel.

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movies CONTINUED

a pro-American boss. Played in a debonair manner by handsome Paul Christian, this young man is in fact assigned by the secret police to test Viveca's loyalty. To corrupt her austere red ideals, he plies her with lipsticks, nylons, pretty clothes and pretty words—and you can imagine what happens to both young reds when love enters the picture. Character roles of freedom-loving Czechs and matter-of-fact secret police are all nicely acted in key with the lightness of the story. The script's a very clever one, but unfortunately clumsy direction blunts too many of its points and keeps the picture from being outstanding. (Long-time movie fans will compare it unfavorably with the old Garbo-Lubitsch film "Ninotchka.")

Verdict: The laugh's on the Communists

**The Importance of
 Being Earnest**

(RANK, U-I; TECHNICOLOR)



A

This impeccable British version of Oscar Wilde's famous farce is strictly the canned play, concentrating on the impish lines and steady crackle of epigrams, with no effort to whip up a movie pace. Take it on its own terms, and it's pleasant entertainment, acted in formal and flourishing style. Michael Redgrave's the gay blade who's been leading a double life, posing half the time as his respectable brother *Ernest* (actually non-existent). When his pal Michael Denison (who juggles the lines a bit more lightly than Redgrave) decides to pose as *Ernest*, too, in order to further a courtship, the plot gets inordinately mixed up. Edith Evans, as a stately dowager, Margaret Rutherford, as a sentimental governess, Joan Greenwood and Dorothy Tutin, as co-heroines, all get into the spirit of the thing.

Verdict: Polished nonsense, slow and talky

The Hoaxters

(M-G-M)



F

Though this vigorous documentary runs only thirty-eight minutes, it's likely to arouse more interest than many a feature picture. With shrewdly selected and interwoven newsreel clips, it draws a parallel between the barker who sells snake oil on the midway and the totalitarian bosses whose hypocritical promises have led one country after another into slavery. The havoc wrought by fascism, nazism, Japanese militarism and communism is swiftly surveyed. Set against it are all the steps the United States has taken to defend itself and other free countries. Howard Keel, Robert Taylor and other M-G-M players take turns at the narration, but the historical figures and events shown provide the chief drama. While there are no brilliantly imaginative touches, the movie's structure and camera trickery resemble the efficient technique typical of the best kind of American advertising. *Verdict: Fact-packed brief for democracy*



Blackbeard the Pirate

(RKO, TECHNICOLOR)

F

Just one more picture in the current pirate cycle, this adventure tale draws its prime entertainment values from the virile appeal of newcomer Keith Andes, seen earlier in "Clash by Night," and from the lush charms of Linda Darnell, admirably designed to fill the variety of costumes she's managed to cram into her shipboard luggage. But Robert Newton, never exactly the reserved type, outdoes himself in the title role; his mugging actually slows down the action, which is on the repetitious side to begin with. Blackbeard, it says here, is carrying on a minor war with Sir Henry Morgan, buccaneer who's supposedly gone straight. As Morgan's ward and perhaps girl-friend, Linda makes a model hostage on Blackbeard's ship. Keith comes aboard in the guise of ship's doctor, but it's hard to tell just what he's up to.

Verdict: Blood-and-thunder melodrama



The Redhead from Wyoming

(U-I, TECHNICOLOR)

F

Fresh touches in casting and characterization give added interest to what is otherwise a routine Western. Maureen O'Hara has a familiar role as the fiery saloon operator who innocently becomes a partner in her lover's nefarious schemes. But William Bishop, usually the good guy, enjoys a change of pace as the bland-faced politico, planning to advance his ambitions by starting a war between established ranchers and the newcomers who want to move in on the range. Alex Nicol, last seen as a heavy, takes on proper western mannerisms to play the casually heroic sheriff, and Alexander Scourby makes a believable character of the arrogant cattle baron who turns out to be not such a villain after all. Palmer Lee is seen briefly but to good effect as a pal of the sheriff's.

Verdict: Pleasant tale of the old West



Angel Face

(RKO)

A

Though Jean Simmons has an intriguing role in this suspense drama, as the deceptive young lady of the title, co-star Robert Mitchum isn't so lucky. He's supposed to be a knowledgeable fellow; he's skeptical about Jean from the start, convinced that she's bound to commit murder sooner or later; but he's still around to play the patsy when the violent event comes off—not exactly as planned. Jean is the unfortunate victim of a galloping father fixation. Her novelist dad (Herbert Marshall) is contentedly living on the wealth of his second wife (Barbara O'Neil), whom Jean openly despises. Mona Freeman's a little awkward as the good girl whose devotion to Bob finally wears out, and attractive Kenneth Tobey has scant opportunity, playing Mona's consolation prize.

Verdict: Thriller with a neat twist or two



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IT'S THE BEST...YET COSTS LESS!



That's Hollywood For You

BY
SIDNEY
SKOLSKY

I LOOK AT MARILYN MONROE and can't help thinking that for a guy who retired, Joe DiMaggio became a very active fellow . . . Arlene Dahl knows what she is doing every minute . . . Most annoying are visitors on a movie set who talk about the great television show they saw last night . . . I'll bet the bankroll that if "The Member of the Wedding" had been made in Italy, it would be hailed a masterpiece . . . To give you an idea of the Hatfield-McCoy feud: Watch Zsa Zsa Gabor and Corinne Calvet at a party; with Zsa Zsa saying, "Sure, she's a sensation. She has her backless gown on backwards!"

I defy you to name me an actress on the screen who portrays low-down sex better than Gloria Grahame . . . Right out loud Esther Williams calls her giant husband, Ben Gage, "Biggest" . . . Rosemary Clooney, Ethel Merman and Mary Martin are three singers who pay attention to the lyrics, which is why I love them . . . When asked why she talks so much, Shelley Winters talked back with "I get carried away with the sound of my own voice." . . . Marie Wilson said: "Every man loves his native land, whether he was born there or not." . . . Terry Moore doesn't like nightgowns.

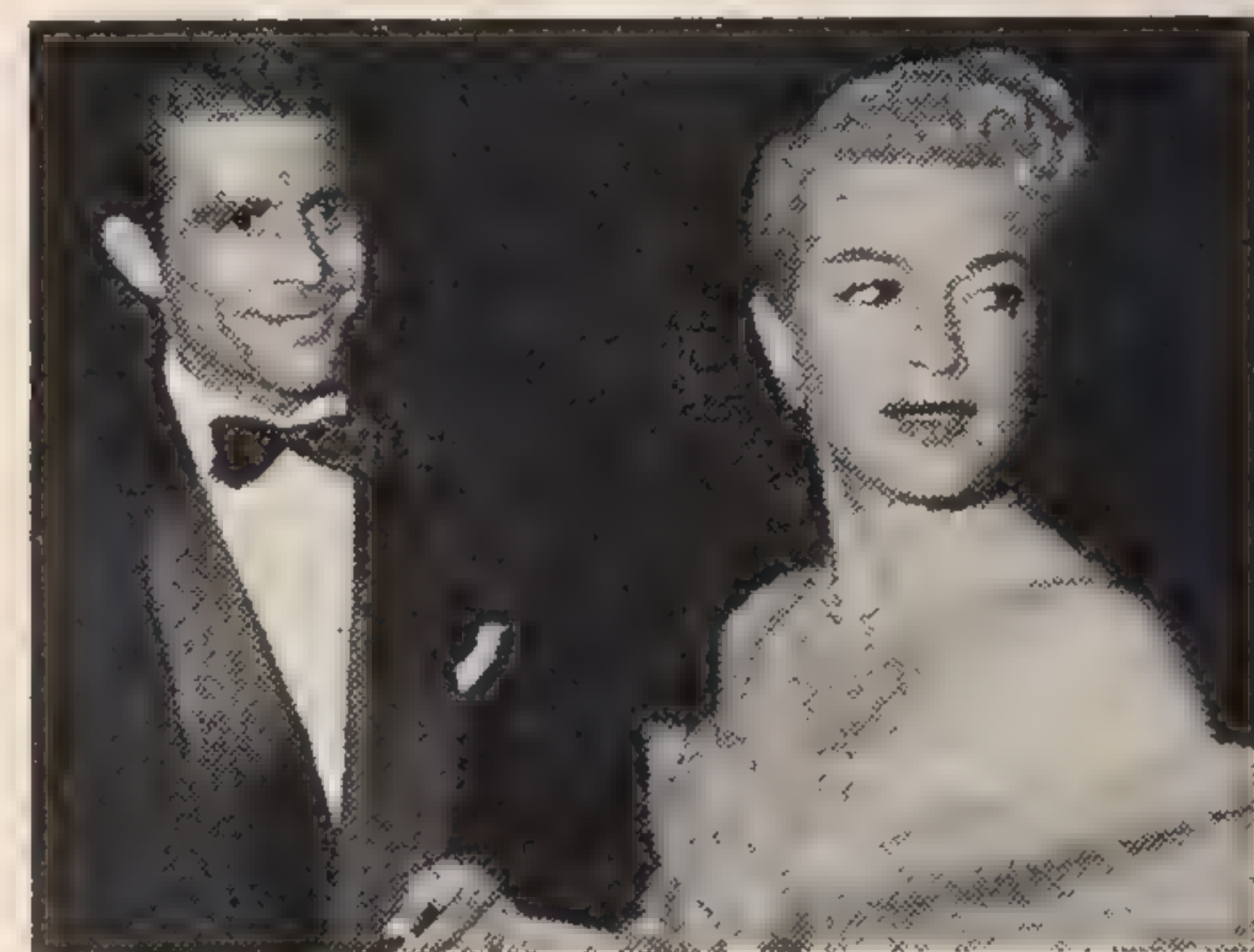


Broadway is her
beat: Shirley Booth of
"Come Back, Little Sheba"

According to the movies, there isn't an old-time actress who doesn't want to make a comeback. Well, Theda Bara is one who is satisfied to have had her days of glory . . . I'm weary, so weary of hearing how much better movies were in the good old days. I now quote a Finley Peter Dunne remark, "The past always looks better than it was; it's only pleasant because it isn't here." . . . I'm a pushover for a good movie about Hollywood and I'm going to see "The Bad and the Beautiful" again . . . I'll bet that bankroll I won a few paragraphs above that Shirley Booth wins the Oscar. Despite her success in the movies, Miss Booth prefers the stage. She says: "It's true that, unlike the theatre, millions of people everywhere can see me; the trouble is I can't see them."

Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh remind me of a couple of kids who are playing at being movie stars . . . I love a Sunday afternoon shortly after the rain has stopped. Then I can clearly see the Hollywood hills before the Monday morning

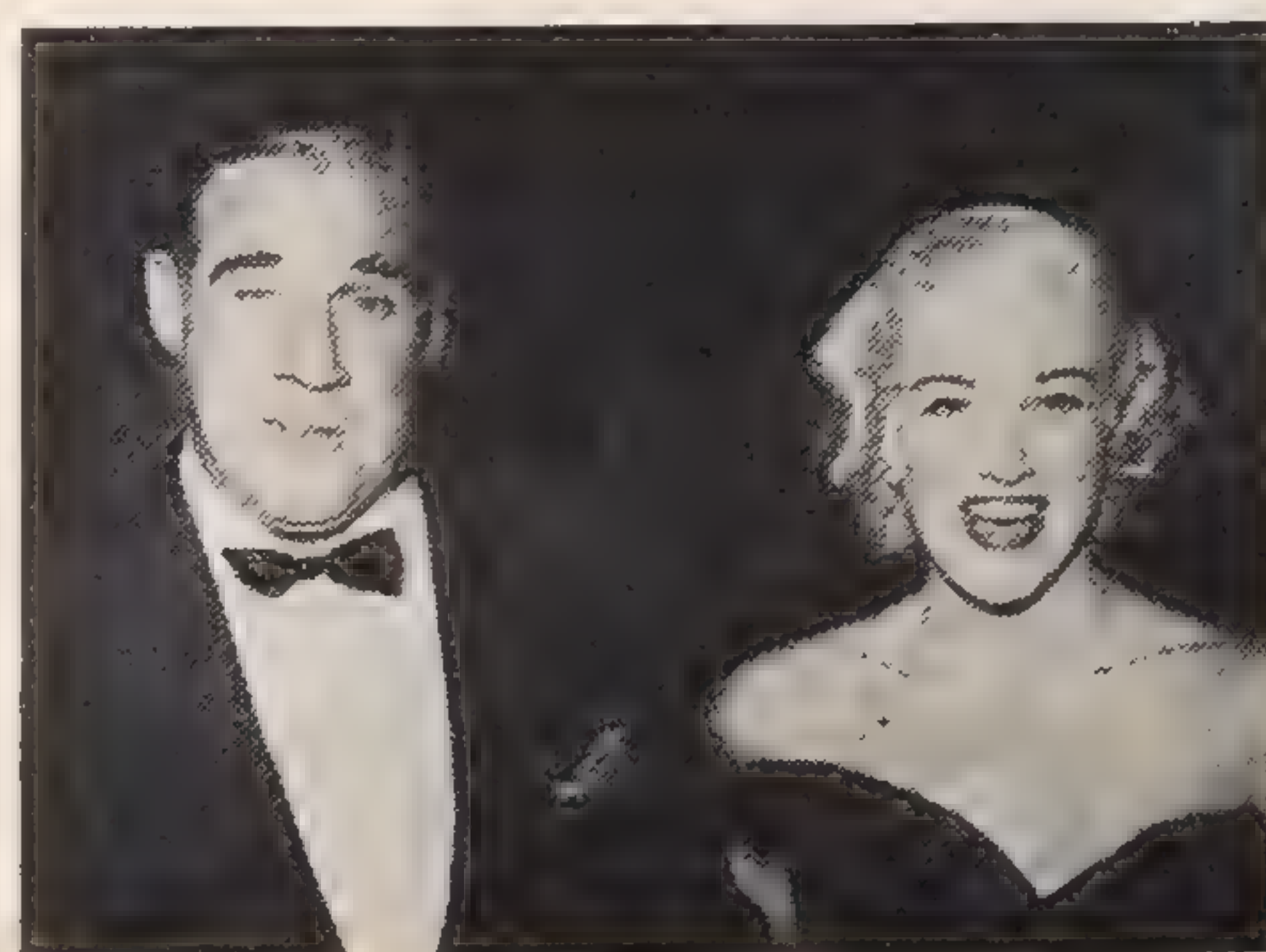
smog gets busy . . . Gals tell me that Charlton Heston has s.a., and I take their word for it . . . I can tell you the Hollywood story in a sentence: The struggle to be a success, then getting there and finding out it isn't sufficient.



Lana Turner
with Georges Saurel
at recent benefit

When Jane Russell was the mystery guest on "What's My Line?" blindfolded Hal Block asked: "Are you famous for more than one thing?" Robert Wagner combs his hair carefully before going to bed, and insists that he likes to sleep in a draft . . . Ava Gardner rubs lipstick on you so nicely when she kisses . . . I don't know why, but Michael Wilding calls Liz Taylor "Drawers" . . . George Jessel says: "The picture business is like sex—when it's good, it's wonderful; when it isn't so good, it isn't so bad either." . . . Mitzi Gaynor was never as good as she is in "Bloodhounds of Broadway" . . . Starlets appear and look good until Lana Turner walks into the room. Then the champ retains her title . . . I am aware that falsies are now well known, but Julie Harris has her derriere built out to make her more sexy.

I guess even Tony Martin wishes he could act like he sounds when he's singing . . . I'm not sent by Johnnie Ray . . . Deborah Kerr claims you have to play a dipso, nympho or dope fiend to win an Academy Award . . . I like William Wellman's reason for not directing "Plymouth Adventure": "I'm not interested in how America was founded. I'm only interested in how America is going to be saved." . . . Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas always look as if they belong together. When will they be together in a movie? . . . Hero Rock Hudson, six-feet-four, and heroine Piper Laurie, thirteen inches shorter, played all love scenes for "The Golden Blade" sitting. If they stood up, their lips couldn't meet.



Perfect picture
pair: Jan Sterling
and Paul Douglas



Barbara Stanwyck

co-starring in M-G-M's

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YES, BARBARA STANWYCK uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. In fact, in less than two years, Lustre-Creme has become the shampoo of the majority of top Hollywood stars! When America's most glamorous women use Lustre-Creme Shampoo, shouldn't it be *your* choice above all others, too?

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Glamour-made-easy! Never was hair care easier or more rewarding. Even in the hardest water, Lustre-Creme Shampoo foams into lavish, deep-cleansing lather that "shines" your hair as it cleans... leaves hair soft and fragrant, gleaming-bright.



Will not dry hair! Wonderful Lustre-Creme doesn't dry or dull your hair—even if you want to shampoo every day! Lustre-Creme is blessed with *Natural Lanolin* to make up for loss of protective oils...bring out glorious sheen and highlights in your hair.



Makes hair eager to curl! Now you *can* "do things" with your hair—right after you wash it! Lustre-Creme Shampoo helps make hair a joy to manage. Even flyaway locks respond to the lightest touch of brush or comb. No special after-rinses!



Fabulous Lustre-Creme costs no more than other shampoos—27¢ to \$2 in jars or tubes.

It will live in your heart forever

Only Walt Disney could unlock *all* the robust adventure and hilarious laughter of James M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*. It sweeps you away to a land beyond imagination where adventure never ends—the Never Land of Captain Hook's pirates, of pixie Tinker Bell, Indian braves and fabulous mermaid lagoons.

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A New
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COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
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With Bobby Driscoll as the voice of Peter Pan

Laughing Stock...

BY

ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local TV station)

Two temporary Hollywood bachelors were exchanging their troubles at a café. One said: "My wife is spending the season in that gambling town, Las Vegas.

The other replied: "With me it's slightly different. My wife is spending in Las Vegas this season."

Hollywood Confucius say: "As any movie starlet knows, a Jane is only as good as her weakest mink!"

Anne Baxter's flip quotes about her famous architect grandfather, Frank Lloyd Wright—"On his wedding night he wore nothing but a red sash"—reached Wright via a friend, who asked him what he thought of his Anne.

Wright put on a perplexed look and said, "She's a delightful child but I can't quite remember whether she's my daughter or my granddaughter."

Someone asked Ethel Merman if she preferred the wide open spaces of the West over little old crowded New York. "Look," she replied, "the terrace of my penthouse in New York is twice as big as some of the ranches I've seen in San Fernando Valley."

A friend's explanation of Mario Lanza's shortage of that greenery: "He spends money like it's going out of style."

Bill (Hopalong Cassidy) Boyd gave a group of kids this sage advice: "Kids, you must do your own growing no matter how tall your grandpapa was."

Hearing that a seventy-one-year-old gent had married a girl of twenty-five, Wally Vernon quipped: "Isn't that sorta like buying a book for somebody else to read?"

Groucho Marx asked his five-year-old Melinda: "What do you do at school?"

Melinda replied: "We paint and we go to the little girls' room."

Ed Wynn says he saw a Western movie on TV that was so old the hero was riding a dinosaur.

Overheard at Ciro's: "Two things slow her up—making up her face and her mind."

Jess Barker, married to flame-tressed Susan Hayward, was asked to write a preface to a magazine article titled, "Gentlemen Still Prefer Blondes."

"Preface my eye," replied Barker, "you mean *epitaph*."

Jackie Coogan's reaction to a Hollywood wolf with a young starlet: "There goes Adam and Naive."

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At one time or another, what woman hasn't thought it would be "fun" to run a dress shop? Well, here's your chance to do exactly that — without disturbing your normal daily routine, without cluttering up your home with space-consuming "stock". Here's a down-to-earth, money-making opportunity for women of any age — and without any business background. You can go into this interesting business without laying out a single penny of your own money in advance. The only requirement is *spare time*! Fashion Frocks supplies everything else you need to set yourself up in a profitable dress business that can bring you up to \$150 in a month.



Your Customers Choose From Nearly 150 Styles and Fabrics!

Imagine a "Dress Shop" you can tuck under your arm and take right along with you to luncheons, bridge parties, church affairs — or even to the corner grocery. That's the way Fashion Frocks' Portable "Dress Shop" works. You simply show exquisite Fashion Frocks to friends and neighbors, relatives and acquaintances at any time that suits your convenience.

When women discover how easy it is to order these stunning

styles through you... when they see the rich fabrics, warm flattering colors, and the dazzling array of weaves and patterns... they simply won't be able to pass your "Dress Shop" by! Your customers will choose from classic suits, casual sports-wear, dressy two-piecers — all such outstanding values that many will buy 3 and 4 at a time. Your Fashion Frocks' "Dress Shop" features a complete range of sizes, too... Misses, Half-Sizes, Juniors, Stouts.



Coupon Brings You This Portable Profitable "Dress Shop"!

Fill out the coupon below and mail it in. Fashion Frocks will send your portable "Dress Shop" ON APPROVAL. You'll get a magnificent Presentation Portfolio showing over 150 Fashion Frocks, at prices every woman can afford. Style cards in color, complete with swatches that demonstrate the exact quality, color, weave and pattern of the wonderful fabrics. In short, everything you need to set yourself up in a profitable dress business... all yours ON APPROVAL. But don't delay or you may be disappointed. Openings are *definitely limited*!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.

(Dress Shop Division)

3305 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Your Own Lovely Clothes Cost You Nothing!

On top of the thrill of operating your own dress business at a BIG PROFIT, you can be the best dressed woman in your neighborhood — without paying one cent for your clothes! You can qualify for your own personal wardrobe given as an extra bonus. It's almost like being paid just for wearing beautiful clothes!

PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC. (Dress Shop Division)
3305 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati 25, Ohio


Please send me by mail the complete Fashion Frocks' Portable "Dress Shop" ON APPROVAL, so I can get started right away on this chance to earn up to \$150 in a month.

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

Age _____ Dress Size _____



“ah-h! **my Ivory Bath** **it's a pleasure... pure pleasure!”**

Yes... Ivory means more lather, faster!

When you're in an Ivory bath, you're in for pleasure from the start! That floating cake of Ivory is so *handy*. And so *sudsy*! It makes floods of creamy lather without a bit of coaxing. Why, Ivory Soap makes *more* lather, *faster*, than any other leading bath soap!

Ivory means famous mildness, and such a clean, fresh odor!

It's delightful—the way silky Ivory suds soothe you as you soak! They're so pure . . . so mild . . . gentle as a kiss. More doctors, you know, advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap! And there's *extra* pleasure in that clean, fresh-smelling Ivory lather. It leaves you full of pep . . . right in step!

Yet wonderful Ivory costs less!

Too good to be true? It *is* true! Mild, wonderful Ivory gives you more soap for your money than any other leading bath soap!



99 ^{$\frac{44}{100}$} % pure...it Floats

“The whole family agrees on Ivory!”



America's Favorite Bath Soap!



ALTAR-BOUND

She knew what she wanted—now Ann Blyth is planning to be wed to Dr. James McNulty

● For many, many months, all of Hollywood has been worrying about romance for Ann Blyth. Gossips have tried desperately to link her name with that of any one of a handful of eligible young men. And while the town wondered—and even fretted a little, for everyone agreed that Ann was ready for romance—she went quietly on in her own way, dreaming and waiting. And planning.

In a town where marriages are too often tossed aside as casually as last year's Easter bonnet, Ann has held firmly to her ideal—a union that was solid and real and lasting. Her hope chest has been a real hope chest, filled with the linens and laces and silks with which

she has always yearned to deck her home, and wrapped round tenderly in her dreams and prayers.

She has had no set picture of what the man she'd one day marry would look like. "It doesn't matter whether he's tall or short, or dark or blond." But she cherished a picture of tenderness and humor and understanding.

It may be a slight to the movie community that Ann has made her choice not from among the dashing heroes of the screen, but that she will go to the altar, instead, with Dr. James McNulty, a Los Angeles obstetrician. But Ann knows now why she was waiting. And she has the warmest wishes of all of Movietown.

INSIDE

CALYORK'S GOSSIP

Guys and Dolls: Although there wasn't a romance between Barbara Stanwyck and Ralph Meeker, he called her first when the New York Theatre Guild signed him for an important play. Incidentally, Barbara is working harder than ever before in her career. After finishing the story of the *Titanic* sinking, she is scheduled to do two more pictures in quick succession and nary a moment for rest . . . The oh-so-beautiful Lana Turner and Lex Barker are now dating openly. However, local skeptics are of the opinion that they aren't serious, not Miss T. anyway. She has confided to intimates that she tried harder than ever before to make her marriage stick with Bob Topping. She doesn't want to lead with her vulnerable heart all over again . . . Fernando Lamas and Arlene Dahl are doing a picture together; bets are even they'll end up as Mr. and Mrs. . . .

When Zsa Zsa Gabor was in England there were rumors she'd lost her heart to a titled Londoner. But Zsa Zsa's telling everyone now she loves only her husband, George Sanders.

Undressing Rooms: Doris Day is taking her slow sweet time deciding whether she'll remain with Warner Brothers. With final option time practically around the corner, the anxious studio is proffering tempting goodies, current one being an elegant new dressing room complete with ceramic doves cooing on the roof! . . . Marilyn Monroe now has the number one dressing room on her lot and while the local ladies of the contract ensemble are holding their tongues, what goes on in those pretty heads is something else again! Jeanne Crain for one, waited years before she finally rated a place in the star dressing-room building.

Fink



Dan Dailey, here with lovely socialite Nancy Smith, is as puzzled as ex-wife Liz over reconciliation rumors, says, "We hardly see each other"



Fink

Stern



Arlene Dahl and Fernando Lamas may or may not waltz down the aisle together—but they make an attractive pair on the dance floor at Ciro's



Take off his glasses for the photographer? Not Bogey! That's for the glamour gals. Humphrey's latest is "Battle Circus"

STUFF

OF HOLLYWOOD...

It's True That: Filmtown is distressed over the Anne Baxter-John Hodiak marriage breakup. Their joint statement that the decision to separate "is a painful one," gave this sad news added poignancy . . . Steve Cochran has a new name for the house he lives in. After his own self he whimsically calls it—"Cock Run" . . . Robert Wagner's public won't be having those intimate peeks into his new apartment. Because he will share it with his parents when they're in town, Bobby boy's issued a no-photographs edict . . . Before he left Hollywood, Marlon Brando braved the cold Pacific and taught himself to surfboard ride by practising with an old-fashioned ironing board! . . . When Shelley Winters called Vittorio Gassman in Italy to tell him the doctor had definitely named the day the baby would be born, her excited husband exclaimed: "What time?"

Embarrassing Moments: Ann Blyth asked Cal to print this story and hopes Martin and Lewis read it. Appearing with the famous comedians on their radio show, the beautiful one lost an earring. She was so upset Dean and Jerry got on their hands and knees and hopelessly combed the studio. When gentle Annie got home and opened her purse—there was the missing bauble! That's when she remembered she took it off in the phone booth. Brave gal that she is, Ann still can't face the ribbing she knows she'll get if she calls up those magnificent madmen.

Shorties: Marilyn Monroe has the answer for those who criticize her best undressed pictures. "What about girls in Bikini bathing suits on the public beaches? At least my reasons are professional!" . . . (Continued on page 74)

Zsarcastic? Not any more. George Sanders is a changed man sinze his Zsa Zsa came back from France telling the world she loffed only him!



Tab Hunter, dancing with Denise Darcel at a party, may be young, but he is quite a guy with the gals! He's now in "Johnny Ringo"



Smith

Smith



They laugh for the birdie, but a few days later Anne Baxter and John Hodiak announce jointly the end of their six-year marriage!



WILL MATURITY END JANE'S APPEAL

BY EVE FORD

Jane Powell faces the most dangerous challenge
in her career! Will she be able to leap the
hurdle from teen-age roles to screen maturity?

● When Jane Powell was nineteen, she remarked that she would dearly love to act her age on the screen. At that time, she was portraying sweet young things approximately three years her junior. "Just my own age, that's all I'd like to be," Janie said wistfully. "But since I'm short and I do look young, it's all right. My day will come."

Jane's day has come. And, ironically enough, it may prove a threat to her career with which she never reckoned. The once-dreaded "awkward age" is no longer a problem for child stars. Deanna Durbin shattered the jinx for all when she sailed through adolescence with grace and ease. Both Elizabeth Taylor and Jane have done likewise. However, once Deanna reached maturity, she set out to prove it

through her screen roles. And she promptly wrecked her carefully built status as a big-time star.

Liz Taylor has been more fortunate. She has passed the crisis and is now established as a glamorous, exciting woman. It is Jane who must still meet the challenge set by the Durbin downfall. And for Jane it will also be difficult, for she has grown up the same wholesome type.

Deanna Durbin tried glamour and failed. What will happen to Jane Powell? How long can a star play a growing girl when she is a housewife and the mother of two? How long will the public accept her in such parts when aware of her matronly role in private life? And if she should make a change in her screen personality—what then? (Continued on page 102)

THE POWELL POLL

Will Maturity End Her Appeal?

☐ YES

NO ☐

REASON

MY NAME

AGE

ADDRESS

Paste this ballot on a two-penny postal card and mail to
Photoplay, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York

Offscreen, Jane is the ideal
young matron, devoted to her husband
and to her baby son and daughter

Fink





Revelation of the private life of Ingrid Bergman shocked many fans and brought her great disfavor—and the same fate may befall the Sinatras

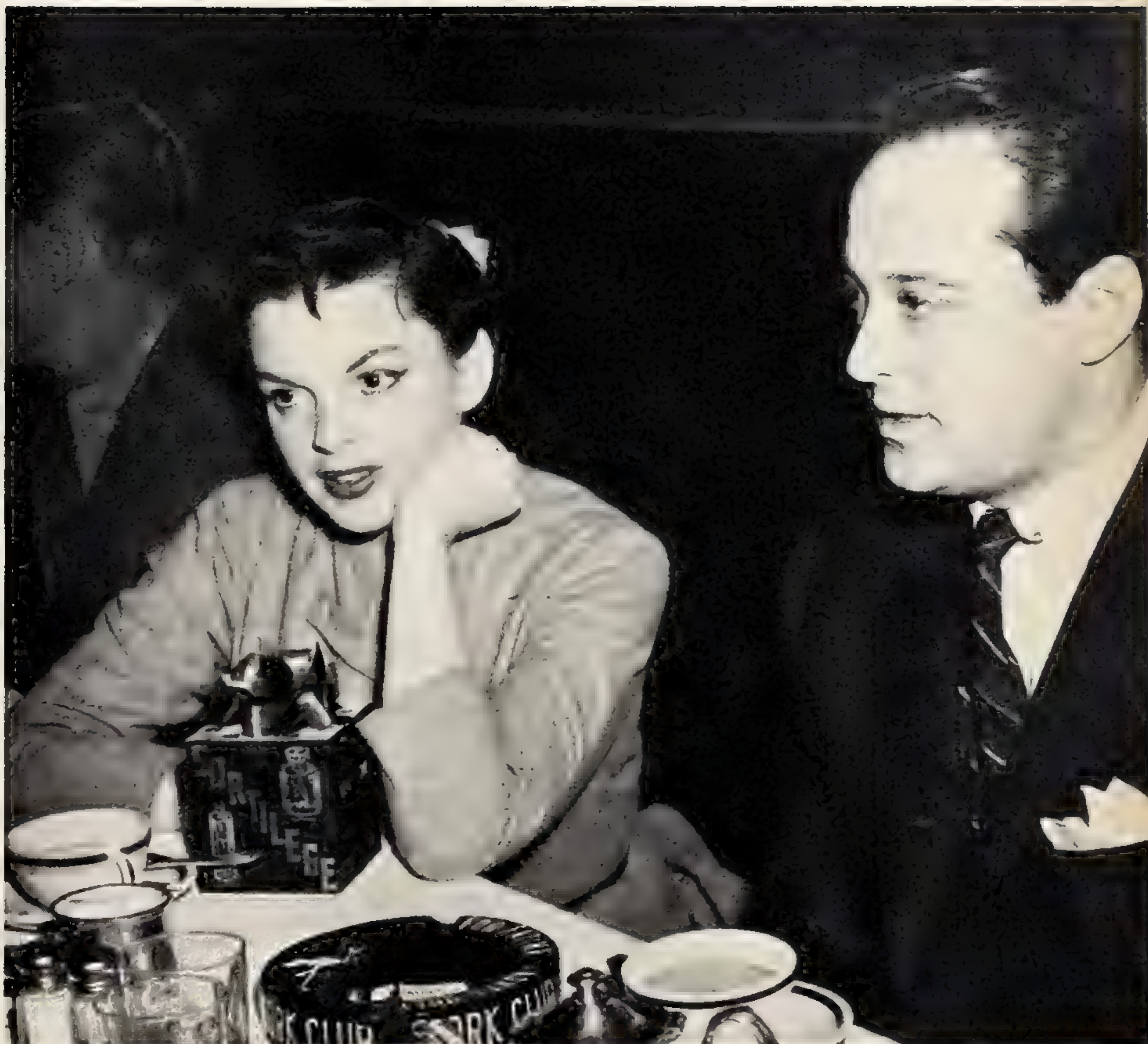
*—A frank and
forthright warning
to the stars who
make headlines—
the wrong headlines—*

BEHAVE YOURSELVES!





Whether Rita Hayworth has alienated herself from most of her fans still remains to be proved—only time will tell



Judy Garland's actions were in direct contrast to fans' conception of her—will her marriage to Sid Luft return her to the pinnacle of fame?

BY HEDDA HOPPER

● When stars get into trouble, they complain that we newspaper people have the advantage over them. We can get our side of the story into print; they can't. This is not true. Any honest reporter would rather have the truth straight from the horse's mouth than be forced to get the story from roundabout sources.

Last fall, just before she left for Africa, Ava Gardner had two fracas with Frank Sinatra that supplied plenty of headline material. All sorts of veiled hints were printed about the matter. Rumors, some of them lurid indeed, flew thick and fast. The public was given just enough of the news to whet its appetite. Ava was furious over some things she read. Reporters kept digging. I finally got hold of her and begged her to tell me the truth of what had happened. I even promised to let her approve the story before it was sent to the papers. But she

wouldn't give an inch other than to say, "It's a personal matter. I don't want to discuss it." I explained that was no way to keep reporters out of her hair. She was hot copy. Something was certainly going to be printed about her. Why shouldn't it be the truth?

That made no impression. "Why," she demanded to know, "can other people get away with murder and every time I wash my hands I make a headline?" But more important than the headlines are the letters that follow.

Before me on my desk is a letter typical of those that have been flooding my office for months. It's from a lady who lives in San Antonio, Texas. She has a problem. I dump that problem squarely on Hollywood's doorstep. And I label it: "To Whom It May Concern."

"I have a small daughter," the lady writes, "and it is my intention

to keep her away from motion pictures as much as possible—together if I can. In doing so, I know that I'm depriving her of a lot of pleasure. But how can I teach my child one set of morals at home, then let her see certain movie stars, glamorized and successful, flaunt that moral code in the face of the world—and get by with it? To impressionable youngsters it must seem that misdeeds pay off handsomely."

The lady added that she was setting an example for her daughter by refusing to see any picture in which anybody of questionable character appeared. If you multiply her by thousands—and you can—you will understand how star indiscretions have resulted in tremendous damage to an already tottering box office. More important: How is the improper behavior of stars affecting the lives of people, particularly the youth? — (Continued on page 103)



There's no great mystery about Debra Paget. All she asks is the right to live her own life in her own private way

● One of the first truths that most movie stars learn to face when they hit Hollywood is that their private lives are public property. Like it or not, they have to get used to the idea that every thought they have—particularly if it's a romantic thought—is grist for the publicity mill.

But once in a while, someone comes along who manages to keep her own counsel, who pulls off the practically impossible trick of living her own life in her own way—and keeping the story of what she really thinks and feels out of the gossip columns. This is Debra Paget.

That fact, of course, has not kept her from being written about. There have been reams and reams of copy printed—and most of it has been wild speculation: What is her real secret? What is there hidden in her background? Why is it that so beautiful and talented a young girl refuses to date? Is it because she's tied too closely to her ambitious mother's apron strings? Or is it that she has some strange fear of men?

It's none of those things at all. Although her mother, Margaret Gibson, has guided Debra's career steps wisely and watchfully, she has not—as the rumors insist—prevented Debra from having a romantic life. She wouldn't dream of trying it. And if she did, Debra wouldn't stand for it. Not for a minute!

For this is no namby-pamby. This is a girl who knows what she's doing—and just exactly where she's going. And she's getting there in her own way.

Of course, Debra is not shy and filled with fears! All you have to do is take one look at her warm and vital dancing in "Stars and Stripes Forever" to be convinced that she isn't troubled by inhibitions. No girl

who is "afraid of life"—that's the phrase they're using most often—could pull off an act as convincing as that one, if it were just an act.

It's all very simple from Debra's own point of view: What she does on-screen is for public consumption. But what she does on her own time is her own affair.

She isn't trying to pull a Garbo—to build up a mysterious legend about herself. All she wants is what any other good-looking girl does—the chance to be herself, express herself—without comment.

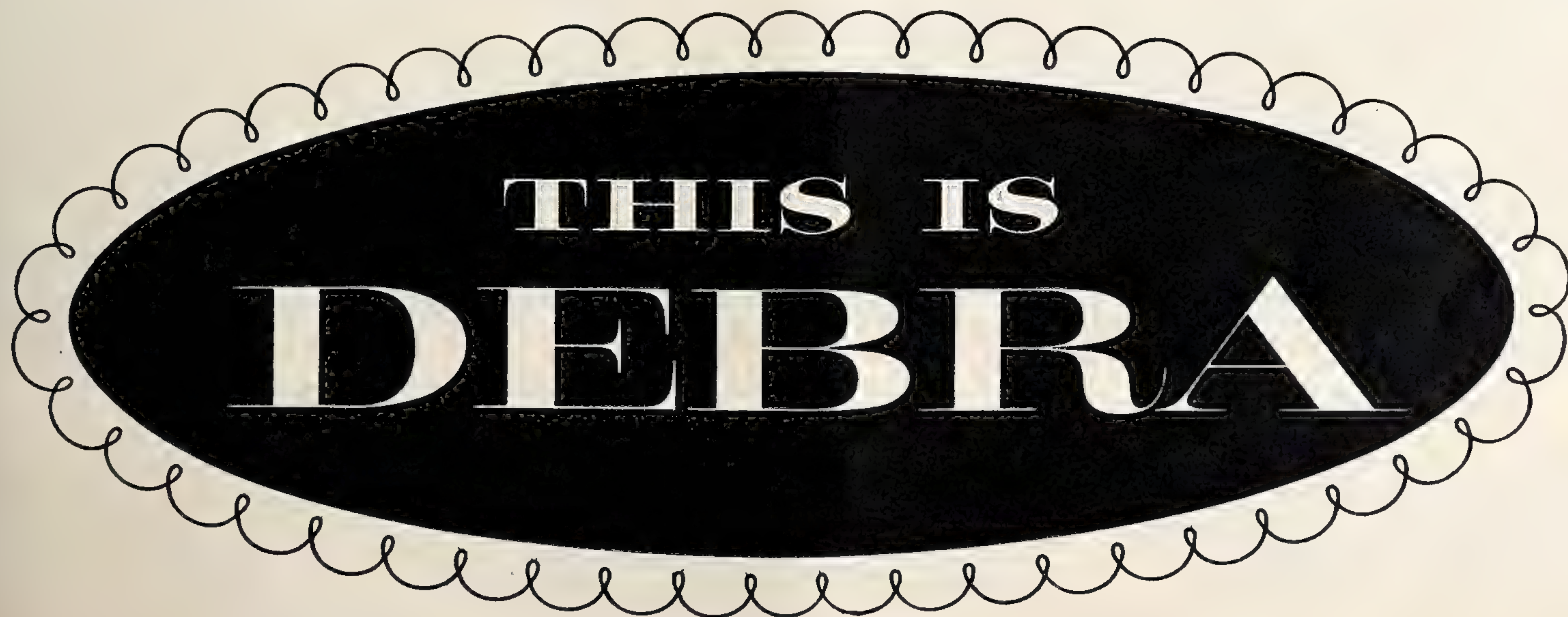
And this applies to the question of dating more than to anything else. There are stories in the papers now—for the first time—of Debra's being seen around Hollywood with a man. His name? Bob Wagner. Now, Bob's playing opposite Debra in "Stars and Stripes Forever," and it's a perfectly natural thing for a couple of people who've been working together to see each other occasionally when their work's done. It happens all the time. And it doesn't necessarily spell romance.

Her dates with Bob Wagner are still business as far as Debra is concerned, and the columnists can say just as much about them as they'd like to.

The much discussed question of whom she's been kissed by—and when—and why—is something else again. For all she's been accused of living a cloistered life, Debra Paget is just as romantic as the next girl. But romance does not flourish in the spotlight's glare.

When the time comes—and it will—Debra will be more than willing to let the world know what her heart is up to. But in the meantime—and that may be a long meantime—she's going to keep on operating on a tried and true old principle: kissing's nice—but it isn't nice to kiss and tell.

THE END





Color portrait by Mitchell. Charlton's next, "The President's Lady"

CHARLTON HESTON

Thunder rolling in distant hills...a trip to the moon on the New York "El"...Dagwood sandwiches and vintage wine...Wagnerian music at a prize fight...romantic verse, carved in granite



Alan is in "Desert Legion" and "Shane"

ALAN LADD

The lion in the lamb . . . friendly faces in a strange town . . . the love interest in a murder mystery . . . logs crackling in a fieldstone fire-place . . . a country gentleman in grease paint . . . humor without barbs

NOT-SO-PERFECT

• Who are the rudest men in Hollywood? This is a tough one to answer. So many men qualify. Surprised? So was I—at first. Now I'm immune. It doesn't bother me—too much—seeing Scott Brady sit while the girl stands. Or hearing Mario Lanza use truck-drivers' language on the set. I'm used to Lex Barker's ungallant dissertations on marriage, and Prince Aly's tirades to the press against Rita. It's accepted for a Latin lover like Lamas to announce the breakup of his romance with Lana, although the lady is supposed to dish out that sort of thing. I'm even used to Peter Lawford's too obvious boredom with people he considers "not right." I may wince when Stewart Granger calls Jean Simmons "a stupid child." But I don't think I'll ever be able to understand Steve Cochran when he's in an "I-can't-be-bothered-to-be-polite" mood. And to many people that appears to be most of the time.

Mario Lanza's language is so highly seasoned that when he *does* report for work the set usually has to be closed to visitors. If Mario whispered his naughty

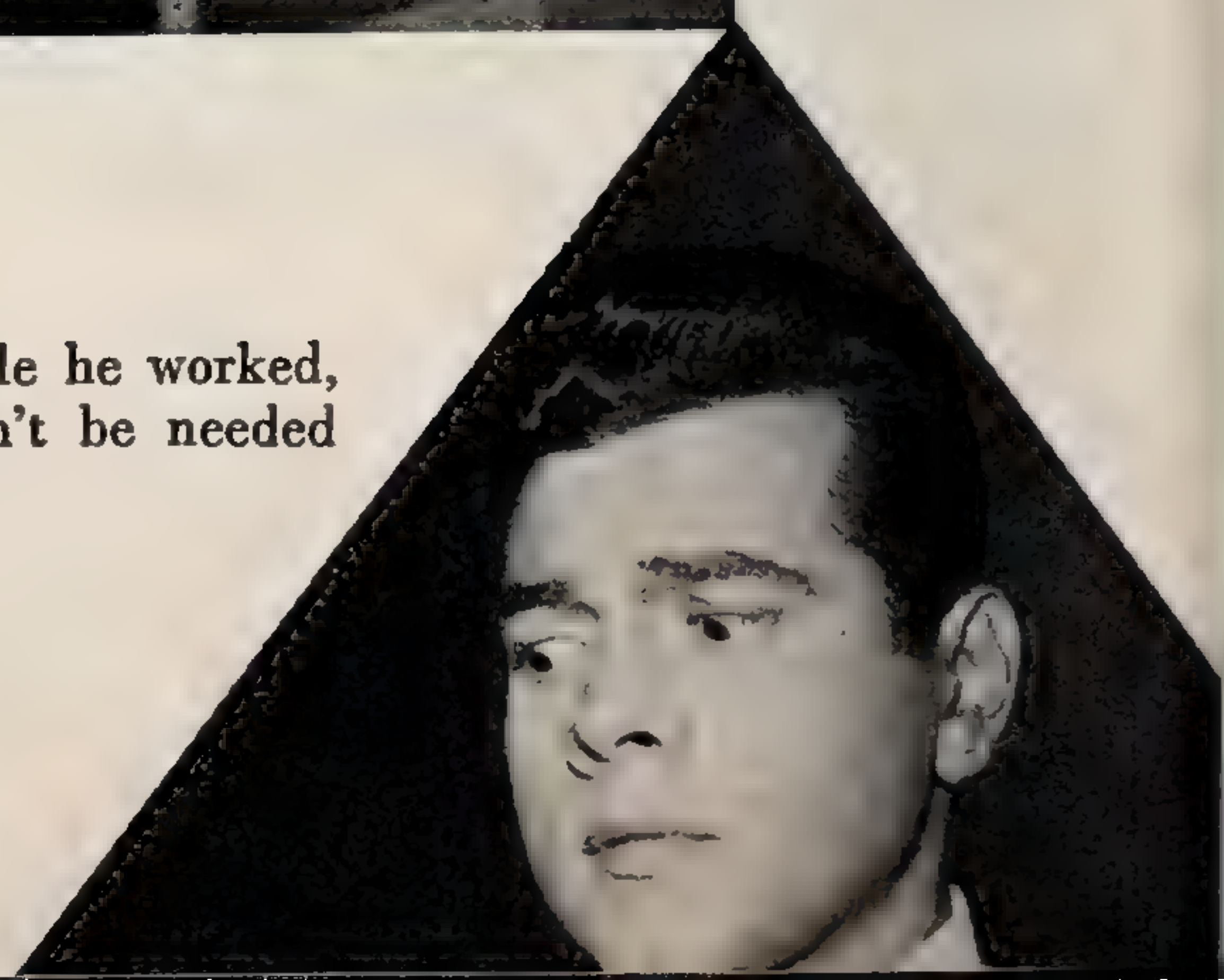
words, he wouldn't be so shock-making. But his powerful lungs carry the explosions to the next set! One thing you can say for Mario is that success hasn't changed him. He was just as rude before he was famous. For instance, there was an incident in a restaurant, relayed by someone who knew him when. Mario couldn't get quick service, and he wanted to attract the waiter's attention. He did. But in a manner that was somewhat lacking in dignity. The pity of it all is that Mario can be perfectly charming when he wants to be.

Rock Hudson and Yvonne DeCarlo are friendly now, which seems to prove Yvonne is the forgiving kind. It was through Yvonne that Rock landed his first important part—the unknown *him* with the important *her* in "Tomahawk." But he ignored her all during the shooting, and one day she was so mad that she ordered him out of her car. There are two sides to every story, but Rock, whether intentionally or not, added insult to Yvonne's battered ego by dating Susan Cabot, who (Continued on page 100)

Perhaps Farley Granger doesn't "see" anyone—but he's missing a lot of fun by not snapping out of his daydreaming



If Mario Lanza whispered while he worked, that "no visitors" sign wouldn't be needed



GENTLEMEN

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

Maybe they leave you languishing when you see them on the screen, but take Sheilah's word for it, you'd leave some of these glamour guys flat if you dated them in private life



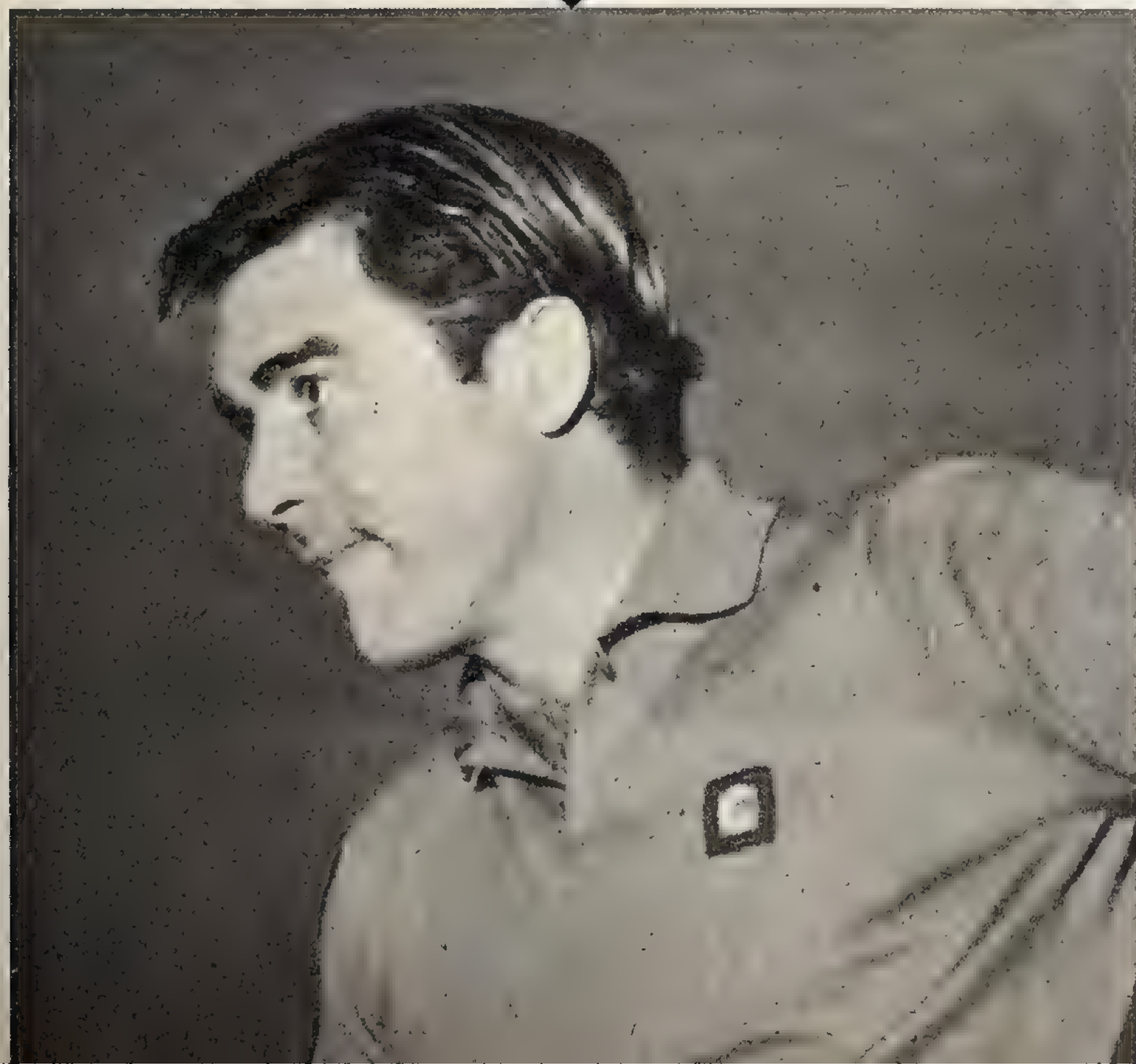
Scott Brady may be a "diamond in the rough"—but rough edges can be tough on dates!



"Polite" society is given the shock treatment when Marlon Brando is around!



When star actresses go out with Steve Cochran they acquire that "lost" look



Fernando Lamas' romantic line is smooth but he's not so hot in a "farewell" scene





Feature Attraction
Exclusive to Photoplay



MARILYN MONROE WAS MY WIFE

BY JAMES DOUGHERTY

Our marriage was a good marriage...it's seldom a man gets a bride like Marilyn...I wonder if she's forgotten how much in love we really were

● Marilyn Monroe and I were married for four years, and if we had stayed married, it's a cinch that today I'd be Mr. Monroe. I like it better the way it is. I'm married again and have three tow-headed daughters. I have a good job with the Patrol Division of the Van Nuys police force, and all four females in my house are content to stay on board and let me steer their ship. I'm the captain and my wife is first mate, and I have a crew any man would be proud of.

Marilyn and I could have had a life like this, and the first two years of our marriage I thought we would. But when things began busting apart at the seams it turned out to be another story.

Our marriage was a good marriage in those years before I went into the maritime

service. It's seldom a man gets a bride like Marilyn—girls don't come very often like her. She was only a kid, just turned sixteen, and she'd had a pretty rough life. There'd been nothing for her to hang on to until she became Mrs. Dougherty, and then she felt secure for the first time. She used to tell me if anything happened to our marriage she'd go to the Santa Monica pier and jump off.

I'd laugh and say, "Why always the Santa Monica pier, baby? Couldn't you use some other pier?" And then she'd put her arms around me and tell me how much she loved me.

She has told the press that our marriage was one of expediency, that she was never happy with me. I wonder if she has forgotten how much in love we really were.

MARILYN MONROE WAS MY WIFE

CONTINUED



She used to sit and talk for hours about her childhood, and many times she told me she'd never felt secure until she married me...



She told me she had a surprise for me... I didn't know what it was until she walked into the room in a black lace nightgown

She knew much better than the average adolescent that life isn't all sweetness and light



If we'd stayed married, it's a cinch that today I'd be Mr. Monroe. I like it better the way it is...

We had our arguments, sure, but they never lasted long, and I don't think two people were ever happier when they were making up. Neither of us could stand being mad at the other for very long.

You probably know by now about her childhood, how her mother was so sick and shifted from hospital to hospital, and how Marilyn stayed with her mother's friends, or friends of her mother's friends. She never knew her father; she never knew a real home. There was nothing she could call her own.

I came into the picture when Marilyn was living with Doc and Grace Goddard. The Goddards were friends of my family. We'd lived next door to each other during the depression days and I used to make blueprints of Doc's inventions. We stayed pretty close after my parents moved away from that neighborhood, and when I was twenty, Marilyn moved in with the Goddards and their two daughters. I was working the "graveyard shift" at Lockheed at the time, and our house was near the school where Marilyn and one of the Goddard girls went. She and Bebe used to come to our house after school was out and wait for me to wake up. Then I'd drive them home.

I never paid much attention to the kids. They were only fifteen, and five years is a big difference when you're that young. I had a special girl then—she was Queen of the Santa Barbara Festival—and when I looked at Marilyn, I didn't even see her. I guess I subconsciously concentrated on her age so much that I didn't realize, at first, what a beautiful child she was.





I pleaded with her . . . not to model in Bikini bathing suits. "Why not?" she said. "They pay me for it."

On day when I woke up at the usual hour of 3:00 P.M., I found a note pinned to my pillow. It was from Grace Goddard. She wanted me to take Marilyn out dancing that night and to get a date for Bebe.

I remember I felt pretty foolish about it, and until the evening really got started I thought I was robbing the cradle. But I found that Marilyn was a pretty mature kid in the way she thought and spoke. It was probably the result of her uncertain life; she knew much better than the average adolescent that life isn't all sweetness and light, and although she was awfully naive about some things, her mentality was much higher than most girls' in their 'teens.

Despite her age, I enjoyed the evening and began to date her frequently. I don't think she ever went out with another man after that. We went dancing and to the beach and the fun house, and fishing up at Lake Sherwood. We did all the things kids do when they're in love. For we were in love by that time, head over heels. I broke off with the other girls I knew almost immediately. Marilyn was different from the others; she was sweet and innocent, and I must admit that she inflated my ego. She had a typical adolescent crush on me, things like liking me in white shirts, and being fascinated by my moustache.

She told me once that she'd heard of me long before we began dating, when she first started at Van Nuys High School. When I was there, I was elected president of the student body purely on my promise of a swimming pool for the (Continued on page 75)

I must admit that she inflated my ego — she had a typical adolescent crush on me



She was a wonderful housekeeper, didn't have a lazy bone in her body. She darned socks, sewed on buttons like a veteran housewife



She used to tell me that if anything happened to our marriage, she'd . . . jump off the Santa Monica pier





A MAN CAN GO A LONG WAY BEFORE HE FINDS WHAT HE WANTS MOST. FOR ROCK HUDSON, A

● Home sweet Hollywood. Or was it? They'd be landing any minute now, but from San Bernardino the ceiling had closed in below them. And where were those lights of home he'd missed so long?

Rock Hudson was disappointed. More disappointed than when—after bucking a blizzard in Iceland and twenty hours of headwinds across the Atlantic—his plane had landed at Idlewild Airport in New York and the field there, city-side, had been closed in too. Just a lot of country. No lights. Nothing but heavy darkness.

"How do you feel about the 'warm' welcome in England, Rock?" reporters had asked. "What about those hot protests British Equity made about you starring in 'The Sea Devil' over there?"

This he could answer.

"How does it feel to be home, Rock?"

This he couldn't. "Great," he'd said. And then the growing lump in his throat was answering for him. . . .

Now they were going through the clouds, and there she lay—The City of the Angels shimmering brightly

Even the presence of Yvonne De Carlo couldn't make the Channel Islands seem like the Hollywood he missed



Hollywood Never Looked Better

BY

MAXINE ARNOLD

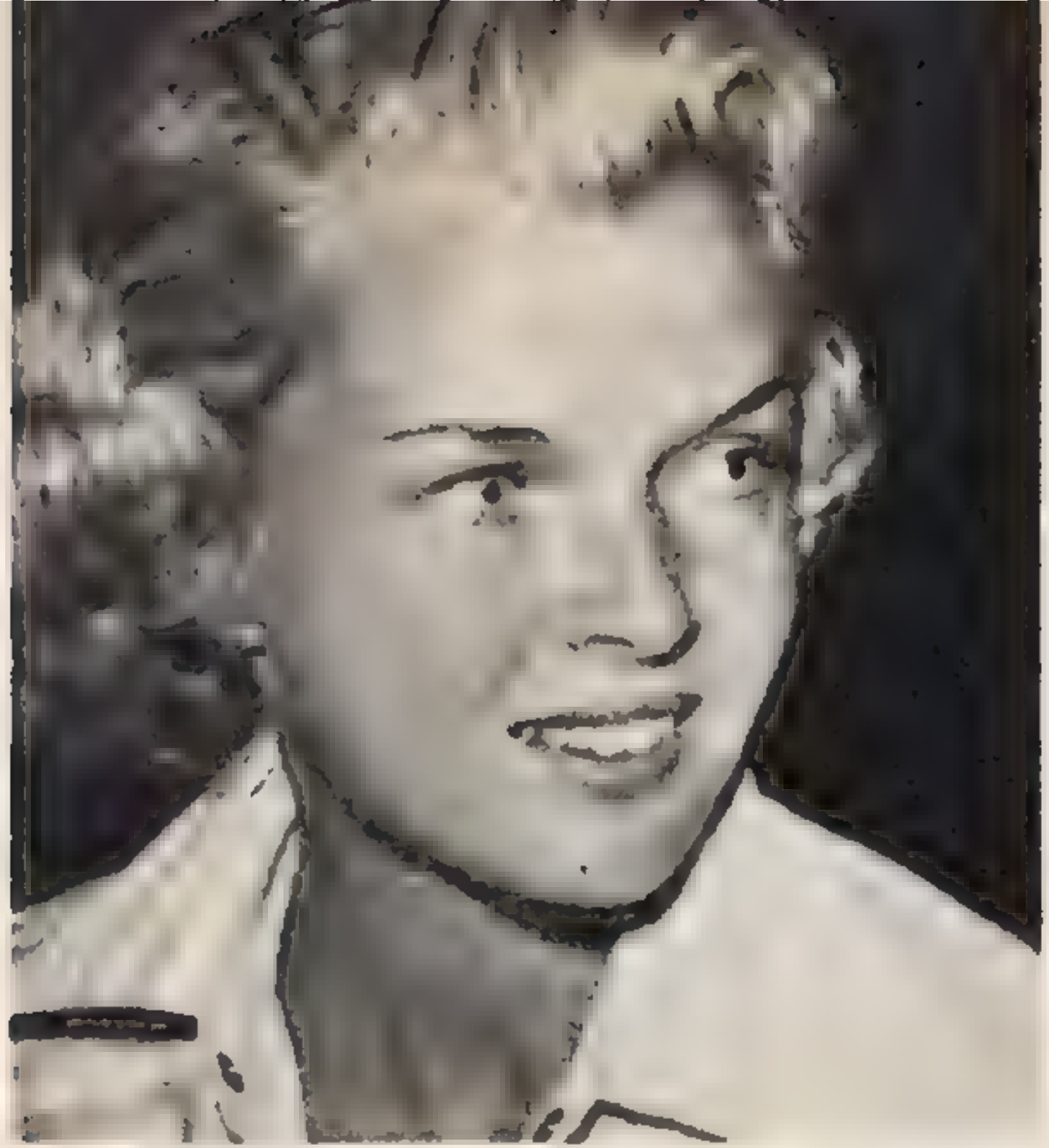
Rock yearned for a cup of Mom's good coffee



TRIP ABROAD BROUGHT HIM CLOSER TO HOME

down below—a jeweled welcome for him. “There’s Atlantic Boulevard!” he called out eagerly, with an enthusiasm that the ex-trucker once named Roy Fitzgerald certainly never thought he’d feel while viewing Atlantic Boulevard from any angle, having delivered too many loads of dried beans thereon. But what a thrill now. He knew every curve, every green light.

About green lights, this ex-trucker from Winnetka, Illinois, felt he knew plenty anyway. Those lights down there now—in a way they (Continued on page 89)



How I trained

"Anytime you want your man to do something, smile at him." How little mother knew Dean!

BY MRS. DEAN MARTIN

● "But Dean, you can't just *tell* your guests to go home because you're tired! You've got to be diplomatic about it."

"Okay, honey. Next time, I won't mention a word about their leaving."

That was several months ago. Dean kept his promise. And how!

Nowadays, when we have a party and he gets tired, he simply excuses himself, and a few minutes later, returns in his pajamas to say good night and to describe where his room is—in case anyone wants to come up and tuck him in. Usually they get the hint. . . .

Getting Dean to do things isn't always as easy as I had hoped for when we were married at Herman Hover's house in Los Angeles, on September 1, 1949. Just before the wedding, my mother had whispered, "Anytime you want your man to do something, just smile at him sweetly and he'll melt." How little mother knew Dean!

For two years I've been smiling at him, trying to make him eat more slowly, since I was afraid that if he didn't, both of us would have ulcers by the time we were forty. Dean would, because of his eating habit; I, trying to keep up with him. But at last I found a solution: Instead of sitting opposite him at the table, I now put the TV set in my old place and switch on his favorite (Continued on page 86)



my husband



When my jibes at his "funny" habits didn't help I had to resort to more drastic measures

BY MRS. JERRY LEWIS

● There was no choice. Jerry had to be taught a lesson in tidiness—or else I'd have to go on picking things up after him for the next sixty years, every time we went on a trip. So I determined to teach him the hard way.

The minute he stepped into the shower—the clothes he'd worn the last few days, as usual, strewn all over the hotel room—I called the desk clerk to send a porter up.

A couple of minutes later, the boy knocked on the door.

"Everything on the floor and chairs goes to the cleaners," I ordered.

"Everything?"

"Everything!"

And so off he walked, with all of Jerry's suits, his shirts, socks, shorts and what-not.

He had just left when Jerry stuck his head out of the bathroom door. "Oh, Pa-a-a-atsy—would you mind brushing off my blue suit, please?"

"Sorry, but your blue suit is at the cleaners, dear."

"Well—I'll wear the grey one."

"That's at the cleaners, too, Jerry."

"I guess one of the others will have to do for tonight. . . ."

"They're all at the cleaners. And so are your shirts and socks, and ties and underwear. . . ."

"But Patsy, (Continued on page 87)





June puts the bite on one of her homegrown tomatoes



This will send you reeling—the Powells have a pond!

COLLECTORS' ITEMS NO. 3

Soon she'll be settled on new home grounds as Mrs. Dick Powell, RFD

On the fifty-eight acre property which the Dick Powells now call home, a pert figure was dashing around excitedly. There was so much to show the photographer — the private lake, the cows, chickens, gardens and — "smell that fresh air!" she'd keep saying, wrinkling her small nose. The new house will be hidden in one of the canyons of the Santa Monica mountains — but the living won't be rugged. Between picture chores — June's latest are "Battle Circus" and "Remains to Be Seen" — the Powells expect to be very busy from now on, settling into their new home, "country style"

JUNE



Timber! June has some knotty problems to take up



Nothing like a woodpile to keep home fires burning



Shh! Silence on the set—the hens are laying

ALLYSON



"Bottoms Up!" That's Mrs. Powell's toast on dry land



Rowing is fun but canoeing with Dick would be better!

Announcing The Photoplay Gold Medal Award WINNERS For 1952

YOUR VOTES ARE IN AND COUNTED, and you—the movie-going public of America—have indicated to Photoplay your favorite performances and pictures for the year 1952. Once again it is Photoplay Gold Medal time. This year the presentation of the Photoplay Gold Medal Awards takes place February 9 at a dinner in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, with Paul Douglas as the master of ceremonies. Hollywood's leading players, producers, directors and writers will be among the hundreds of guests present. Once again, Ralph Staub is filming this gala occasion as one of his popular short subjects in "Screen Snapshots," to be released to theatres in the coming months. Newsreels are covering the presentation of medals to the winners. And as usual, before the dinner, at 9:00 P.M. EST, Lux Radio Theatre is presenting over the CBS radio network a one-hour dramatization of the most popular picture of the year, as determined by your votes. To the winners—to Susan Hayward, to Darryl F. Zanuck and Twentieth Century-Fox Films, to Gary Cooper, to Jane Froman, to William Goetz, to Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, to Marilyn Monroe—and to the runners-up who are listed on the following pages, the editors of Photoplay offer their sincere congratulations.

Paul Hammit

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



Most Popular Actress:

SUSAN HAYWARD

Susan Hayward is the Gold Medal Winner as the Most Popular Actress of 1952. Her performance in the picture, "With a Song in My Heart," carried an emotional lift to all in the audience. It was a portrayal of depth and appeal



The Photoplay Gold Medal

Most Popular Picture



"With a Song in My Heart" is the Gold Medal Picture. Appearing in it with Susan Hayward were Robert Wagner (above, with Susan), Rory Calhoun, David Wayne and Thelma Ritter. In Technicolor, the Twentieth Century-Fox film won praise of all. Jane Froman, left, receives special citation for her contributions to it

RUNNER-UP PICTURES:

"IVANHOE" was a spectacular version of Scott's classic brought to vivid reality, with performances of outstanding merit by Elizabeth Taylor and Robert Taylor

"HIGH NOON" was a taut Western thriller, in which Gary Cooper appeared with Katy Jurado and Grace Kelly. It was an unusual example of artistry in film making

"SINGIN' IN THE RAIN" was a hilarious funfest dealing with the silent-into-talkie era of movie history. Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds and Donald O'Connor teamed

"THE QUIET MAN" was a triumph for director John Ford as well as for its stars, John Wayne, Maureen O'Hara and Barry Fitzgerald. Humor mixed with eye appeal

"SAILOR BEWARE" was another in the string of hits for Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. Based on the stage hit, it was tailored to their special brand of fun

"JUST FOR YOU" repeated the hit teaming of Bing Crosby and Jane Wyman in songs, comedy and a warm human-interest story. Ethel Barrymore and Bob Arthur scored

"I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS" starred two dependable favorites, Doris Day and Danny Thomas, in a film biography of songwriter Gus Kahn. Doris hit a new high

"BEND OF THE RIVER" had a host of stars to insure quality—James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy, Rock Hudson, Julia Adams, Lori Nelson in romance and adventure

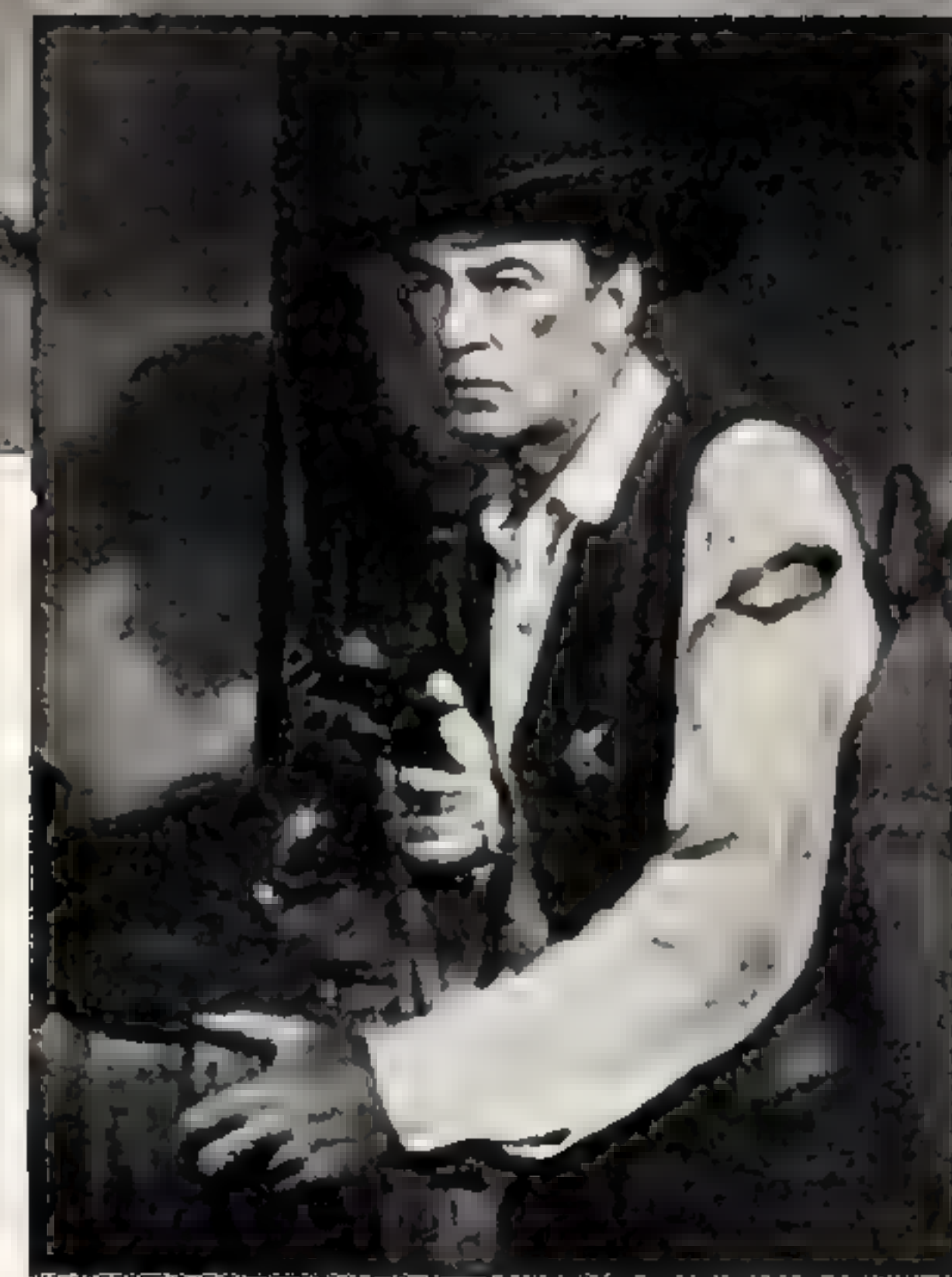
"THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO," based on short stories of Ernest Hemingway, starred Gregory Peck with Ava Gardner and 1952's Gold Medal winner, Susan Hayward

Awards for 1952

CONTINUED



Gary Cooper is the Gold Medal Winner as the Most Popular Actor of 1952, for his performance in "High Noon." Long a favorite with film fans all over the world, Gary brought sincerity and understanding to his role in one of the "different" Westerns, a film which will place on lists of the all-time bests



SPECIAL AWARDS:

MARILYN MONROE receives a special citation for her sensational rise to stardom during 1952. At the beginning of the year Marilyn was known chiefly for her work in supporting roles in two films, "All About Eve" and "The Asphalt Jungle." By the end of the year, she was one of the best known of Hollywood stars. In rapid succession, she appeared in "Don't Bother to Knock," "We're Not Married," "Monkey Business" and "O. Henry's Full House." By the end of 1952, she was handed one of the plum roles in the top musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

DEAN MARTIN AND JERRY LEWIS receive a special citation as a team whose pictures were continually winners at the box offices all over America. Their pictures for 1952 included the hits, "Sailor Beware" and "Jumping Jacks." In spite of the dire predictions of skeptics that their popularity must decline, the Martin and Lewis team stayed right at the top in the favor of movie-goers, for their special brand of nonsense filled a need with patrons desiring fun and laughter as the basis of entertainment. At the end of the year, they were even more popular than ever before

WILLIAM GOETZ of Universal-International is awarded a special citation for his efforts in the development of new talent in the fields of acting, writing and directing. Many of the current screen favorites received their first encouragement—in the form of important roles in important pictures—from Mr. Goetz. Those he has helped on their way include Jeff Chandler, Piper Laurie, Tony Curtis, Shelley Winters, Rock Hudson and Joyce Holden, as well as Lori Nelson, whom the readers of Photoplay voted the winning actress of the Choose Your Star contest for 1952

Runner-up
Performer:
**ELIZABETH
TAYLOR**
in
"Ivanhoe"



Runner-up Performers:



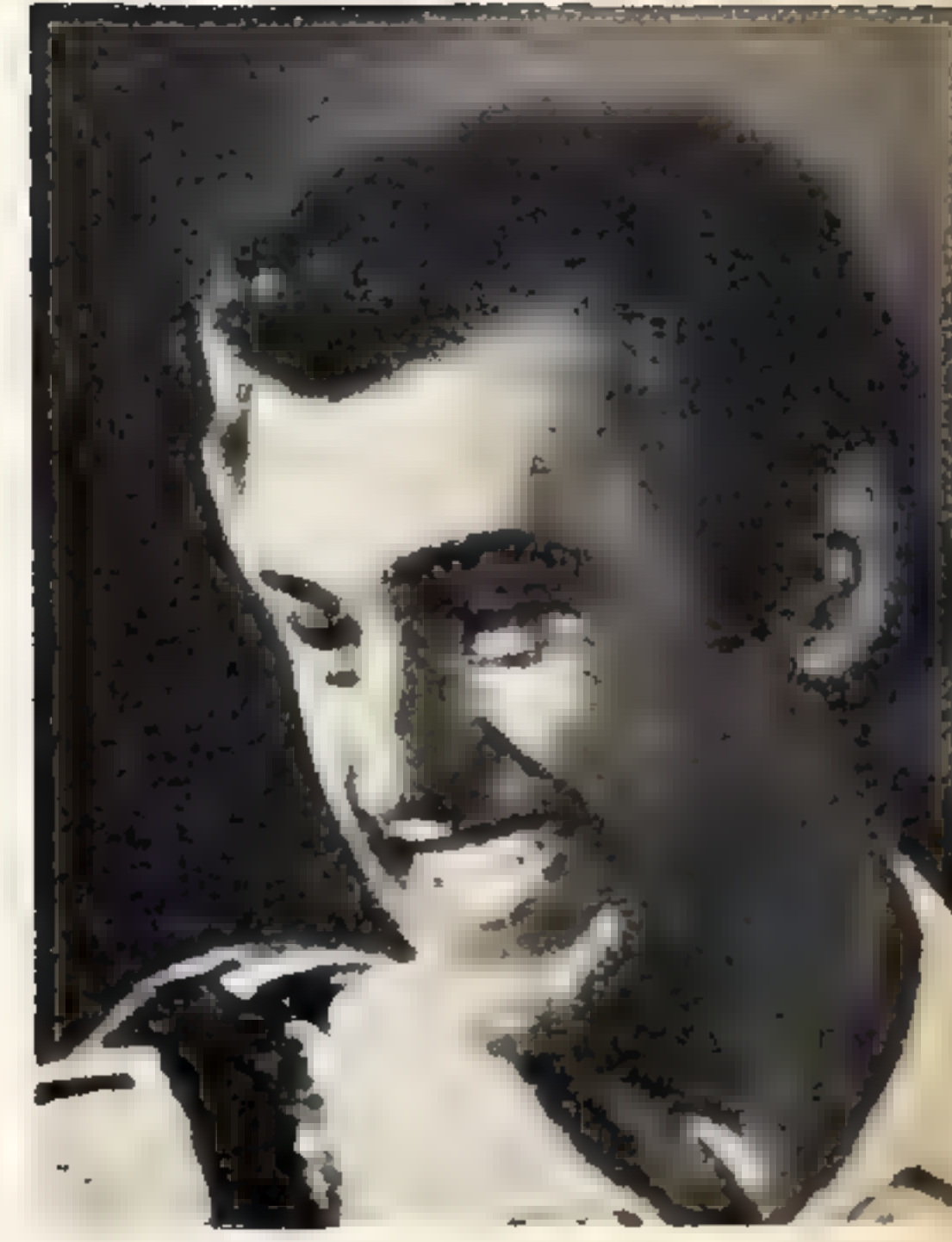
John Wayne in
"The Quiet Man"



Robert Taylor
in "Ivanhoe"



James Stewart in
"Bend of the River"



Stewart Granger in
"Scaramouche"

The Photoplay Gold Medal Awards for 1952



Joan Crawford in
"Sudden Fear"



Debbie Reynolds in
"Singin' in the Rain"



Doris Day in "See
You in My Dreams"

CONTINUED

Elizabeth Taylor gave haunting loveliness to "Ivanhoe" and her portrayal in this superb production was fully worthy as a follow-up for Liz to last year's success, "A Place in the Sun." An actress who has literally grown up in pictures, Liz is yearly gaining stature as a performer worthy of note

Joan Crawford is used to winning honors, for she has, in addition to being an all-time favorite, won many awards and citations throughout her career as a motion-picture star. In 1952, Joan made the suspenseful thriller, "Sudden Fear," a movie wherein she again proved her prowess as an actress

Debbie Reynolds is a newcomer to the lists of your most popular performers. It was Debbie's zestful and exuberant portrayal in the musical, "Singin' in the Rain," which made her one of the top-ranking actresses. In measure of years she is a newcomer to films, but Debbie has shown her worth

Doris Day won the Photoplay Gold Medal last year for her performance in "Lullaby of Broadway," and this year she has returned to the list of favorites for her warm and sincere portrayal in "I'll See You in My Dreams." A smash hit in song-and-dance roles, Doris also scores in movie drama

John Wayne is among top performers of 1952 for his very real contributions to "The Quiet Man," one of the best-liked pictures of the year. At home in Westerns and in fast-action adventure movies, John brought a natural and down-to-earth reality to his role of ex-prize fighter returned to Ireland

Robert Taylor followed his triumph in the epic "Quo Vadis" with another excellent portrayal in the Technicolor spectacle, "Ivanhoe." A long-time favorite, Bob has become known as a capable and adept actor as well as a romantic ideal. His name on a movie marquee is a quality guarantee

James Stewart portrayed a Western hero in the outdoor adventure film, "The Bend of the River," and his own style of deliberate underplaying was a major reason for the great success of the picture, which landed on the list of the most popular films. He's a repeat winner from past years, too

Stewart Granger came to America from England with his reputation solid as an actor, and he lived up to everyone's expectations with his performance in "Scaramouche," a movie in which he combined a devil-may-care gallantry with just the right touch of romance. He performs with wit and warmth

PHOTOPLAY'S STAR

Suited to the stars, and to every gal, siren or sweetie! The stars show off their spring suits, co-starred with new shoes and stockings!



HOLLYWOOD SWINGS INTO SPRING, suited divinely in the most tempting array of glamour-duds this side of the silver screen! Dazzling Virginia Mayo, right, gives star-billing to a suit that's packed with fashion news: a three-piece, blue-lilac honey by Swansdown, with a pebbly wool boucle jacket, a matching smooth worsted skirt and a short-sleeved wool jersey blouse in the same color, 10-18, about \$75. Her red rabbit stole by Harold J. Rubin. Wear Right gloves. John Fredericks' Charmer hat. Coro jewelry. The leg excitement: Bur-Mil Cameo Nylomist hose in "Chit-Chat" shade. Brand-new Jacqueline cobra-and-suede pumps. Virginia's next: "She's Back on Broadway"

MARJORIE STEELE, looking like the first breath of spring, steps into the season wearing a casual worsted suit by Rosenblum of California. The slim grey skirt has a walking pleat in front; the jacket's checked in gold and grey—and features the easy, box silhouette. About \$55, 10-18. Glentex striped satin scarf. Carol Deb jewelry. Ingber grey bag. Marge's hose, sheer, non-run Burmilace with the soft face-powder finish. Her keen casual step-in shoes, by Vitality, beige calf with crepe soles. Marjorie is the bride in "The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky," one of two stories in RKO's "Face to Face"

BUY PHOTOPLAY STAR FASHIONS IN STORES LISTED ON PAGE 107 • FOR STORE NEARER YOU WRITE TO PHOTOPLAY FASHION EDITOR, JESSICA BRADT

FASHIONS

SUITED TO THE STARS

Photos By
Dan Wynn



**SUITED
TO THE
STARS**

continued

Photoplay star fashions, starring



Coral wool boucle jacket doubles as topper, has striped taffeta lining, bow; navy gab skirt. Lou Schneider, 10-18, about \$45. Wear Right gloves. Hose, "Gossip," coral beige. Fashion-wise Bare-Foot Originals calf sling pumps

A "living doll" picks washable pale blue Dacron suit! Permanent-pleat skirt, white linen collar, cuffs. Duchess Royal, 10-18, about \$30. Dawnelle gloves. Nylons, "Rumour." Spring news: two-tone Delmanette d'Orsays



Photos by
Dan Wynn

Monica models Joselli stole suit in white wool boucle with navy gabardine skirt, 10-18. Suit alone, about \$50. Stole, about \$10. Coro jewelry. Hose, mauve-y "Whisper." Her shoes: navy mesh-and-suede pumps by Life Stride

Monica Lewis, RKO lovely, in "Head to Toe Glamour" for spring, 1953



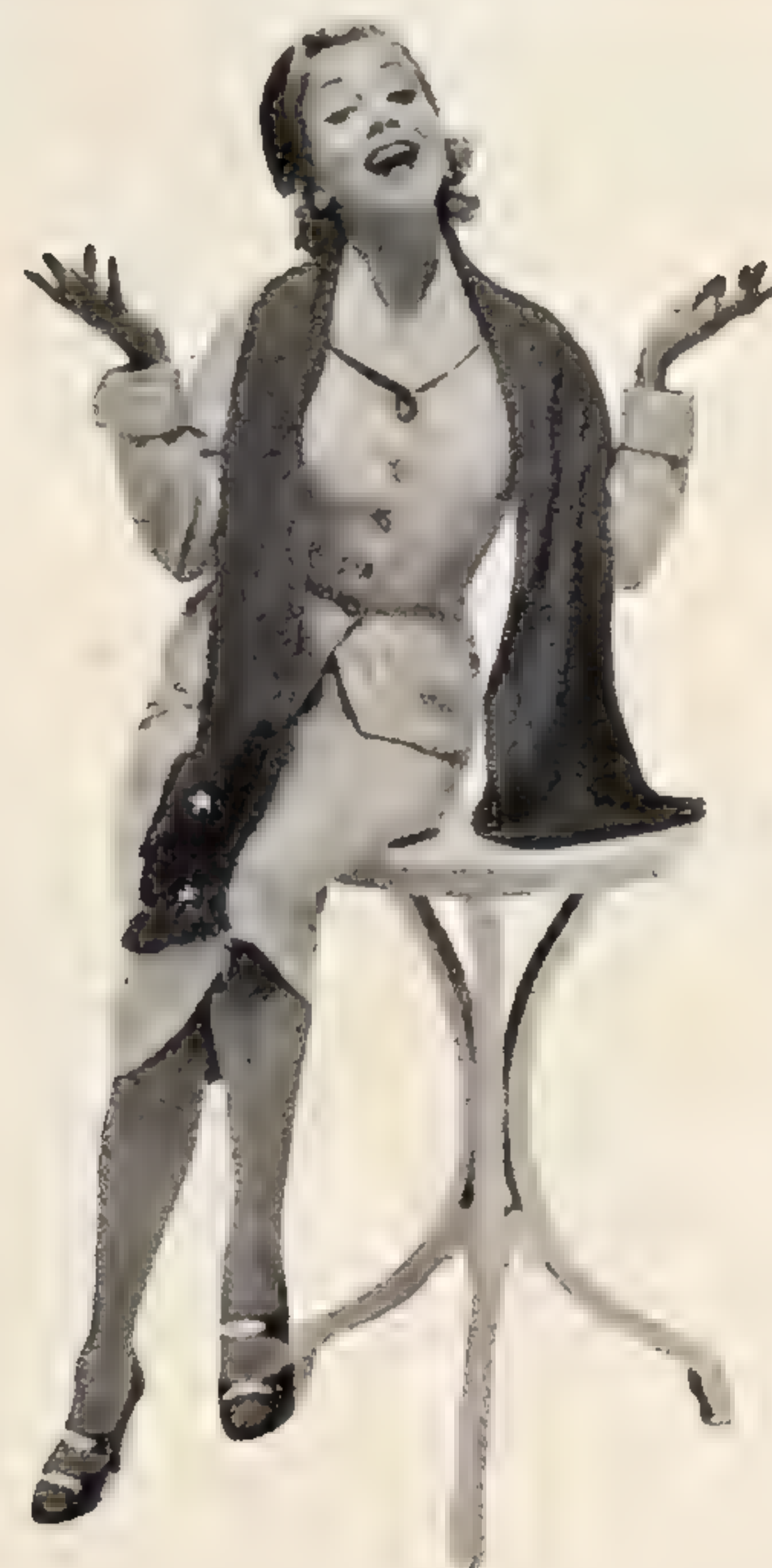
Making like a white-collar girl, the Lewis goes trim in Handmacher Shepherd check classic, white linen collar-ed, 10-20, \$65. Dawnelle gloves. Coro jewelry. Daytime nylons, "Secret." On her toes in Paradise patent pumps

La Lewis goes sexy in red rayon boucle after-five suit by Judy Nell. 10-16. Under \$25. Coro rhinestones. Long gloves, Wear Right. Sheer, bare-look nylons, Ballet Toe Transpara. Rhinestone'd black suede Tupper sandals



She's a "chic chick" in adorable luggage bolero suit by Sacony in washable Palm Beach cloth, 10-18, \$25. Carol Deb jewelry. Wear Right gloves. Korby Originals blouse. "Scandal" tone hose. Red Cross beech-tone calf pumps

Thrush Monica ends on a high note, modeling day-or-date suit of Tebilized slub shantung by Jaunty Juniors, 9-15, about \$30. Coro jewelry. Seamless Run-Resist nylons. Paradise navy calf sling sandals, trimmed in white





SUITED TO THE STARS

continued

SHE'S "FRAMED IN FASHION"—and what a picture she makes! Marjorie Steele winds up our suit section in high style . . . and her "coat-suit" is a real buy! Slim skirt, full-length coat and blouse are basis of a whole spring wardrobe; the ensemble, under \$50.

The coat and skirt are crisp navy faille; the coat lined to match the pale blue, printed shantung blouse. Donnybrook, 8-16. Red kid Grace Walker sandals show off new-for-street bare look. With 'em, of course, nylons to match the bareness: Bur-Mil Cameo Ballet Toes

Marjorie's Hat by Dani • Ingber Bag • Carol Deb Jewelry • Wear Right Gloves

FASHION
FEATURETTE



SUITED
TO NANCIE

Photoplay's piquant Scholarship Winner, Nancie Brown, has a new twelve-piece wardrobe, specially selected for her by famous West Coast designer Stephanie Koret, of Koret of California. For Nancie's busy daytime activities at the Pasadena Playhouse, Koret chose their charcoal-gray wool, Pair-Offs, below. Cinch-waisted skirt, stole (spencer jacket not shown) are subtly striped in muted rainbow colors. Evenings out, Nancie goes "soft" in black velvet-reen skirt, cutaway bolero and white Dacron blouse, pleated collar. Koret styles to be had at stores everywhere

Stern



Budding young actress, Nancie Brown, wears three of her four-part Pair-Off set by Koret on a window-shopping spree

SECRET OF THE
New "Outer-Look"... the New
FORMFIT "Under-Look"

The story of the new "Outer-Look" begins with the bustline... it is high, naturally rounded—frankly feminine. Sheer heaven, how Formfit's Life Bras mold your curves into line... give you the most flattering "Under-Look"... yet never limit your freedom or comfort! Reason? Life Bras fit you not only for bust size and cup size, but also for degree of separation—to *elevate, separate, rejuvenate* perfectly. So many lovely styles... in quick-drying nylon, cool cotton, gleaming satin. At your favorite store!

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MORE WOMEN WEAR FORMFIT THAN ANY OTHER MAKE



Is it Really Love?

Never have two people
looked more in love than Pier
Angeli and Kirk Douglas.
Can they bridge the gaps—
and make romance last?

BY GEORGE ARMSTRONG



● Twenty-year-old Pier Angeli and thirty-six-year-old Kirk Douglas make the unlikeliest twosome in Hollywood since Greta Garbo dated Leopold Stokowski. It is not the difference in their ages; a sixteen-year split is not too unusual, but the thing that is widening the eyes of Hollywood's citizens is the difference in their *types*. It is as though Ann Blyth, five years ago, had suddenly taken to holding hands with man-about-town Greg Bautzer.

Their backgrounds are different. Kirk once worked in Schrafft's in New York; and Pier was once Anna Maria Pierangeli, who was born in Pisaro, Italy, and

later studied art in Rome. But this is of little consequence. The point is that since her arrival in Hollywood two years ago, Pier Angeli, the ethereal child with the dovelike eyes, has been chaperoned by her mother to the point of exasperation. Signora Pierangeli brought with her from Italy not only her twin daughters but also the ironclad custom of her native country that until a girl is twenty-one she does not, under any circumstances, go out with a man unless her mother, or some other proper relative, accompanies her. Pier and her sister Marisa Pavan were seventeen when they first saw (*Continued on page 97*)

LOOK

WHO'S



SUSAN CABOT



HOLLYWOOD may not speak to television, but when television makes a gift, Hollywood isn't too proud to accept it. And that's how it was with Susan Cabot. Born in Boston and brought up in the Bronx in New York, Susan made her professional debut as a singer at the Village Barn in Greenwich Village. Television snapped her up immediately—and no wonder. Eventually, a Columbia talent scout saw one of her TV shows, and sent her to Hollywood to play a lead in "On the Isle of Samoa." Columbia dropped her after that. "I can't blame them," says Susan. "I was nauseatingly cute, batting my eyelashes all over the screen." But U-I thought otherwise and promptly signed her to a long-term contract.

Susan is chock-full of talents. She was starting out to be a portrait painter and an opera singer when she felt the need for a few fast bucks; so she switched to acting. But she still plans to make the Met one of these days. And paint something that will cause a minor riot. She designs and makes all her clothes. She loves playing classical recordings by the hour and reading serious books.

Susan has almost as many moods as talents. When she first came to U-I, the hairdressers called her Paul Muni. "Poor little Susie," they said, "everything is so tragic." But she has her giddy moods too. And then, she does crazy ballet dances and sings funny songs. Oftentimes when she becomes tense and nervous about Life, Love and Career, she jumps into her car and drives for hours along the Pacific. "It always settles my nerves," she says.

She was married when she was seventeen. But it didn't work out. She says wistfully that the thing she wants most in life is "a large family."

When she came to Hollywood two years ago, Susan rented the first inexpensive apartment she could find. "Remember Martita Hunt's room in 'Great Expectations'," she says with a laugh. "That's where I live. You sit on a piece of furniture and you take your life in your hands."

Susan was teamed with Audie Murphy in "Duel at Silver Creek," and again in her last picture, "Gun-smoke." Audie taught her to shoot. At Ocean Park amusement pier, she pops away at the ducks and brings home arms full of loot. "Just what I need for my apartment," says Susan.

Birthplace: Boston, Mass. Birthdate: July 9, 1927. Height: 5'2". Weight: 104 lbs. Eyes: Black. Hair: Black

HERE

by Liza Wilson

CRAIG HILL was trying out for a part in a play at Laguna Beach, California, when agent Henry Willson said those magic words, "How would you like to be in pictures?" Craig said he most certainly would, and Willson said, "You're a cinch."

But it wasn't so easy. Craig had managed to save up a nest egg of a thousand dollars with which he had planned to finance a stage fling in New York. Many months and many interviews later he was down to his last few dollars when Willson took him to see Director Walter Lang who was looking for a "typical American boy" to play Jeanne Crain's boy friend in "Cheaper by the Dozen." Craig got the part, and he also got a long-term Twentieth Century-Fox contract. Since then, he has played in six films, and won critical acclaim for his skill as Lieutenant Aldrich in "What Price Glory."

Craig is unmarried, but he goes steady with a non-professional. He lives in a small bachelor apartment, cooks his own breakfast and often his dinner—but he draws the line at bed-making. "I made all the beds I ever expect to make in the Navy," he says. He likes mountain-stream fishing, but not surf fishing, and all music except be-bop. He's an expert at all the water sports, but these days, his greatest enthusiasm is for skiing.

Craig's family moved to Laguna Beach when he was two and he grew up there with the Pacific Ocean as his front yard. He attended the University of Southern California and served one year as Seaman First Class with the U.S. Navy—then decided that he would be happy to follow the sea the rest of his life. He asked for and received an appointment to Annapolis. But after a year he changed his mind. "I realized," he says, "that deep down I wanted to be an actor."

In order to save up that thousand dollars, he worked as a shipping clerk, a salesman in a men's store, and a laborer on a construction gang. Then he took a job in Laguna as a landscape designer, and ran a trucking business on the side. Although he was working twelve hours a day, he managed time to try out for plays at the Laguna Playhouse. And there, one hot night, scouting for fresh faces and new talent, sat his film future in the person of Henry Willson.

When he has stashed away enough money, Craig's ambition is to see South America and Europe, buy a boat, and develop his "bathroom baritone."

Birthplace: Los Angeles, Calif. Birthdate: March 5. Height: 6'. Weight: 160 lbs. Hair: Brown. Eyes: Green



CRAIG HILL





HIGHFLYING TERRY

By Hildegard Johnson

She doesn't act like a siren, but she's making Hollywood sit up and whistle—at the girl who's even sexy when she's sweet

● The “sexy” cycle inspired by Marilyn Monroe’s rapid success is now in high gear. Hitherto sedate Hollywood ladies are busily practicing up on the seductive walk, the half-closed eyes, the half-open mouth. But Terry Moore doesn’t need any of these acquired mannerisms to project the genuine quality in “Come Back, Little Sheba,” as the college girl who manages—for a while—to keep two men on the string, and unwittingly destroys the precarious mental balance of another.

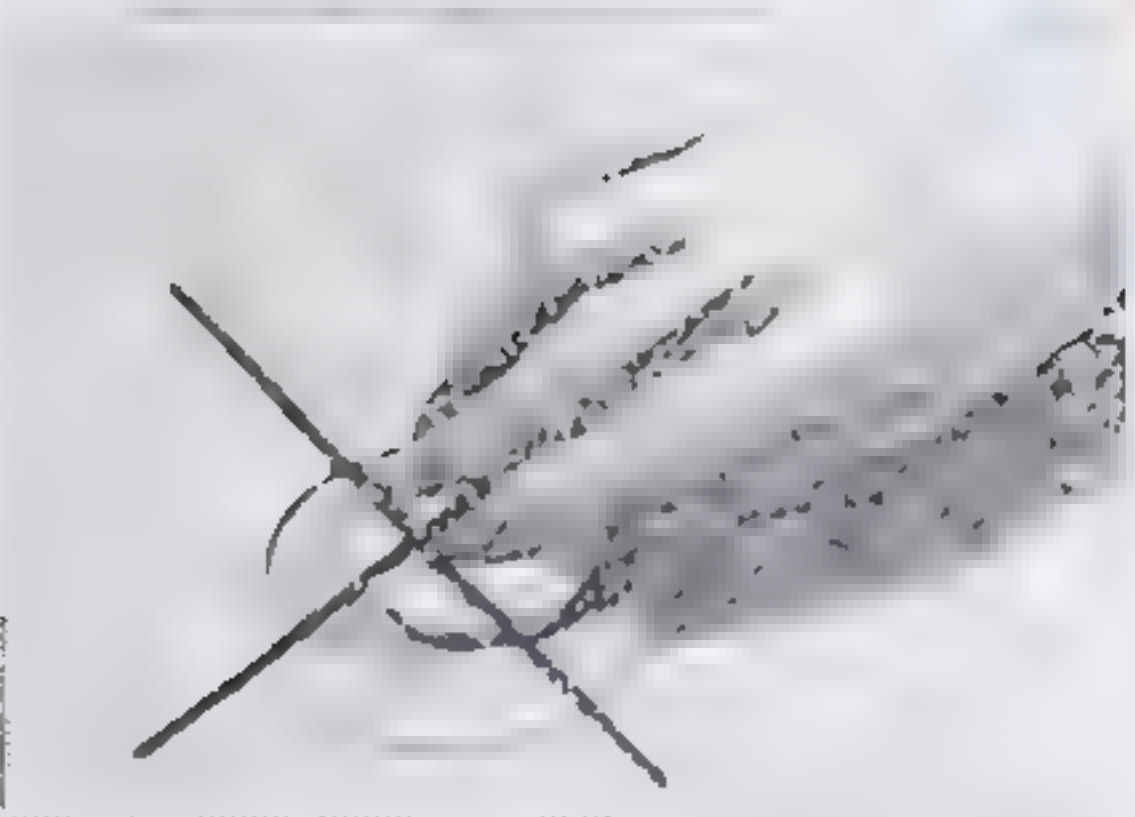
For an ingenue and one-time child actress, this seems a surprising switch. To

Terry herself, it comes as no surprise at all. When she recalls her early days in pictures, getting her first lead role at eighteen, she says, “I wanted so badly to be known as sexy at that time. Why, I introduced off-the-shoulder sweaters to Hollywood. I got named ‘Miss Shoulders!’” Only five feet two, with a trimmer figure than Marilyn’s, Terry even then was well-rounded enough to carry off such styles.

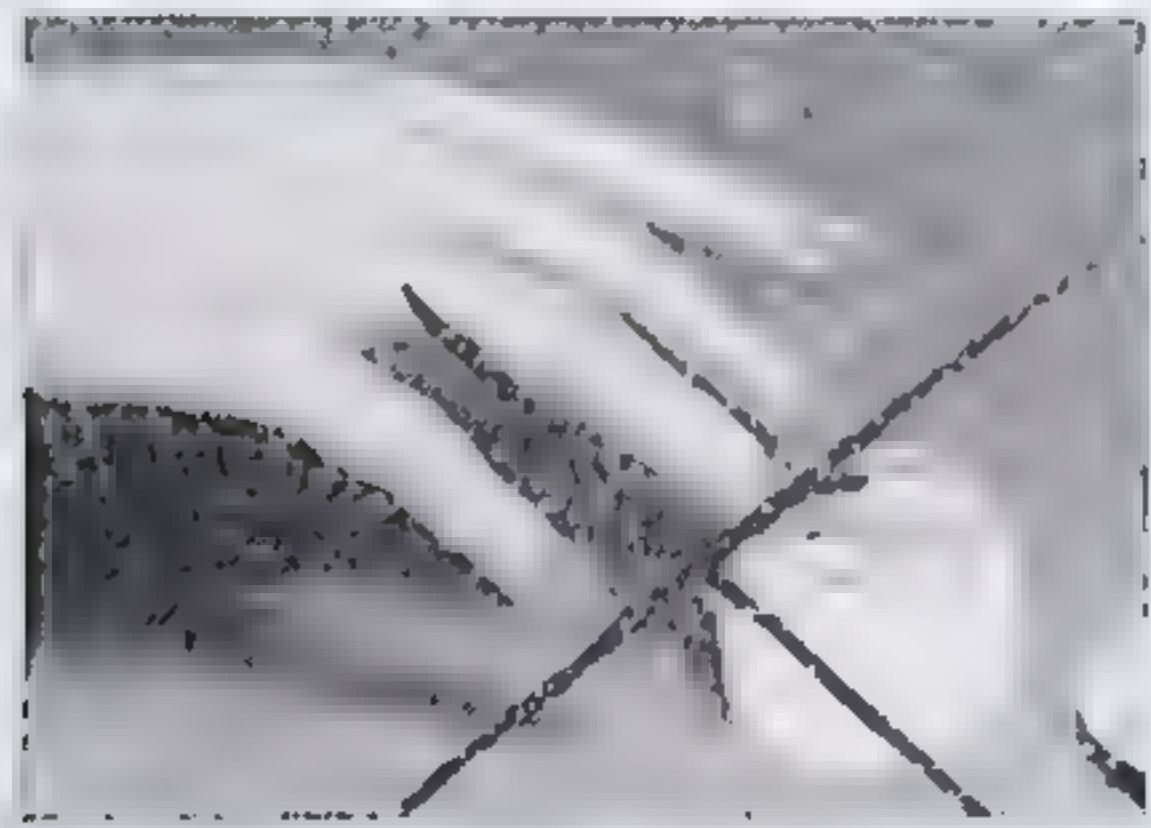
But she had a bit more living to do before she could achieve her ambition. Not at all the shy type, Terry talks willingly and revealingly (Continued on page 95)



After the dance: Terry and Dick Jaeckel take a stroll



no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



no spilly powder

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**creamy-smooth
clinging** —

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Angel Face also comes in the sweet blue-and-gold box in two sizes, 89¢ and 59¢.*

*plus tax

Continued from page 35



Dinner with first wife's four children helped John Wayne forget marital trouble

Debbie Reynolds won't fail the boys in Korea. She sewed lace ruffles on the dungarees she has to wear while strutting her talented stuff . . . Poor Tab Hunter had to let his hair grow for "Johnny Ringo," then waited four weeks until the picture started! . . . Mutual friends are rejoicing that Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine are burying their hatchets.

Odd Man Out: The many who are fond of John Wayne feel very sorry for him. Some say his estranged wife (Esperanza) is having him followed day and night by detectives. One report had him dining out with his four children he worships, when little Melinda suddenly threw her arms around his neck and exclaimed: "Oh Daddy, I do love you!" The big fellow supposedly whispered back: "I'm glad. I need love right now." Speaking of the Wayne children, Michael, the oldest, turned military age recently. They're great kids and their mother (Josephine) has done a fine job raising them.

Production Palaver: On the coldest day of the year Jeff Chandler had to wear shorts in a jungle scene for "East of Sumatra." Because the goose bumps on his bare legs photographed like golf balls, they had to re-shoot the scene when it turned warmer!

One Man's Opinion: Faces were rather red at Denise Darcel's small dinner party. Esther Williams' nice husband, who was castigating foreign actors in Hollywood, seemed unaware that the James Masons were amongst those present . . . In John Payne's book, he informed pals at a party, there are exactly three male stars with virile acting ability. Clark Gable and John Wayne are the *other* two! . . .

According to Jack Benny: "I'm a big star in England—unless my good friend Danny Kaye happens to be in town."

No Love Lost: Not a word leaked out, but it seems they're not too happy with Ginger Rogers over Paramount way. Inside sources insist she wouldn't stick to the script of "Forever Female," which she okayed. True or false, 'tis said the smart Miss R. has a contract clause stipulating she must never be photographed minus lipstick or eye make-up. Since she was supposed to look like an aging actress in the final scenes, they were forced to write a new ending!

Love Tale: Just how presumptuous can local columnists get in announcing Frank Sinatra will go back to Nancy? In the first place he's married to Ava Gardner and despite discord, mad about the girl. It was torture for him to leave her in Africa but he had to fly back and test for "From Here to Eternity." When Ava was flown to London and hospitalized with an African germ, Frank nearly blew his top. To get back to Nancy: Did it ever occur to these columnists that she might not care as she once did? So typical of her forthright quality, at a party recently she saw Ava in person for the first time, Nancy took a good long look and said, "I can't see a single thing wrong with her!"

Wishful Thinking: Garbo confided to intimates that two requisites could bring her back to the screen. The first (natch) is a good script. The second? Montgomery Clift as her leading man! . . . If the "King" leaves M-G-M. as rumored, Clark Gable and Joan Crawford, who were one of the greatest box-office teams, may reunite in an independent Western.

Inside Hollywood: It's these untold stories that give Cal his biggest kick. When Judy Garland attempted self-destruction during the darkest period of her life, Bing Crosby came forward and insisted she sing on his show. Yes, it was a break for him, but it also helped take Judy's unhappy mind away from her problems. She never forgot Bing's kindness. Recently, when Dixie Crosby passed away, practically the first message to reach Bing was an offer from the great Garland to substitute for him on the air. She did and how!

Bunny Tale: So you can't afford a mink coat? Well, you can still look like the most glamorous star in Hollywood, thanks to Al Teitelbaum, who is the most famous furrier in filmland. At popular prices yet, Al's created colored rabbit-fur coats that

have the town in a tizzy. Mrs. Gene Kelly took a green one to Paris and dazzled the *boulevardiers* on the Champs Elysées. Tony Curtis surprised Janet Leigh with a red one which New Yorkers loved when they saw it and promptly sent orders to Teitelbaum's Beverly Hills salon.

News and Views: Poor M-G-M was just beginning to relax from the Mario Lanza headache, when Red Skelton hit headlines by announcing he'd left home and was planning a divorce. Red, suffering from a painful ailment, was rushed to the hospital and at this writing all's quiet on the Skelton marital front . . . Now that they have a six-pound son, Ruth Roman's husband, Morty Hall, wishes she'd give her movie career back to the Warner brothers. But his talented wife says, "The ham is still smoking!" . . . He's thirty-two, Elaine Mahnken is twenty-two and she's wife number four for Mickey Rooney. He met the tall model (he did it *again*) just two months before he married her . . . Just when everyone was convinced there was smooth sailing for the Sterling Haydens, she sued him for separate maintenance and custody of their four young children . . . Johnnie Ray is still cryin' "No, no" to those divorce and separation rumors. Illness kept his wife in the hospital when he road-toured . . . 'Tis said the will of Dixie Lee Crosby will dispose of an estimated \$10,000,000, representing half of the fortune amassed by her husband . . . Only surprised that she waited so long. Teresa Wright's friends are noncommittal about her divorce from husband-writer Niven Busch . . . The entire U-I lot, where she grew up, is in mourning because Ann Blyth is leaving them. At M-G-M, where she signed a fabulous new deal, they're dusting off the red carpet.



Clark Gable was "welcome" sight when Ava Gardner arrived in Africa for "Mogambo"

(Continued from page 49)

school. Once I was elected I found the faculty was in definite disagreement with me about the project, and for years afterward, whenever there was a mud puddle in the school yard, some wag would stick a sign in it reading "Dougherty's Swimming Pool." The legend made me a hero in her eyes and when she met me through the Goddards, I was already established in her mind as a knight on a white horse. I became her first love.

I soon knew that I wanted to marry her, but felt she was much too young for marriage. The war was on, and I knew, too, that sooner or later I would be in the services and go overseas. So we talked about getting married after the war was over, and she promised to wait for me.

It might have been like that if the Goddards hadn't moved to West Virginia. They couldn't take Marilyn with them, and, in the bustle of planning to move, shifted Marilyn back with Aunt Anna once more. And then one day Grace Goddard came to see me.

"Jim," she said. "Would you marry Norma Jean now?"

(I must explain that we all knew her by her real name, Norma Jean, and that I use Marilyn here only in order to avoid confusion.)

"She's too young. She's only a kid."

"But you don't understand. We can't take her back East with us, and Aunt Anna hasn't the money to keep her. It means that unless you marry her now, she'll have to go back to the orphanage."

It was a pretty strong argument, that one. I figured I'd be in the service pretty soon, and that even if I was shipped out, I could give her a home while I was gone. So that night, after Marilyn and I had seen a movie, I parked my car on a side street near Grace's house and asked Marilyn if she'd marry me as soon as she was sixteen. I didn't tell her then that the proposal was a thing of expediency. In my heart, it wasn't. I had wanted all along to marry her right away but had put it out of my mind because of her age, and now I had a solid excuse.

We were both awfully happy. A week before the wedding, we rented a furnished apartment on Vista Del Monte in the Valley, and moved our wedding gifts into it. She picked out double rings for us, and made arrangements to leave University High School, where she had gone after moving in with Aunt Anna, the Christian Science practitioner who had kept Marilyn before the Goddards took her in. She was in the tenth grade then, and, while I didn't like to see her leave school, there wasn't much help for it.

She turned sixteen on June 1, 1942, and we were married June 19th in Westwood, at the home of friends, Doris and Chester Powell. She was shaking so hard, poor kid, that she could hardly stand, but nevertheless she was a beautiful bride. I wasn't any too calm myself, but my brother had helped the situation by giving me a double shot of whiskey before the wedding. To this day I don't know whether it helped or hindered. I didn't drink in those days and I think I felt a little undone during the ceremony. It was a help to have it performed by old Benjamin Lincolnfelter. He was a friend of the family and despite his advanced age, he could walk the legs off my brothers and me when we all went hunting.

After the wedding, we went to the Florentine Gardens, a nightclub in Hollywood. It has been printed that Marilyn that night got into a Conga line while I sat and sulked on the sidelines. The person who

reported this was not even there that night. The story is not only untrue, it is the exact opposite of what really happened.

Marilyn that night was a typical blushing bride and nervous as a hen on a hot grid-dle. I was trying to bluff through the situation by being the life of the party, and when one of the chorus girls pulled me up onto the stage, I went willingly. With two drinks added to the double shot I'd had before the wedding, I put on a pretty good show. Or at least, I thought I did. When I came back to the table Marilyn wasn't very happy. "You made a monkey out of yourself," she said. And I think she was right.

I also think, looking back over it now, that she was glad to have some excuse to be peeved with me. She was terrified of being alone with me, and I learned later that she had asked Grace Goddard if she could be married and be "just friends" with her husband.

Aunt Anna had given her a book on marriage and she had read it from cover to cover, but it didn't make her feel any more confident. She needn't have given it a second thought; she was a most responsive bride—a perfect bride in every respect—except the cooking department.

I remember I found out about that right away. The next morning we wakened in our new apartment and Marilyn, all domesticity, proudly served me a cup of her first coffee. It tasted as though she'd made it with sea water.

"What was in the cup?" I said.

"Nothing," she said.

"Are you sure? Didn't you put some salt in it?"

"Yes, sure I put salt in it. A teaspoon."

I laughed. "Baby, this is pretty soon to be pulling practical jokes on your old man." I tried hard to keep a straight face.

"But Aunt Anna told me it would make it good." Her lower lip came out in a pout.

"Yes, honey, a pinch to the pot—not a spoonful to the cup!"

I teased her about it for a long time after that, and she always got upset about it. I should have learned then to keep my mouth shut and not criticize. I think my teasing was the one thing that made her unhappy during our marriage.

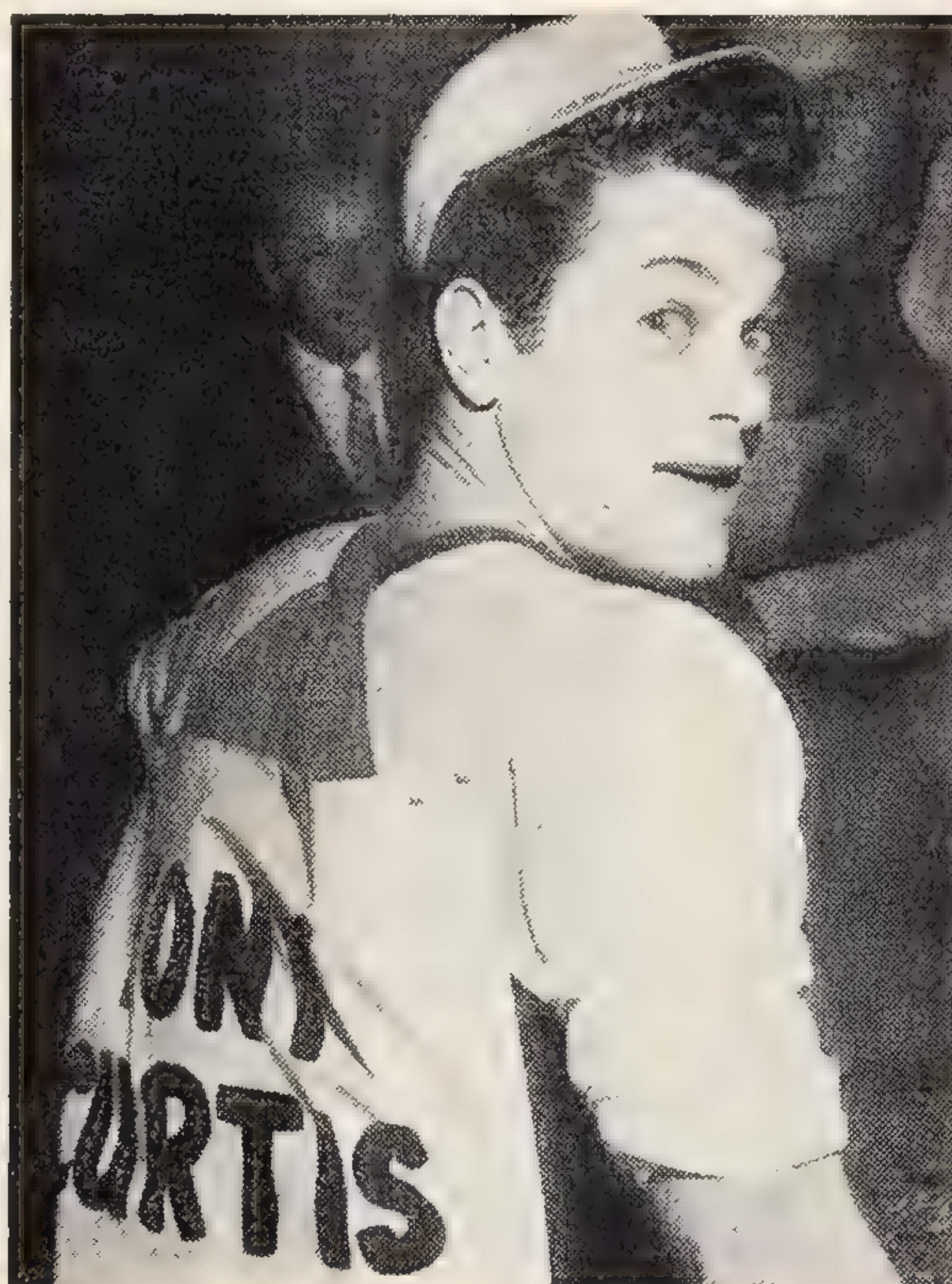
She was a wonderful housekeeper and didn't have a lazy bone in her body. She darned socks and sewed on missing buttons like a veteran housewife. She banged ears a lot with the neighbors, but she never took out so much time that our apartment didn't look like a professional cleaning crew had just gone through it.

For the rest, I had to teach her a lot about life. She hung on my every word just as though I was an oracle. She did everything I wanted to do. I don't think she ever really liked to fish or hunt, but she went along with me willingly. I gave her a .22 rifle and taught her to be a pretty good shot. For a long time we kept an empty shotgun shell that she had nicked right through the middle from a distance of fifty feet.

We went around mostly with my friends, and she got along very well with them. She would shy, though, when any of them began telling jokes. She didn't like that sort of thing, partly, I guess, because she didn't understand them. I'd have to explain them to her afterward when we were alone. And during those first few months, she'd always answer my explanation with, "What's so funny about that?" She caught on after a while, but for a long time her favorite joke was about the two

(Continued on page 78)

WHO, US?



• You've scored a hit, Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh—and all Hollywood applauded when the Hollywood Women's Press Club gave you those polished Golden Apples as the most co-operative actor and actress of the year. As a matter of fact, you rate a bushel of Golden Apples for knowing how to get along not only with the press, but with each other. These days, it's good to see two people so much in love with life and with love



You hate to see it—your skin getting dull, losing its fresh look



You can do something to change your skin

A fascinating, immediate change

Do women have to put up with these?...

A skin that looks coarse?

Its color muddied?

A skin that looks harsh and rough?

Every so often you see a woman with a skin so absolutely beautiful you just can't keep from staring at her.

YOU can do something about *your* skin.

Skin deprived of its natural beautifying oils is *bound* to get coarser, with a dismaying drab, harsh look. And if, unknowingly, you are cleansing your skin too harshly—yet not *deeply* enough—your skin loses its softness and freshness even more.

You don't *need* to let this happen to your face—not one of you reading this page.

It is a most exciting fact that you and every woman can, easily and simply, bring a beauty to your skin it does not have right now.

Free your skin...replace what it is being robbed of

Fatigue, anxiety, tensions, wind, our dry air—*all* continuously rob your skin of its precious natural oil and moisture. Resistant dirt—from soot, dust and old make-up—*sticks* in tiny pore-openings.

To cleanse pore-openings of embedded dirt... to supply oil and moisture—there is an exclusive formulation of *skin-helping* ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream.

Together—these ingredients work on your skin *as a team*—in inter-action.

As you swirl Pond's Cold Cream on generously (be sure to use gentle, firming strokes) you get the good effect of this inter-action on *both* sides of your skin.

On the *outside*, embedded dirt is loosened and lifted from pore-openings. And *at the same time*, your skin is given needed oil and moisture that leave it softened, smoothed, and supple.

On the *inside*, the circulation is stimulated, bringing up color, helping the skin to repair itself and refine itself.



You can feel your skin responding



You owe it to yourself to bring out the beauty of your face

can come over your face...

Feel the dry surface of your skin take on wonderful smoothness

As your skin takes up the refreshing oil and moisture in Pond's Cold Cream—oil which just *suits* your skin—oil which is not too heavy and not too thin—you can *feel* the tired little tensions ease away. You can *feel* your skin getting back its flexibility. You can see a clearer color coming into it.

To replace the continual thieving of your skin's freshness—*each night* give your skin this special treatment—to cleanse it *rightly, deeply*—to replenish it:

Soft-cleanse—swirl satin-smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over your face and throat—generously. Swirl *up* from throat to forehead. Tissue off well.

Soft-rinse quickly with *more* skin-helping Pond's Cold Cream. Tissue off lightly. *Look at your face.*

This *double* Pond's Cold Creaming supplies smoothing oil and moisture *as it cleans* your skin *immaculately*. At the same time, it *quickens* circulation, livens your skin.

(Note: Thousands of women find that *in the morning* another quick Pond's Creaming starts their day with a delightful new freshness.)

Look your loveliest and you send out a happy-hearted confidence to all who see you

You will see the wonder of this skin-helping cream—*immediately*—after your very first Pond's Creaming.

Use Pond's Cold Cream *every* night (remember, the *constant* robbing of your skin goes on *every* day). As you use Pond's, you will delight in your lovelier skin—and you will gain an attractive new self-confidence.

So many women are discovering the amazing effect of the inter-action of Pond's Cold Cream on their skin that more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Go to your favorite face cream counter and get a large jar of Pond's Cold Cream today.

Mrs. Ellen Tuck Astor—People always notice the exquisite look of her skin. Mrs. Astor says: "I've used Pond's Cold Cream since my early teens. It is my most helpful and most necessary cream."



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Haven't you been embarrassed and annoyed time and again by snags and runs? Then stop washing your nylon stockings the old-fashioned way...with soaps and flakes...start washing them with Nylast!

Now amazing new Nylast, made exclusively for nylons, actually strengthens and protects nylon stockings as it washes them. No soap, no flake can do that for your precious nylons. Why? Because Nylast contains vital ingredients by **DuPont** that coat each nylon thread with invisible protection against snags and runs. A survey among thousands of women proves

that regular Nylast users average
sixteen extra wearings!

So tonight, strengthen and protect
your nylons as you wash them.

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your favorite store or
supermarket.



nylast *

for washing nylons

A product of Seeman Brothers,
makers of Air-Wick, and distributors
of other dependable household
products for 66 years.

(Continued from page 75)
morons, one of whom kept diving into the pool and yelling, "Whee, tomorrow's Thursday!" After a while the second moron said, "What's so wonderful about Thursday?" And the first moron said, "That's the day they put the water in the pool."

It was the only joke she ever told, and while she came to understand the kind with double meanings, she never caught on to fast repartee. I'm pretty sure that the so-called "Monroeisms" of today are dreamed up by publicity people. They just don't sound like Marilyn.

She was naive about drinking, too. She didn't know a thing about it. One night my brother brought a girl friend over to our house and handed Marilyn a fifth of whiskey. She took the bottle into the kitchen and came out later with our drinks. When I tasted mine, the top of my head almost blew off. I didn't say anything, so as not to embarrass her, but watched her carefully and was happy to see that she didn't drink more than half of hers. When our guests had left, I checked the bottle and it was empty. Marilyn had started to giggle and wanted to know what was the matter with her.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you," I said. "You poured a half pint of liquor into each drink!"

She used to sit and talk for hours about her childhood, and many times she told me that she'd never felt secure until she'd married me. I'd try to console her and show her where some things in her past had happened for the best, because she'd been conditioned for life.

I worked as a shaper operator at Lockheed for the first year of our marriage, always on the "graveyard shift." It was dangerous work—a machine that sends metal chips flying through the air, but I never told her about the danger. She took our marriage so seriously, and worried about me all the time when I was away from her. If I didn't kiss her goodbye every time I left the house, she thought something was wrong. She used to pack my lunch for me every evening before I left for work, and tucked little love notes in between the sandwiches. They were always sweet, and brought a glow to me when I read them in the middle of the night. I remember one that went, "Dearest Daddy. When you read this I'll be asleep and dreaming of you. Love and kisses, Your baby."

She always called me Daddy, a nickname that probably stemmed from the fact that she felt so secure with me. I realize now that I did many things that didn't deserve her adoration. We both had our faults, and I had plenty. For instance, I used to play pool sometimes during the day, instead of staying home like a good husband should. She didn't like that, and she didn't like my teasing, either. But she never held a grudge.

I remember one night when we went to bed after having an argument about something and she kept crying and crying. Finally I moved into the living room and went to sleep on the couch, and when I woke up a couple of hours later, she was asleep by my side.

I was young myself and didn't know very much about how to treat a woman. One time I caught a catfish and brought it home for dinner. When I bit into it, it was half raw. "I could throw this fish back right now," I said, and went out to get us some chiliburgers. While we were sitting there eating them, instead of keeping my mouth shut, I said, "Baby, when are you going to learn to cook?"

"You're nothing but a brute!" she yelled, and in a flare of temper picked up a trash can and hit me over the head with it. It



didn't hurt so much that it didn't strike me as funny. I started to laugh, and that made her furious. I was still laughing at her when I picked her up and carried her toward the bathroom. "I'm just going to cool you off, lass," I said, and stuck her under the shower. She came out of that dripping wet and mad as—well, as mad as a woman can get. I knew then I'd gone too far and went out for a walk. When I came back she *had* cooled off.

We had a lot of silly arguments like that, but all in all, it was a wonderful marriage, and it was always a lot of fun making up.

She was awfully sensitive, and instead of having sense enough to console her, I'd try to point out where she was wrong. If I'd been old enough myself to realize she wasn't mature, I'd have known better how to handle the situation. I remember one night I woke up and heard her crying. I'd said something in jest to her that day, and as usual, she had taken it seriously. "Go to sleep," I said.

And then she grabbed me. "There's a man following me," she said.

"Baby, you're dreaming," I said. "Go back to sleep."

"No I'm not dreaming," she said. "I was so mad at you I decided to leave you and I went out in the street in my nightgown. And a man saw me and followed me."

She had a curiously one-track mind, a fact which might explain that she would absent-mindedly go wandering out in the street in her nightgown. It explains why one time she drove right into the front of a streetcar because she was thinking about something other than driving. It explains why, when she wanted to become a movie star, she became one.

She grew hysterical easily. Like the night I came home and heard her crying in the bedroom. It seems there had been a shorted wire under the rug and when she saw the sparks, she threw a whole pot full of coffee at the spot and then locked herself in the bedroom for the rest of the day. That was the house on Bessemer Street.

It was there, too, that I found her one day trying to pull a cow into the house. The cow always grazed in the big empty lot facing our house, and that day it was raining buckets. When I drove up the street in our old Ford I could see Marilyn tugging away at the animal.

"You'll have to help me," she said when I got to the front door.

"But honey, it isn't our cow. You mustn't worry about it."

"But the poor thing," she said. "We can't leave it out in this weather."

I suppose it would have struck some people as funny, but to me it showed what a soft-hearted, sentimental girl my wife really was.

We'd lived in three different places in that year before I joined the maritime service—first, the apartment on Vista Del Monte, then with my brother in my folks' house when they went away for a while, then the little house on Bessemer Street.

When I went into boot camp at San Diego, Marilyn stayed with my parents. She always got along beautifully with them and they with her. She particularly liked my brother Tom, but my brother Marion was too much of a tease. Like me, I guess. Marilyn adored my dad, thought he was the greatest guy in the world. He's honest and straightforward and wouldn't tell a lie if a lie would do better, and Marilyn liked him for it.

After boot camp, I was sent to Catalina as a physical training instructor, and before long found an apartment and sent for Marilyn. I made seventy-five dollars a month and paid thirty-five dollars for

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CANDY JONES
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3. No girl need have a "complexion complex" if she watches her diet, has plentiful sleep, gets fresh air and spends time beautifying her skin . . . the Cashmere Bouquet way!

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HOLLYWOOD IN REVIEW



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the apartment. It was small, just a living room, bath and kitchen, and we shared it with Muggsy, our collie dog, but I think those were the happiest days of my marriage. It took the place of the honeymoon I hadn't been able to afford.

On Saturdays I was free after inspections and we used to go after abalone and lobsters. By this time she could cook quite well and took great pride in turning out good meals. She knew lemon pie was my favorite and would work over one or two hours to make sure it would be good. I remember she used to have mixed peas and carrots a lot—not because she liked them particularly but because “the color looked so pretty.” We used to sing a duet together. We both had average voices, but too good and not too painful, and I played a guitar. Our living room window overlooked the bay, and on moonlit nights I would sit at the window and watch the soft light on the water and sing to each other. We loved every minute of it.

If Marilyn was meticulous about herself (she used to take what seemed like an hour to wash her face at night. And I like to mention that despite her public image she *does* wear underwear, and is very fussy about it), she was even more about Muggsy. She kept him clean as a whistle, and combed and brushed like a show dog. When she put on a white blouse and shorts and took him for a walk, it was like watching a dream walking.

I think it was during our year on Catalina Island that I first realized what a tremendously attractive girl Marilyn was. There was a shortage of women on the island, and wherever we went I'd spot other guys giving Marilyn the eye. When I went to the beach and she wore skimpy bathing suits I'd give her a lecture. As she'd look at me wide-eyed. “But why shouldn't I wear this suit?”

“Honey, you don't know what these guys are thinking!”

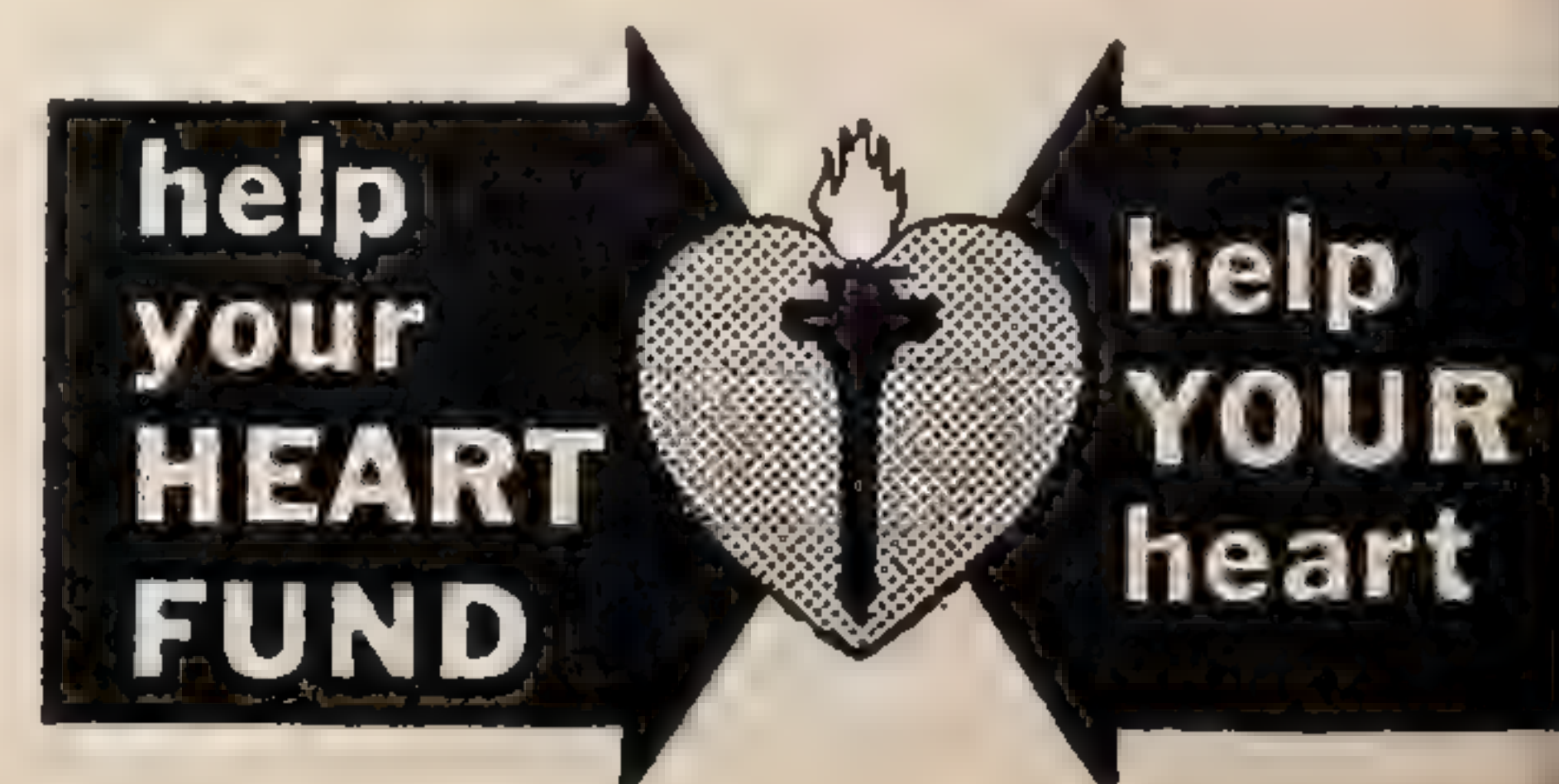
She was so naive that she'd get angry with me for saying such things.

But the naivete began to wear off when we were on the island. At first her clothes were conservative, but after a while she began wearing sweaters more often. She knew she had a beautiful body and knew men liked it, and didn't mind showing a little bit of it. She was quite aware of her pretty face, too, and even in school had worn pretty heavy makeup. The other kids had criticized her for it and she'd simply say, “Why not? It's my face.” I do think her awareness made her conceited; it was just that her face and figure were the only advantages she had over other people, and she made the most of them.

One night there was a street dance on Catalina with Stan Kenton's band. It was the chance of a lifetime for the guys in service, and if I remember rightly, I only had one dance with my wife all evening long. I stood on the sidelines and watched over her like a mother hen. And I heard the other men talking about her. I decided I'd better take her home. It was midnight then, but she was having the time of her life and didn't want to leave.

“I think we'd better go,” I said again. “Right now.”

“You know what?” she said. “I think I go home with you and then when you



asleep I'll come back and dance some more."

"Where would you sleep?" I said.

Her eyes widened. "What do you mean—where would I sleep?"

"I mean," I said, "that if you do that, you're not coming home tonight."

That won the argument, but I realized that night that I'd been feeling a few pangs of jealousy. In the first days of our marriage, Marilyn had been intensely jealous of my old girl friends, and now the shoe was on the other foot. It wasn't mainly my jealousy that worried me; it was the fact that she was so darned naive about these guys on the island. Despite all my teachings, she still would have swallowed any lines they cared to hand out.

We were at Catalina a year before I shipped out for the first trip in the maritime service. When she knew I was going to go, she spoke briefly about wanting a baby. It was the only time she ever gave an inkling that she might want a child. The rest of the time we had argued about it. I didn't want her to have a baby while I was in the service, but I very definitely wanted a family after the war was over. She turned a deaf ear to the whole idea. It wasn't that she didn't like children—she was wonderful with my nieces and nephews, but I think she was afraid that she might lose her figure. At one time she had thought she might be expecting a baby, and she was distraught with worry. So for the time being, I let the problem drift, and figured to talk about it more seriously when I'd been discharged.

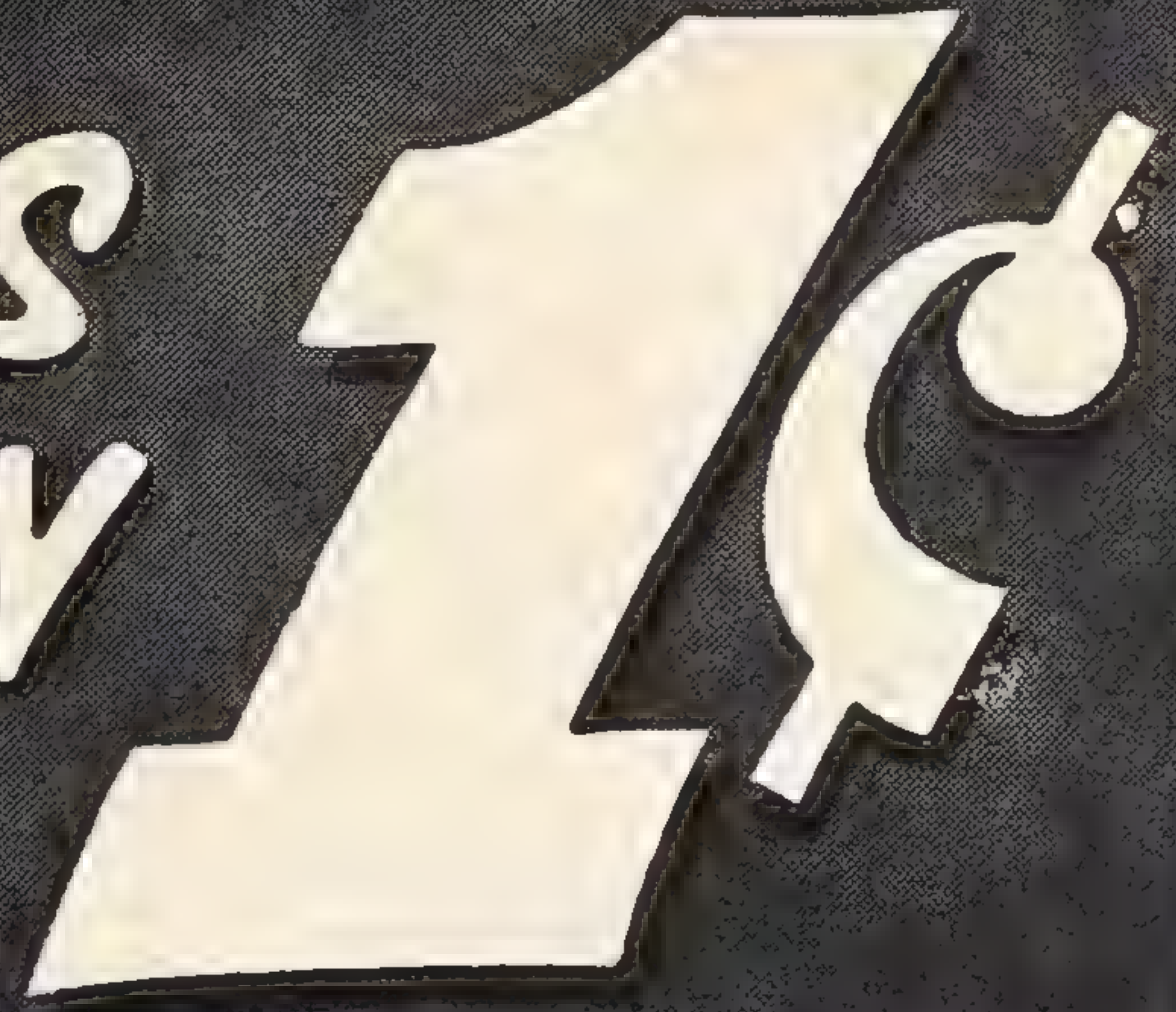
We went back to the mainland and stayed with my parents for about a week before I shipped out. Marilyn took every cent out of our bank account and gave me a watch as a going-away gift. We said our goodbyes at the house, because ship departures in those days were kept secret. When I left the house she was crying and I was bawling a little myself. We might well have cried. It was the last time together that we were ever truly happy.

I hadn't been gone long when my mother, who was a nurse at a defense plant called Radio Plane, got Marilyn a job there. Marilyn wanted something to do to occupy her time while I was away, and she ended up in what they call the dope room, where the workers apply a special paint on the wing fabrics to make them stiff and waterproof. She wrote me regularly, but because my ship docked at odd places, it was sometimes three months before I received any mail. Then I'd stack it in chronological order and settle down for a long siege of reading and yearning. Her letters that first year were all about her work.

I sent her money the whole time I was away, of course, but I saved enough for a big blow-out my first trip home. We had it, too. The first night I was home we stayed in a motel on Ventura Blvd. She had told me she had a surprise for me and I didn't know what it was until she came walking into the room in a black lace nightgown. I haven't got words to describe how she looked. I suppose you could see her looking like that in a movie some time, but with me, it wasn't the same as seeing her in a movie.

The next day, we went up to a lodge at Big Bear Lake. We had a high time up there for several days. There was snow on the ground, and I remember there was one couple who tried to teach us how to ski. Once I made a jump and went in head first and Marilyn thought I was hurt and got hysterical trying to dig me out again. One night there she ordered a Tom Collins, and then another one. It was the first time I'd seen her drink at all, and I didn't like it. I kept swallowing her drinks to keep them away from her, and the only result

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of that was that I had too many. Then one night I got into a blackjack game with some college girls who were there, and Marilyn gave me the big old green eye and went upstairs. When I went up later she was in bed and crying. And then we had another argument about having children. She was still only lukewarm toward the idea.

My second trip away was sailing coast-wise, and I got home more often. But these weren't happy times. I can't construct them all in an exact chronological order, but it seems every time we saw each other the gulf had widened. Soon after my first visit at home, Marilyn was photographed at her work by some Army photographers. One of them gave her a letter of introduction to a woman who owned a modeling agency at the Ambassador Hotel, and that started the ball rolling. She quit Radio Plane soon after and did nothing but modeling, and then moved from my parents' home to her own apartment, which was part of Aunt Anna's house.

One time when I was home I found a script for a screen test and asked her if she was gunning for a movie career. She denied it and said someone had given her the script as a curiosity.

The next time I was home she asked me to drive her to a studio where she had an appointment to make a screen test. I didn't like the idea and said so. "Look," I said. "There are a thousand and one girls walking the streets of Hollywood who can sing and dance and act. And you want to be a movie star!" I should have known then that if she'd set her mind on it, she'd do it. Anyway, I sat out in the car and waited for her, and pretty soon she came out, all in a huff. "You're right," she said. "They're just a bunch of fresh guys."

Once I wired her from Texas that I was coming cross country from the East and would be home at a certain time. She wasn't there when I got to the apartment. I waited more than an hour, and she finally drove up in the old Ford, which looked as though it had been driven through the Mississippi mud. She gave no excuse and I didn't ask for any.

I knew she was modeling in Bikini bathing suits and pleaded with her not to do it. "Why not?" she said. "They pay me for it."

She told me they wanted her to pose nude but she wouldn't do it. For one job she posed with nothing but a drape and when I objected, she pointed out that the one hundred dollars she'd been paid would buy a new motor for our car.

She was letting money slip through her fingers faster than ever. She'd never had much sense about money at Catalina. She used to use our food money to buy me a whole tin of my favorite cigars. It was a gesture out of the goodness of her heart and I appreciated it, but I never could teach her the wisdom of saving money. Once I sent her, from the Orient, one hundred dollars to buy a coat for her Christmas gift. She took two hundred dollars more out of the bank for the coat. Another time she took every cent out of the account to go to West Virginia to visit the Goddards.

I was beginning to feel pretty helpless about the whole situation. I couldn't control what she did while I was gone, but I did put my foot down about the future. "All this business is fine, but when I get out of service we're going to have a family. You can only have one career and a woman can't be two places at once. Kids should have security and know the mother is home when they need her."

I was wasting my breath. She had thought she had security in our marriage but now there was the modeling game and the glamour that went with it; visions

a movie contract were dancing in her head. To Marilyn, it all seemed a better security than marriage. For my part, I had known she was young but thought I knew what she wanted out of life and that I could handle the situation. But I hadn't known at all what she wanted, and I wasn't handling anything.

The worst blow came when I arrived home after a trip and she told me she was leaving town with a photographer. They were going up into the mountains to take some pictures, she said, and business was business. She was sorry, but she wouldn't be at home.

The next time I got off the ship I had a pretty decent leave. It was in November, and when my leave was up I signed back on the ship so that I could be home for Christmas. I worked on board during the day and went home at night. Two nights before I was due to sail again, she wouldn't have anything to do with me. She said she had to go over to this photographer's house to see some pictures. And when I objected, she said once more, rather flatly, that she had to go see those pictures.

I went back to my ship and slept on board the ship that night.

The next day while I was working in the forecabin one of my shipmates stuck his head through the door. "Hey, Jim—your wife's on the dock!"

When I went down to see her she was as attentive as though nothing had happened. "Were you going to leave without saying goodbye?" she said.

"It didn't seem as though you cared," I said. "You had to see those pictures, so I figured I might as well go back to sea."

We patched it up—we almost had to, it was my last night before going out on my longest trip yet, a trip that was to take me around the world in more ways than one. We spent that night together and the next day I shoved off.

I remember the day the letter came. It was summer, and blistering hot. My ship was on the Yangtze River, near Shanghai, and I was leaning over the fantail, bargaining with a Chinaman on a bumboat. I'd just bought a camphor chest for Marilyn when the shout went up that the mail had come on board. I hadn't had any mail for three months, but that was normal and I'd thought nothing of it. That day there was just one letter for me, and it was postmarked from Las Vegas.

One of the guys handed it to me with a laugh. "Here, Jim. I guess your wife's divorcing you!"

I grinned. "Fat chance," I said.

It has been written that Marilyn Monroe has denied writing me a Dear John letter, and the report is quite correct. She didn't write me at all. The contents of that envelope from Las Vegas were papers from a lawyer to the effect that Norma Jean Dougherty was suing me for divorce. Would I please sign the enclosed papers and return them?

I felt as though I'd been hit on the head with a steam shovel. I had all sorts of thoughts in those first few minutes after opening the envelope. I asked the ship's officers what chance I had to telephone or send a cable to my wife, and they replied that under the circumstances, a letter would reach her just as fast. And then, after I thought more about it, I didn't even write a letter. And I didn't return the divorce papers. As the day wore on I got madder and madder, and before nightfall I'd canceled her allotment.

I'll never forget how upset she was about that when I saw her, months later. She had been in the hospital for a minor infection when the notice arrived. "There I was, lying in bed," she told me, "when the nurse handed me the envelope. How

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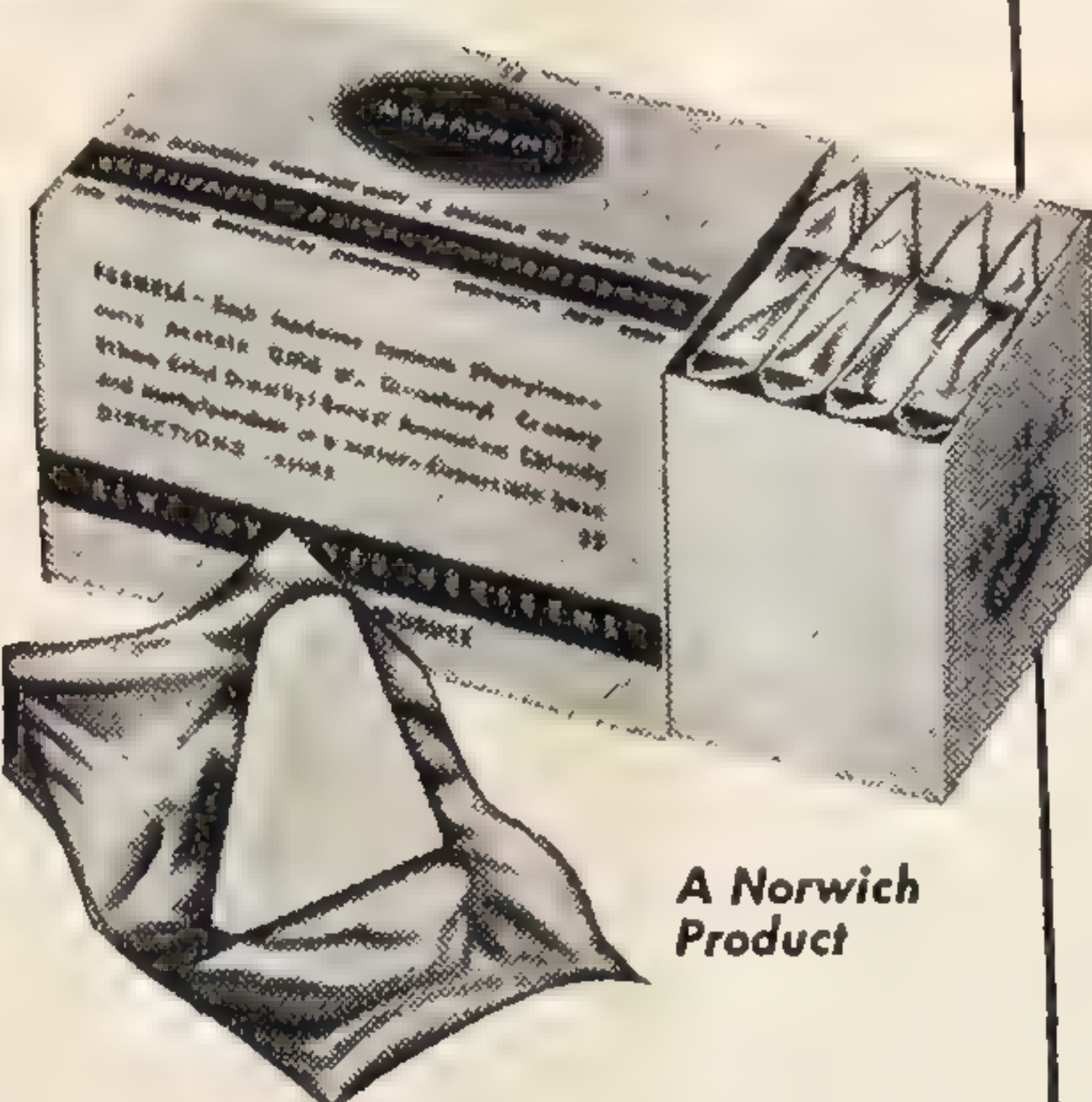
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could you possibly cut me off like that?" "Look, baby, that's how it goes," I said. "You don't pay for anything when you're not getting it."

Anyway, out there on the Yangtze River, I opened my foot locker and looked at all the stuff I'd packed from home to use for bartering. I'd brought American nail polish and all sorts of things like that to trade with the natives in return for gifts for Marilyn. I took it all out and turned it into cash, and the only thing I put back was the camphor chest I'd just bought, so I could give it to my mother.

It was the end of that summer of 1946 when I finally got back to the States. We docked in San Diego and from there I phoned Aunt Anna, who gave me the phone number of the place Marilyn was staying in Las Vegas to establish residence for the divorce. I asked the operator for the number and waited for the click on the other end of the line. Her voice came over, low and purring, not at all like the voice I remembered.

"Hello," I said. "Norma Jean?"

"Oh, hello, Bill," she said. I think she used the name Bill. It could have been Joe or Wadsworth—I don't remember. All I know is that it was another guy's name.

"This is Jim," I said.

"Oh, Jim!" she said without even a ripple. "How are you?"

"What the devil happened to your voice?" I said. "It doesn't sound like you."

She told me they wanted her to keep it low, that it sounded better that way. "They" was the studio, for by this time she was nibbling at a contract. I told her I wanted to see her, *had* to see her, to talk this thing over, and she said she'd be back in Los Angeles in a week or so.

It was a couple of weeks before I got to Los Angeles myself. After the ship was unloaded in San Diego I rode it up to San Pedro, the Los Angeles harbor. It was night when I arrived, but I went anyway to the apartment under Aunt Anna's where Marilyn still lived. I went in, using the key I'd kept all those months, and woke her up. Her mother was sleeping there with her that night, and I guess I scared them both, coming in like that.

I ought to mention here that Marilyn's mother has been well for years and working as a nurse herself. I understand that Marilyn has been wonderful to her in every way, and that their relationship in these past few years has made up for all the empty spots during Marilyn's child-

hood. I saw her mother, incidentally, just the other day, and realized for the first time what a really beautiful woman she is. She was walking down the street as I drove by in a police car, and she looked like a million bucks.

Anyway, that night I walked in, Marilyn came into the living room and her mother stayed in the bedroom so we could talk. Even so, the circumstances weren't right for a serious discussion, so I asked if I could borrow her car (or my car, whichever way you want to put it) to drive up to Thousand Oaks to see my folks.

When I brought the car back the next day we buckled down to sorting the thing out. I asked her if all the things we'd gone through together didn't mean anything to her. She said of course, but that she wanted a career. She said "they" had told her she must be divorced in order to have a contract. I don't know who told her that—it doesn't make much sense—but it's what she told me. And I realize by now that the studio doesn't want her to get married. She's worth more single, and I figure this Joe DiMaggio business is all publicity.

She said she'd made up her mind that the career was what she wanted, but that she'd never love anybody else but me. She suggested that we date each other, that she wanted to go on seeing me.

"But what's the use of dating?" I said. "I want a wife and a home and a family."

It was the old, old stalemate, and it ended there. I went back to the ship and that night she drove down to the harbor. Once more a shipmate told me my wife was waiting on the dock to see me. I went down, hoping against hope that I could change her mind. We went to a little place in Long Beach for something to eat and sat in a booth.

"Come on," she said. "Sit a little closer."

"Are you crazy, woman?" I said. "We're divorced!"

"Not yet. You haven't signed the divorce papers. That doesn't make any difference, anyway."

All through dinner we went over the same argument and then I told her I'd thumb my way back to the ship and she could take the car home. But she asked me to drive her home and said I could bring back the car the next day. I dropped her off at her apartment and said good-night at her door, and the next day I took the car back. When she answered the door I handed her the divorce papers, signed. She smiled and said, "Thanks, Jim. Thanks

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for not making any trouble about all this."

That was about it. I went back to the ship and soon afterward shipped out again. I carried a torch for a long time. When you've patted a telephone pole every time you've passed it for a few years, you miss it when it's gone. I liked being married, and I had been happy with Marilyn, and now it was all over.

I saw her again some months later when I was back in town. My family was planning to give a New Year's Eve party and we needed a phonograph for dance music. I'd given Marilyn everything—the car, the furniture, everything we'd accumulated, and I remembered that we'd had a phonograph. I went over to her apartment.

She met me at the door and when I called her Norma Jean, she told me her name had been changed to Marilyn Monroe . . . the Monroe from her grandfather's name. I asked if I could borrow the phonograph and she said no, that she needed it to practice her dancing lessons.

I began to burn on the way home, and I think it was then that the torch went out. It had been cold that day, standing there on the doorstep and I'd got the feeling that I was begging. All my longing turned to anger. It must have been Providence that made it that way, because I met my present wife at that New Year's Eve party.

By that time I knew what I wanted in a wife and didn't want to make the same mistake twice. So before I proposed to Pat, I asked her all the things I wanted to know: did she want kids, did she want a career, or was she willing to stay at home? I liked the answers she gave me, and by now, years later, I'm set up the way I like it. I don't make much dough—three hundred and twenty a month take-home pay, and I couldn't see Marilyn being happy with that. But Pat is.

The Marilyn Monroe of today, whose face and figure are all over the country on movie screens and in magazines and newspapers, seems to me like a different person from the Norma Jean I married more than ten years ago. I suppose she is, for the years change everyone. Her body has filled out a lot more, and she looks more like a woman than the girl I knew. Her hair was always blonde, and naturally curly, and when it was wet it piled over her head in ringlets. I think the studio has taken out that natural curl so that they can arrange it the way they want to. I think she's happy—I hope so—for there is still a grapevine via the Goddard family, and they say that she is going great guns. I was wrong when I told her she'd never have a chance in movies, but I should have known, with that one-track mind, that she'd make the big time in a big way. I think she'd give up anything for stardom—she already has.

I think about her sometimes, sure, in a detached sort of way. Unless she's changed a lot, I'm afraid she's going to be lonely one of these days, and maybe broke. She never had a close friend among women. It wasn't her fault, she was just too attractive, and other girls resented it, I guess.

There's not a chance in a thousand she'd ever come to me for advice—there's no reason why she should—but if she did I'd tell her to find a good guy, someone she could respect and trust. Someone who'd be a really true friend to her and steer her right. Someone who could protect her from being shoved around, and someone who'd know how to invest her money for her so that when the golden goose stops laying, there'll be some eggs left for her somewhere.

It was great fun, our marriage, but it was just one of those things. I wish her all the happiness in the world. Me, I've got mine
THE END

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How I Trained My Husband

—MRS. DEAN MARTIN

(Continued from page 52)

program. So dinner sometimes takes hours.

Reminding Dean of birthdays—including my own—is an everlasting task. Since I don't believe in obvious hints, I decided on a more subtle technique: three days before my birthday I usually ask Patti Lewis to send me a birthday card, which I open at the dinner table. Unless Dean is too involved in the TV show, he catches on.

Dean is one of the few men who can cook well and likes to do it—when he has to. I am one of the few women who neither know how to cook nor regret that failing in me. Six days out of seven this doesn't matter. But once a week, on the cook's night out, it presents a problem. Particularly if Dean has forgotten and invited company for spaghetti.

The first time, I tried very hard to have everything ready by the time he and his friends got home. After cooking spaghetti for two hours instead of twenty minutes or so, it practically disintegrated. I did little or better on the sauce which turned rubbery as bubble gum. When Dean came, I had but one alternative—break into tears. Promptly he fixed a delicious meal. I have successfully used that system ever since.

I haven't always been that fortunate.

A few weeks ago our television set stopped playing, and I suggested Dean fix it. When he looked at me somewhat surprised I reminded him that "... any kid can do it these days. And you, a movie and television star ..."

"Oh, sure, nothing to it." And so he went to work. He experimented with tubes, wires, knobs and switches. After four hours—with no visible results—he gave up and called an experienced repair man who simply plugged it in!

Another time I managed to kid Dean into painting our house. In the process he splashed paint all over the roof, patio, chimney, window sills, dog and baby. While he was out after he had finished, I had to call the professionals to scrape off the paint, which cost us more than if they had done it in the first place.

There was the time when I thought a father should put up his son's crib. Instructions that came with it certainly seemed adequate, and Dean set out with more tools than could have been used in constructing the Empire State Building.

First he put it up inside out. After a haughty, complicated reassembly, he had reversed the parts—but the sides kept sliding down. That adjusted, he put the fin-

ishing touch to the crib by inserting the mattress—and the whole thing collapsed. Luckily, for dinner we expected my brother, who has better mechanical aptitude. Otherwise the bed and the baby might still be on the floor today.

I haven't been much more successful in influencing Dean to keep tidy. When we were first married, he dropped his clothes wherever he took them off, and left them. Our bedroom often looked like Macy's basement after a sale ... "Dean," I pleaded, "wouldn't it be nicer seeing just the pretty bedroom furniture instead of clothes flung all over the place?" Gallantly he consented to help, and did—in his own way! Nowadays, to keep the room looking neat, he does put his clothes out of view—under the bed, cushions, lounge chair, stuffed into half open drawers, and once in a while, where they belong—in the closet.

Although a star himself, at times Dean gets smitten by a Hollywood actress, like any other movie fan. The latest "case" was on Jean Simmons, whom he's never met. After seeing her in "Androcles and the Lion," he acted like a fourteen-year-old high school girl who's come to Hollywood for the first time and run straight into Tony Curtis. For two weeks, morning, noon and night, it was Jean-this, Jean-that.

How to get him out of it? Well, I started admiring Robert Mitchum. "What a build that guy has!" I would say. After I'd made him see three Mitchum films in one week, Dean stopped talking about Jean Simmons.

But once, my attempts to divert his attention from other females backfired.

When I first met Dean, about four years ago, I decided he had too many girl friends. With the exception of Jerry, his agent and his business manager, he didn't seem to have another male friend in the world.

To correct that situation—and eliminate competition—I suggested he take up golf, which he did, reluctantly. Four years and several hundred rounds later he has lost all perspective about any subject but golf. All he talks about is putting, driving, teeing-off and so forth. He's even teaching Dino, our year-old baby, to play with golf balls.

In self defense, I took up golf too. But I didn't stop there. Today when he insists upon talking about the game, I start in about the outfits worn by the lady golfers. Sometimes it helps.

The secret of inducing Dean to do things, I learned, is to kid him into them.

Arguing will get me nowhere—simply because Dean won't raise his voice, no matter what I say or do. Once I screamed—just to change his disposition. He just smiled back. "Anything wrong, dear?"

No, there's nothing wrong with Dean—nothing that can't be cured by insistent and constant wifely persuasion. **THE END**

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How I Trained My Husband

—MRS. JERRY LEWIS

(Continued from page 53)

what in the world happened?" he asked me. "They were scattered all over the place." I tried to sound surprised. "Why—I thought you wanted them sent out. . . ."

There was a long groan. "Oh, no, Patsy, you couldn't have. . . ."

But I did. And since then, Jerry has tried to be neat while traveling.

At our house in Los Angeles, tidiness is no problem with him. It's the first permanent home he's ever had. As a kid he was constantly on the road with his parents, who are in show business too, and later on with his and Dean's act. He is so proud of the home that he is meticulous about everything. Jerry is the first to notice a crooked picture or a book askew. But trying to keep Jerry from letting the funny-man within run away with him at the dinner table has always been a difficult, uphill struggle. Slapping a pat of butter on his wrist, then turning to the person next to him with: "What's the time, Mac?" is his Number One Gag.

Usually he finishes a meal by neatly rolling up his napkin, holding it over his face, and then letting one side drop down like a curtain. "Finis," he'll scream.

This used to embarrass me no end. I remember our first invitation to dinner at the home of Loretta Young and her husband, Tom Lewis. It was a party for thirty people. Jerry was seated next to Loretta and I was at the other end of the table, next to Tom. Despite my fervent hopes and prayers, Jerry went through his usual routine, keeping everyone in an uproar. Afterwards, I apologized to Loretta. "Don't ever," she said. "Jerry knows just how far to go."

While Jerry may get away with it when we eat out, at home he gets angry when our boys, Gary, seven, and Ronnie, three, try to put on their own act. When my subtle jibes at his own "funny" habits didn't help, I had to resort to more drastic measures. The butter-on-wrist routine upset me most so instead of butter I started serving him a dollar pocket watch with his hotcakes. This, he found an amusing switch on his own gag—and it helped.

And getting the kids into the picture has done a lot of good, too. For instance, I feel Jerry needs spinach. Yet I know he'll scream whenever I serve it. But he'll cream even louder if the kids—who don't like spinach either—leave anything on their plates. What to do? Serve the same generous helping to all three of them at the same time. When Jerry starts to make faces, I point to the kids' plates—and he'll smile sheepishly and eat!

As yet I haven't fully succeeded in making him pay attention to me at breakfast time. Between the Los Angeles Times, the Hollywood Reporter and the Daily Variety, I can talk my head off and he'll never even hear me. So, not long ago, I resorted to new tactics: Before Jerry gets a chance to pick up his papers, I cut out all the items that interest him most, particularly stories about him and Dean—and hand them over after breakfast. Result: He now slurps his food so fast I still can't keep a conversation going.

Getting Jerry up in the morning is a problem all its own. I've tried to wake him by serving hot coffee in bed and turning on the radio. No go. So now I send the kids in as re-enforcements. After they jump all over him, wipe his face with a feather-duster, fire their water pistols at his face and play the concertina from a



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6. Esther Williams
7. Elizabeth Taylor
8. Cornel Wilde
9. Frank Sinatra
10. Rory Calhoun
11. Peter Lawford
12. Bob Mitchum
13. Burt Lancaster
14. Bing Crosby
15. Shirley Temple
16. Dale Evans
17. June Haver
18. June Allyson
19. Ronald Reagan
20. Dana Andrews
21. Glenn Ford
22. Gene Autry
23. Roy Rogers
24. Sunset Carson
25. Monte Hale
26. Kathryn Grayson
27. Gene Kelly
28. Diana Lynn
29. Doris Day
30. Montgomery Clift
31. Richard Widmark
32. Mona Freeman
33. Wanda Hendrix
34. Perry Como
35. Bill Holden
36. Bill Williams
37. Barbara Lawrence
38. Jane Powell
39. Gordon MacRae
40. Ann Blyth
41. Jeanne Crain
42. Jane Russell
43. John Wayne
44. Yvonne de Carlo
45. Audie Murphy
46. Dan Dailey
47. Janet Leigh
48. Farley Granger
49. Tony Martin
50. John Derek
51. Guy Madison
52. Ricardo Montalban
53. Mario Lanza
54. Joan Evans
55. Scott Brady
56. Bill Lawrence
57. Vic Damone
58. Shelley Winters
59. Richard Todd
60. Vera-Ellen
61. Dean Martin
62. Jerry Lewis
63. Howard Keel
64. Susan Hayward
65. Betty Hutton
66. Coleen Gray
67. Arlene Dahl
68. Tony Curtis
69. Tim Holt
70. Piper Laurie
71. Debbie Reynolds
72. Penny Edwards
73. Jerome Courtland
74. Gene Nelson
75. Jeff Chandler
76. Rock Hudson
77. Stewart Granger
78. John Barrymore, Jr.
79. Debra Paget
80. Dale Robertson
81. Marilyn Monroe
82. Leslie Caron
83. Pier Angeli
84. Mitzi Gaynor
85. Marlon Brando
86. Aldo Ray
87. Tab Hunter
88. Robert Wagner
89. Rusty Tamblyn
90. Jeff Hunter
91. Marisa Pavan
92. Marge and Gower Champion
93. Fernando Lamas
94. Arthur Franz
95. Johnny Stewart
96. Oskar Werner
97. Keith Andes
98. Michael Moore
99. Gene Barry
100. John Forsyth
101. Lori Nelson
102. Ursula Thiess
103. Elaine Stewart
104. Hildegard Neff
105. Dawn Addams
106. Zsa Zsa Gabor
107. Barbara Ruick
108. Joan Taylor
109. Helene Stanley
110. Beverly Michaels
111. Joan Rice
112. Robert Horton
113. Dean Miller
114. Rita Gam
115. Charlton Heston
116. Steve Cochran

NOW...

SPECIAL TREATMENT FOR 4 PROBLEMS OF "YOUNG SKIN"

Have you noticed lately that your face seems extra oily . . . shiny?

Are pore openings becoming larger . . . blackheads beginning to appear?

This is what is happening: In your teens, the oil glands often become over-active. At the same time, the skin gets *sluggish*—fails to throw off the everyday accumulations of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up over the pore openings, enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today—Pond's recommends a greaseless treatment for these four major problems: oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's easy, quick . . . and it works.

1-Minute Mask
clears off:
"tones"
brightens
young skin



Tonight—do this: Cover face, except eyes, with *greaseless* Pond's Vanishing Cream. Its "keratolytic" action *loosens* dead skin cells—*dissolves them off!* Frees tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally. After 60 seconds—tissue off. See how *fresh* your skin feels! How much softer and *clearer* it looks!

FOR THE SKIN THAT REBELS against a heavy make-up: Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

wobbly position on his chest—he manages to stagger to the breakfast table.

If only he'd have half as much trouble falling asleep! At about ten P.M., particularly when we have guests, his head drops on his chest and twelve seconds later, he snores and wheezes like a St. Bernard. In self-defense, I have tied his shoe laces together. When he does get up, he wobbles, and once or twice, he's fallen flat on his face. This, I hope, will make him try harder to stay awake.

When we go out, getting Jerry ready on time is a major concern. He has at least three outfits for each occasion—from baseball to yachting—and he usually tries them all on, plus complete changes of socks, shirts and what-not. And I wait, and wait, and wait.

I've tried to lay out his clothes for him (each time he decided on something else), sit outside in the car and honk (it doesn't phase him), help him to dress. In desperation, I once changed my clothes fifteen times. That annoyed him so much that he actually tried to hurry up—for a while afterwards. But the only time he really got dressed quickly—on his own initiative—was on Tony Curtis' and Janet Leigh's wedding day. Although he had worked till 4:00 A.M. and was dead tired when I woke him, he was ready in five minutes.

I have always felt that, while a husband should certainly not take over a wife's responsibilities, at least he should appreciate the effort that goes into them.

On Thursday and Sunday nights, our cook's nights off, I usually take over the kitchen chores. No matter how broadly I hinted that Jerry try his hand, he just wasn't having any. Then I resorted to a ruse which did get results—though not quite what I had hoped for.

When he came home one Thursday evening, I told him I didn't feel well, and asked if he'd please try to fix something.

Jerry prepared a tuna salad with all the trimmings, fixed a tray with olives and celery, and heated up some rolls. He set a table that could have had a page in *Better Homes and Gardens*. The meal was excellent and a complete success. If I'd only left it at that! But no, I had to push my luck. "How about cleaning up?"

"Clean up?" His voice sounded a bit shrill. Then he caught himself again. "Sure. Love to, Patsy" . . . and he threw all the garbage under the sink.

He wasn't much better at helping with the dishes. The easiest way out, he de-

cided, was an automatic dishwasher. Well—I didn't mind that!

Jerry had one habit which annoyed our guests as well as me. When they visited us for the first time, he would initiate them with ". . . come over to the pool, I want to show you something." Then he'd shove them in, clothes and all.

Why it was up to me to break this habit, I don't know. You would have thought some of his pals would have gotten even. But they didn't. So one day, I pushed. He spluttered and shouted, not only because he got wet, but because I wouldn't let him into the house for fifteen minutes afterward. "I'll catch cold," he yelled. (It was 92° that day!) "I don't care," I called back. I let him in when he promised to treat his friends as guests.

Of all the tasks, though, the most difficult was to make him drive carefully.

In the car, Jerry has no patience whatsoever. He races from stop-light to stop-light, thinks signs along the highway are for people to read who have nothing to talk about, and that the police get paid to argue with you.

To cure his speeding mania, I once threatened to get out of the car and walk. Jerry didn't believe me, so I opened the car door. "Okay, Patsy, I'll drive slowly!" He crawled along at fifteen miles an hour and asked, sweetly, "Now isn't this the way you want me to drive, Patsy?"

Another time he threatened to get out. We were on our way to a drive-in movie with Janet and Tony, and Jerry had been his usual self behind the wheel. "Please, Jerry, I want to see the kids again. . . ."

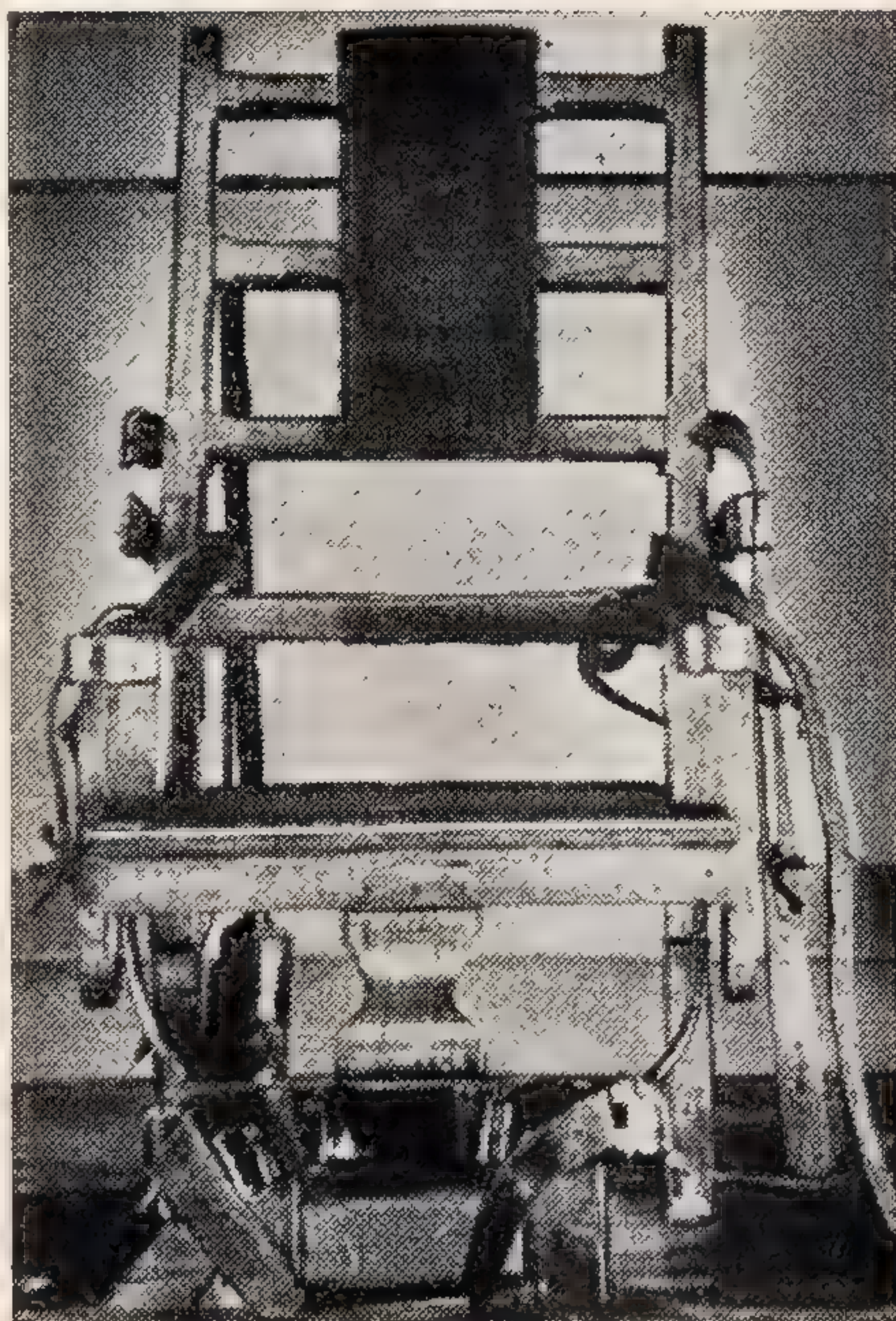
Jerry was in a playful mood. "You're nagging me too much, Patsy. I'll get out and let you drive." He stopped the car, jumped out, and sat on the sidewalk under the street light. "Good by-y-ye, Patsy. . . ."

This one is on me, I thought—and swishhhh—took off. When we came back five minutes later, Jerry was draped around a lamp post like a drunk. "Hick . . . Hi, Patsy. Hi-ya, Janet, Tony. . . ."

But he must have been somewhat impressed, for in the future, he drove a little more slowly.

Getting Jerry to do things, I found out after eight years of marriage, isn't really too different from teaching my other two children, Gary and Ronnie. And often just as much fun.

THE END
(Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis are now in "The Stooge," a Hal Wallis production for Paramount)



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Hollywood Never Looked Better

(Continued from page 51)

spelled the story of his life. And a lot of them had been green. Like a pin-ball machine, he thought. If you're lucky and connect, the whole thing lights up for you. No longer are you a trucker delivering budget-packed macaroni and dried beans.

You had to leave, to know just what you'd won. To know just how much this moment meant—coming home.

Four years. Had it been just four years since a husky 197-pounder fresh out of the Navy reported for work at the Budget-Packplant on the east side of Los Angeles? His dad had gotten him into the truck-drivers' union, and he'd been sent out on the job. Sixty dollars a week minimum. More for over-time. And some way or another, there was usually over-time. He bunked in a boarding house on Sixth Street right off Wilshire, sharing quarters with three other guys for sixty dollars a month including meals. A fellow could do a lot of traveling in Los Angeles County alone.

But his was not the heart of a trucker. All the traveling Roy Fitzgerald wanted to do, was across town to those motion picture studios. Ever since he could remember, he'd wanted to be an actor. As a ten-year-old back home in Winnetka, he'd haunted the movie houses, really dreaming it up big. He couldn't shake the dream and as he grew older he'd tell himself, "Well, who knows? Maybe some day I can."

And once in California, it soon developed he could. Henry Willson (who later became his agent), then a talent executive at Selznick-International, became interested through some photographs Roy mailed to the studio. He arranged for him to take dramatic lessons from the Selznick coach, Lester Luther, every chance he got.

Chances, he made. Let him have a load of macaroni or beans bound in the general direction of Culver City—and whist—Fitzgerald would be parking his truck on a side street by the studio, and soon be inside sounding off with such weighty speeches as *Death's* in "Death Takes a Holiday," no less. What with his blue jeans and work shirt with the trucker's button pinned on, Jennifer Jones, Joan Fontaine, Joe Cotten and other stars thought he was another laborer. And in a way, an important way, Roy Fitzgerald was. From the first, he has been eager to work.

Some of those lights way over to the right, he thought, might be Warner Brothers. How well he remembered the day he'd gone there for an interview with Director Raoul Walsh who put him under personal contract for one hundred twenty-five dollars a week—and a guy named Rock Hudson was born. Later Raoul had directed the screen test, a sexy scene with Janis Paige, that got him a contract at Universal-International—that would be a little to the left. There, a lot of talented people had helped make him a star. There, Walsh had directed him in his favorite role in "The Lawless Breed"—and Rock knew then that he would cheerfully follow him, if necessary, into the briny deep. And he'd followed him across it to England for RKO's production of the Victor Hugo classic, "Toilers of the Sea," retitled "The Sea Devil," in which Rock co-stars with Yvonne De Carlo.

How he'd missed the gang on his home lot! Some of them would still be straggling home now. Soon Rock would be one of them, with his red Olds convertible heading for the Freeway as though trained—

then up to the redwood-and-glass modern home shining on its own little hill. He could imagine his setter, Tucker, waiting joyously to blitz him. Almost smell the aroma of fresh coffee his mother, Mrs. Joseph Olsen, would have merrily perking.

How he'd missed this house with its two walls of glass that welcomed the whole San Fernando Valley inside. Missed watching the purpling mountains in the distance. The spaciousness of it all. Missed living so close to the sun and sky. You had to leave to know how much. In a homesick mood one rainy London evening, he'd tried to describe it to a new British friend. "Everything's so—so—open—back home. There's so much living room."

In London, particularly at first, Rock had felt all closed in. Those old flats with their high ceilings were like living with history. But the past has color of its own, he found. The old, old doors with their brass knockers polished so bright a man could see himself in them had charm too, a charm quite different from the glass-and-chrome shimmer he was used to at home.

One thing sure, Rock Hudson, if anybody cared, could now write a book on what a Hollywood Yank should know—and expect—when traveling abroad.

What to do with excess baggage, for instance. It seemed so simple: he'd pack a trunk, have it shipped, take a few things in a bag along with him. At the last minute, he'd borrowed a trunk from the studio, stayed up all night packing it, then just before leaving for the plane he'd called somebody to come pick it up. "Do you have the necessary papers?" a voice asked impersonally. "What necessary papers?" he repeated, feeling like a straight man. That was his cue, and he speedily started toss-

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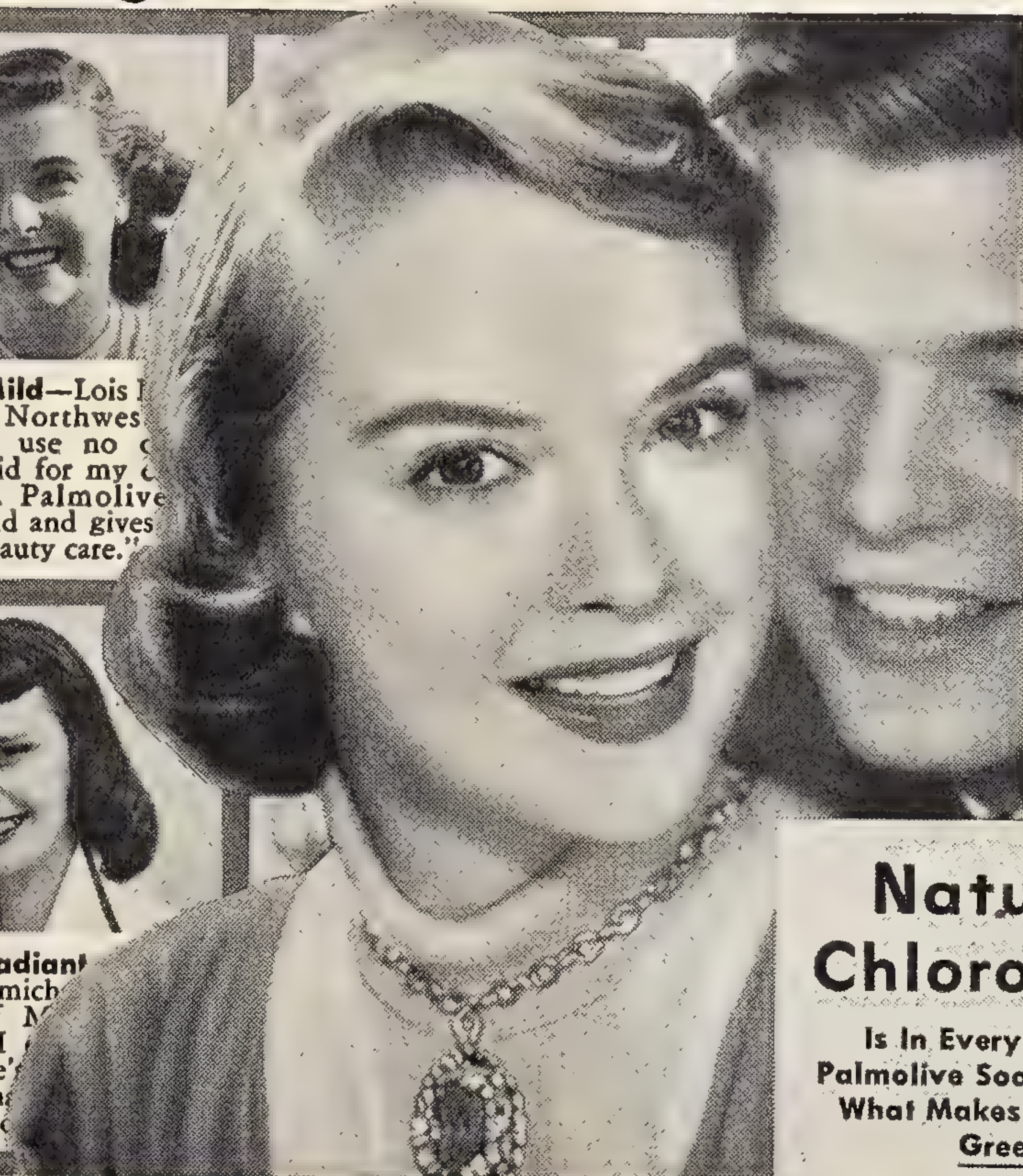
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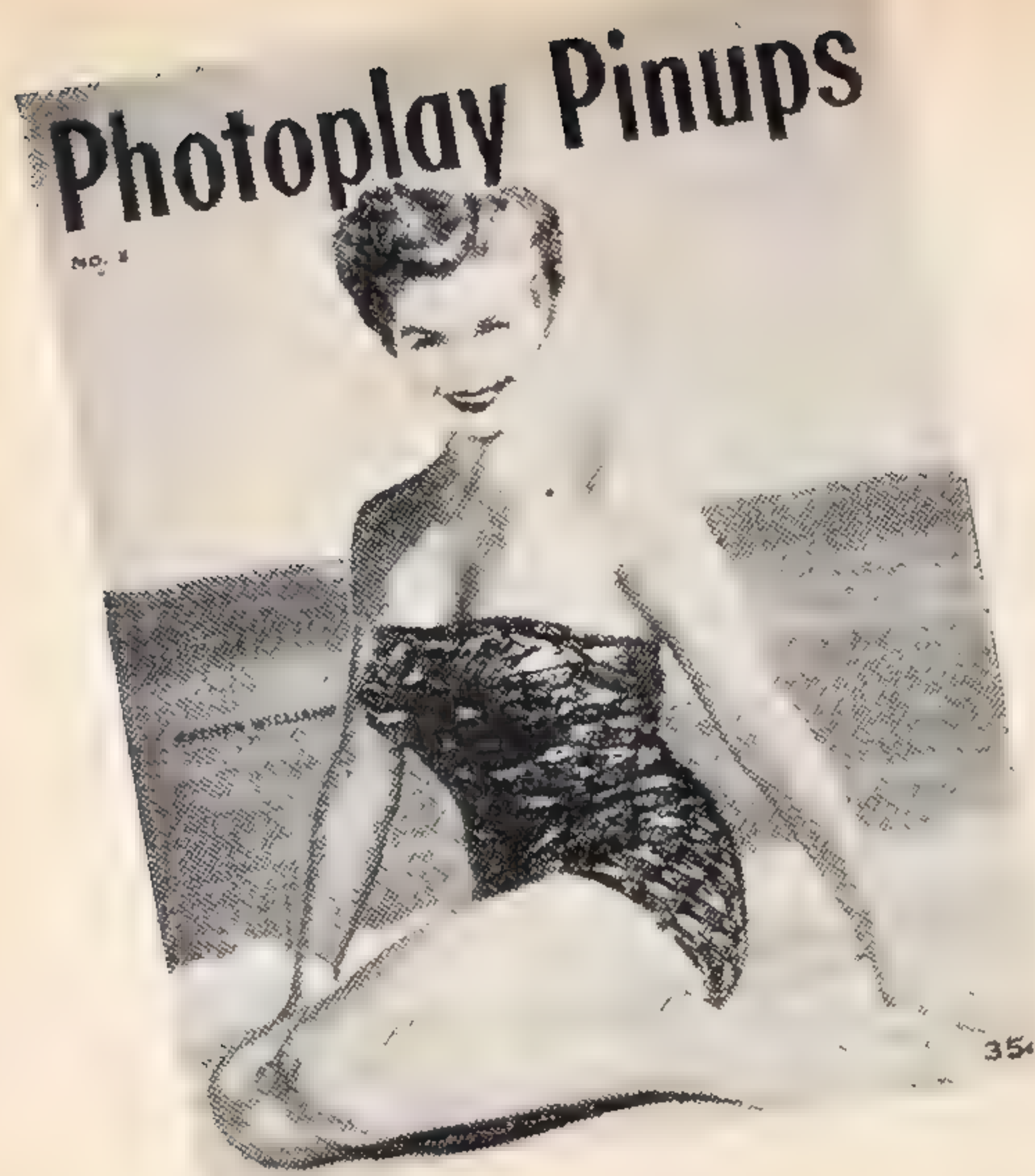
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ing things out of the trunk and into every suitcase he could find, taking all of them along with him. Never would he forget the surprised expression on the British producer's face when Rock put the bill for two hundred and fifty dollars excess baggage into his extended welcoming hand. Nor had anybody reminded Rock of the difference in time. Nor had he reminded himself. That was the shortest night of his life—going over on the plane. He'd awakened to find the sun shining in the window and heard somebody say, "It's eight o'clock." As he shaved, he wondered why he was so groggy and tired. Must be the high altitude, or trying to jack-knife his six-foot-four into a sleeping position. When finally he looked at his own watch, it was just 2:00 A.M. New York time. Just three hours since he'd gone to bed. He'd lost a lot of sleep.

As a matter of fact, he was even then beginning to feel a little lost all over. "I just can't describe it," he wrote home. "I wonder if any man can. That feeling. Seeing your last sight of the United States—the Cape Cod coastline—disappearing behind you. Such a lost feeling—I can't tell you."

He'd landed in England in a cold freezing rain, and consistent with the general pattern, of course, in all that excess baggage, no raincoat. Rock wondered then if a Yank ever got warm in Britain. Now he knows. They don't!

Nor when traveling is the customer always right. "Any cigarettes?" the British Customs man asked right off. "Oh, yes," Rock smiled companionably. "I brought along six cartons." "Well, two cartons are all right—but the others—you'll have to take them out, or pay duty on them," the man said. A delayed take and then, "How much?" Six pounds, seven shillings, and four pence; seventeen dollars and eighty-two cents in American money.

The Customs officer, he could understand. No mistaking what he said. But for a fellow whose own grandfather came from England, and who himself was one-quarter English, Rock had his difficulties interpreting others.

Food rationing was no worry. The little inn down the road from the studio, an hour and a half out of London, always had fresh eggs that farmers nearby brought in. Back home, Rock was strictly a steak man, but with eggs, chicken and pheasant, who could complain? Particularly since the British people themselves were too ready to share whatever they had with him. When a waiter named Dave at the Dorchester, where Rock stayed, would spend his day off fishing and bring

back six trout saying, "These are for you, Sir." How could a man top this?

Which had given Rock the nod to go into the kitchen and demonstrate how coffee was entitled to be made. For some reason, any negotiations involving coffee seemed a complete mystery to the British. As Rock had discovered immediately upon landing there. At a restaurant, he'd said casually, "I'll have my coffee now," and found that in England, one doesn't get one's coffee until after the meal. Later, he was to wonder at this particular waiter's courage in serving it, though demitasse-sized, at all. To a coffee-connoisseur like Rock, who downs king-sized cups of it all day long at home, it lacked everything.

All this prompted the interesting conjecture that with coffee alone, British Equity might appreciably discourage American actors from coming over. For in Rock's case, the British union protested—and in headlines—against a Hollywood star being brought over for a role in a movie made there which, in Equity's opinion, an English actor was better qualified to portray. However, even as his pals back home burned over those headlines, Rock, comfortably quartered in a cottage in the peaceful little village of Gorey on the Island of Jersey on location, making love to Yvonne De Carlo before the cameras, was oblivious to any criticism. He was personally feeling no pain.

Weeks later, when he returned to London and reporters cornered him for his reaction to the matter, he said, "What matter? There aren't any newspapers where I've been." To friends back home in Hollywood, he quickly made it plain, writing: "The English people don't resent us. It's just a matter of Equity, wanting to protect its own actors. The people here are great. For instance—take the Queen—"

And on that subject, if Equity had protested there were actors who could better have managed the impressive bit of an American being presented to Queen Elizabeth at the Command Performance, Rock himself would have been the first to acknowledge it. This ceremony too, he'd failed to familiarize himself with, back at dear old New Trier High.

All the actors were briefly rehearsed, of course, on protocol over there. They weren't to speak to the Queen "unless she speaks to you." They were not to shake hands with Her Majesty. Just hold her hand briefly and bow. But as Rock explained later, "I was so frightened, I forgot all the rules." Before he knew what he was doing, he was shaking hands with the Queen. He bowed, straightened up, and sometime

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later, when Her Majesty didn't move on, he realized he'd frozen onto her hand for dear life. But she'd been most charming. "I understand you're making a picture over here," she said. "Yes, Your Majesty," they were making "The Sea Devil," Rock somehow managed to answer. "That's good. I hope you'll come over again," she smiled, disengaging her hand.

How unfortunate that a few could give so wrong an impression—that the English are antagonistic towards American stars. On the contrary, Rock found the British people very concerned about whether or not Americans liked them. At the first general press conference, soon after his arrival, when a reporter asked the usual, "What is your impression of England?" Rock answered honestly and innocently, "I'm impressed mostly by your people"—and soon found himself in trouble.

"I've been told English people are very formal with strangers—that sort of thing—and I came over expecting that. Instead, I find you thoroughly charming," which most of them accepted appreciatively. But one reporter had a chip on his pencil. "Oh, don't Americans like the English?" he said, ready to make an issue; and a headline. "Certainly—but well, most of them haven't been here. They don't really—" Rock was going on, when he stopped, with an expression of pained surprise. Standing near him, Yvonne De Carlo, who'd been through such interviews in many lands, had kicked him thoroughly on the shin.

Rock was surprised to find that the British knew him. But he shouldn't have been. They'd seen "Scarlet Angel" and "Bend of the River." Loyal fans awaited him every night outside his hotel, and one, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl, come rain or more rain, would always be there. Hers was a never-ending vigil, and the night before Rock left, she said, "Here," and shyly put

a gift, a beautiful lighter, into his hand. About British girls in general anyway, Rock Hudson had no complaints. None whatsoever. They were as nice as could be, he decided. None of the big intrigue. No guessing games. And with complexions like milk and honey. In Britain a woman depends upon a man, which, in Rock's opinion, is the way the Lord meant it to be.

Actually, no matter how one looked at it, it's a small English-speaking world, he decided. Passing a small record shop one day, he was surprised to hear "Basin Street Blues," good and loud and jazzy and American. Going inside to say "Hello" to somebody from back home, he found, instead, a typical British Oxford man—striped morning pants—derby—the whole works, even to the spatted tapping toe.

"Like that music?" Rock grinned.

"Rather," the fellow said.

"How come?"

"I went to Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois," he explained. He'd heard a lot of American music those days.

"That's just three miles from my hometown, Winnetka!" exclaimed Rock.

"You don't say. I used to go with a girl who lived there," the Englishman said. "Gloria Balaban. I was engaged to her while in college."

"You don't say?" grinned Rock. "I went steady with her at New Trier High."

A record enthusiast himself, Rock bought some of Vera Lynn's platters, including the one appropriately titled, "The Homing Waltz." He bought Wedgwood china for his mom, four suits for himself—and where else could one get so handsome a topcoat for seventy-five dollars?

But on the other hand . . .

Where else could one find a husky guy measuring six-foot-four, who could get so homesick? Funny what a guy misses when he's away from home. Like "Dick

Tracy" and his favorite radio and TV programs. Miss the programs? He even missed the commercials!

He missed going bowling in the evening. Taking a squint at the warm morning sun and streaking to State Beach at Santa Monica for a swim. In England there was no swimming closer than Brighton, eighty miles away, that is, if you were an Eskimo. He missed seeing Americans driving British M.G.'s, and driving them on the right-hand side of the road. Speaking as a southpaw himself, a left-hander driving on the left-hand side of the road, Rock had managed to create a honking pandemonium in England most of the time. And how he missed his own informal kind of living! Relaxing in blue jeans and his favorite red sport shirt when he got home from the studio, with his record player going, fresh coffee percolating. Or just sitting, with his white-socked feet propped up on the coffee table, philosophizing away the weightier problems of the world.

"Poor Rock," some of his pals commiserated, when U-I called him home so suddenly. He'd been promised three weeks of sightseeing in Europe when he finished his picture overseas. But due to a switch in casting, Farley Granger was out of "The Golden Blade," an Arabian fantasy which co-starred Piper Laurie, and Rock Hudson had been hurriedly called home.

Poor Rock! A phooey and a pshaw!

Let others see those Pyramids along the Nile. The way he felt right then, he'd rather see them on a Universal sound stage. He'd take his fantasy in Hollywood. Where else could a truck-driver named Fitzgerald travel across town and realize the dream of a lifetime?

There, below him now, was all the magic a man could use. And every light spelled a message and memory—welcoming Rock Hudson home.

THE END

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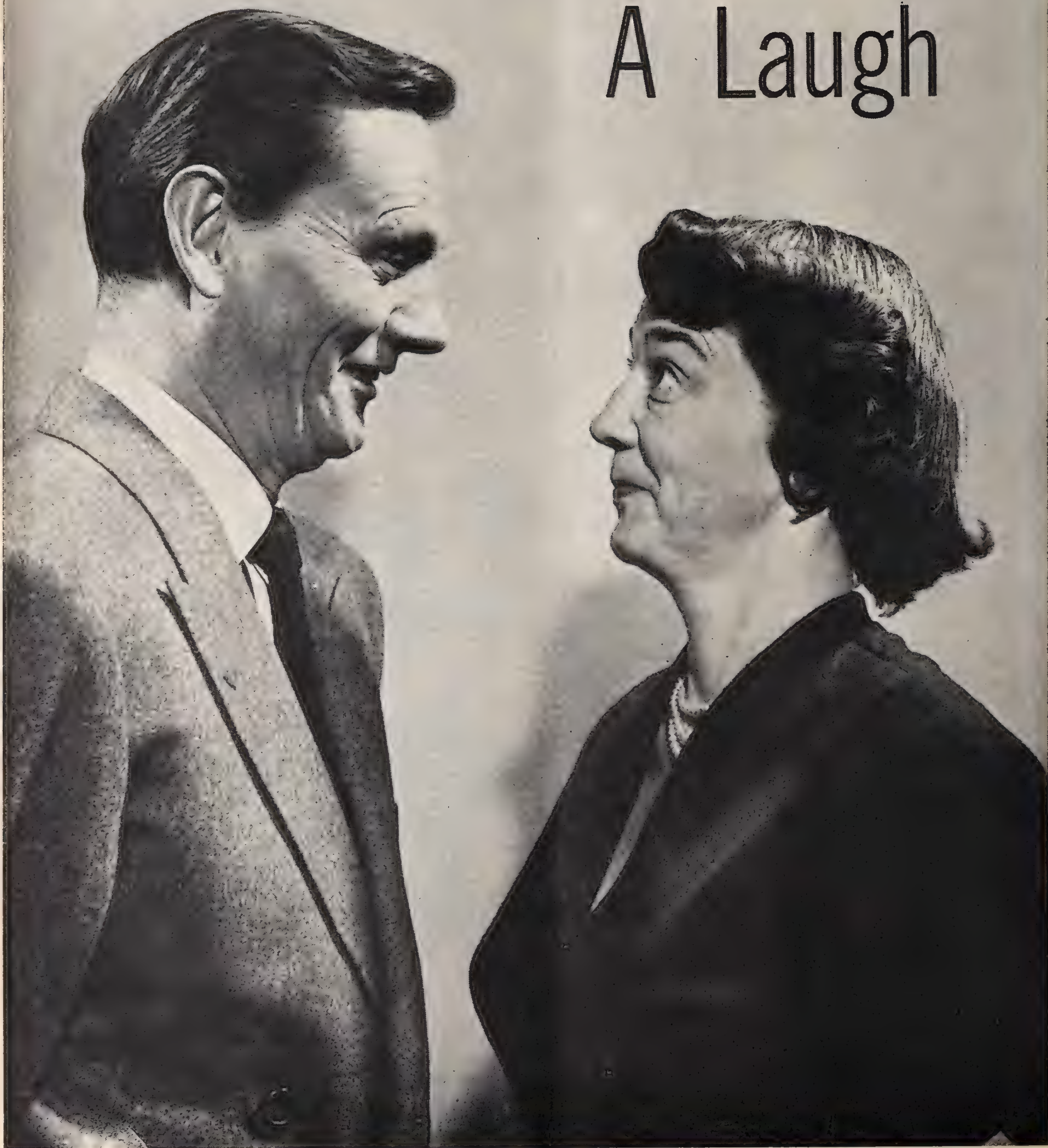


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Their Marriage Is A Laugh



The rafters rang when the Wendell Coreys first met each other, and life has been a series of hearty chuckles for them both ever since

BY KATHERINE KINGSLEY

● The audience had thrown itself wholeheartedly into the mood of the old-fashioned melodrama, "The Drunkard." It wept with the heroine, jeered at the villain, and cheered the hero on to deeds of derring-do. At the moment, the action onstage was whipping itself into a wild climax. And the audience was silent and tense. Suddenly, cutting through the heavy expectancy with the sure efficiency of a meat cleaver, came a loud and uncontrollable laugh. From one of the actors! The rest of the cast hesitated briefly—then picked up their lines and went on with the show.

That laugh again!

Wendell Corey, playing the stalwart hero, guffawed uncontrollably, carrying the audience along with him in a wild burst of meaningless laughter. He made an undramatic—and unscheduled—exit into the wings. And while the other members of the touring stock company tried pathetically to weld the broken pieces of "The Drunkard" back into a play, he sat backstage trying to figure out what had hit him.

Long afterwards, he found the answer: He had, at that wild hysterical moment, fallen in love.

But when he tried to explain his unprofessional breakup after the final curtain that night, all he could do was point apologetically at Alice Wiley, the young actress who was playing his half-wit sister, and say, "I'm sorry. But I couldn't help myself. Alice has the funniest face I ever saw."

Hard to believe that a phrase as unflattering as that could lead to a romance that has gone on uninterrupted for more than thirteen years. Hardly the tender words of wooing that most girls yearn for.

And at the time, dark-eyed, dark-haired Alice Wiley was anything but favorably impressed. She supplied Wendell with a large and very sharp carpenter's nail, which he kept in his pocket for the rest of the run of "The Drunkard." Every time he was tempted to let loose again, he jabbed himself

with it—good and hard. And it worked!

It was a sense of guilt at first—he wanted to try to make amends for his insulting behavior—that prompted Wendell to ask Alice if she'd go out and have a bite with him one night after the show. But by the time he had repeated the invitation after a dozen or so performances in a dozen or so different towns, they both knew that apologies had nothing at all to do with why they liked being together.

Looking back on the beginnings of their romance now, Wendell says, "It started on a loud guffaw—and it built up happily over a thousand mutual chuckles."

For while other actors in the stock company grew bored and unhappy tramping through a lot of New England's less enchanting villages, Wendell and Alice found all the towns endlessly amusing, absorbing and filled with delightful surprise.

This is a quality that neither of them has lost—they share a sense of discovery as acutely developed as their joint sense of fun. Even now, every time they get into a new city, they put on walking shoes, buy a local map, and start to prowl.

When Wendell was playing the lead opposite Margaret Sullavan in the London production of "Voice of the Turtle" several years ago, he and Alice, they swear, explored at least 3,000 of London's 6,000 miles of meandering streets. They found out the philosophy of life of countless Bobbies and flower girls, made friends with some down-to-earth East End barrow men and some very fashionable West End *mâitres de hôtel*—all of whom strengthened their own conviction that there is more in life to be amused by than to despair over.

But things have not always been simple and entertaining for Alice and Wendell Corey.

When they decided to storm New York after the stock tour during which they met and married, they found out what so many aspiring young Thespians

learn the hard way—that the big city can have a heart as hard as a rock. Wendell, whose family had hoped he'd follow in his father's footsteps and be a minister, and Alice, who had graduated from college the year before with honors—*cum laude*—settled into a cold-water flat in "Hell's Kitchen." Before long, they could have written a book called "A Thousand and One Ways to Stretch the Dollar."

Jobs of any kind were hard to get. Jobs on the stage were impossible! Alice wound up working as an usher in a Broadway legitimate theatre, and in order to get and keep the job, she had to lie—and say that she was single! That was as close as either of them got to the footlights for some years.

While Alice held down the domestic fort by waving a flashlight about in the second balcony, Wendell made the routine rounds of theatrical agents, tried to badger and beg his way into parts. But nothing came of it. All he was able to talk himself into were some rather weird assignments as a "blind checker." He would stand outside the entrance to an establishment that wanted to count the number of people who passed its doors as compared to the number who walked inside. "Why they cared," he chuckles now, "I never could find out. All I know is that I must have been just about as inconspicuous as the Statue of Liberty," and he gestures toward his rangy six-feet-two figure.

Anyway, come rain or snow and whatever else it is that the postman survives, he'd click his little automatic counter while his thumb got number and number, his spirits fell lower and lower, and despair began to cloud his usually bright blue eyes.

The Coreys managed to eat on two dollars and fifty cents a week, until one day they came up with a share-the-wealth notion that spread their food allowance a little farther, and, at the same time, helped out a half dozen actor pals who were in similar straits. Every night, before Alice (Continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

went off to her ushering chores, she'd cook dinner for eight, and the "guests" paid fifteen cents each for the meal.

"And it was darned good food, too," Wendell brags now. "Solid stuff like pork chops. We weren't settling for any substitutes."

The break in the Corey luck came in the most unlikely manner. One afternoon, Wendell looked in at the lobby of a New York hotel, where unemployed actors gather to give each other the latest news on the parts they almost but not quite get. One of his pals was slumped down in a chair studying a horoscope magazine.

"Wendell, my boy," he greeted him with a lethargic nod, "you're the very man this little book is talking about. It says here that if you were born on the twentieth of March—which you were—today's the day you're going to get a job!"

Wendell laughed. But as he walked out into the turbulence of Broadway a little later, he found that he couldn't put the idea of "Today's the day" out of his mind. He knew that there was casting going on that very afternoon at the Jolson Theatre—for "Comes the Revelation," the play about Joe Davis, the imaginary leader of a Mormon colony. Wendell went over, read, and the next thing he knew, he *was* Joe Davis. The play had a short and not too happy life, but Wendell received enthusiastic notices.

For six months after "Comes the Revelation" closed, he and Alice read horoscope magazines religiously—but there was no second miracle.

After a series of short-run roles in flops, Wendell turned up as the cynical newspaperman opposite Betty Field in the Broadway hit, "Dream Girl." And from there it was a quick and easy jump to Hollywood and his first movie role in "Desert Fury." Since then, he's racked up some twenty screen performances, the most recent of which is a drunk and dissolute character in "Jamaica," with Arlene Dahl and Ray Milland as co-stars.

Along about the time Wendell was playing the Mormon from Utah, Alice switched from ushering to a job as general factotum—selling, bookkeeping, even helping to make the stuff—in a small jewelry firm. She had turned down a role in a Broadway show to take the job, which was as tough a decision as she ever had to make. But she wanted to play it safe and keep the family eating until Wendell cracked the big time, full time, which she was positive he could do.

"It sounds kind of corny to say it," Wendell smiles, and his face lights up, "but if it hadn't been for Alice supporting me all those years, I could never have gotten anywhere in this business."

The Coreys now are settled in a simple house in Hollywood with their four youngsters, living the kind of undistinguished

suburban life which Wendell describes as "Scarsdale on the West Coast."

They are definitely not on the glamour beat. "Our life," he says, "is real small-town stuff. The Macdonald Careys live just a little down the road from us. And the Richard Whorfs are in the neighborhood, too. So we visit back and forth, and talk about our kids, and talk shop."

When the Coreys are not talking shop in Hollywood, they're likely to be buzzing across country to settle temporarily into the small and definitely unfashionable apartment they've rented in New York. "It's on the wrong side of town," Wendell reports, "anything but chic. But we can remember the days when if we had as much as sixty dollars in the bank, we felt like millionaires. We can't see the point of putting ourselves in hock for a place that we use maybe a couple of times a year—only when we come to New York for me to do a TV show or something."

Alice's acting career is temporarily at a halt. She's waiting until their children—the youngest is a little under a year and the oldest is eight—are grown up enough to get along without her at home full time.

"And when she does go back," Wendell says, "she'll be terrific."

As far as her "funny face" is concerned, he hasn't changed his mind since that first uproarious night. "It still breaks me up every once in a while. I look at her and I laugh. But I wouldn't want her to look any different. No slicked up glamour dolls for me!" And when he tries to describe that face, he can't do it. "How," he wants to know, "can you possibly describe half of yourself?"

Wendell Corey has some very definite theories on what women should and should not be. Alice fits the ticket on the former to a T. And as for the latter, well—there's a story that has to do with an insect and his young son, Jonathan.

One day Jonathan was out on the terrace in their Hollywood home when he saw a strange elongated green bug.

"Daddy! Daddy!" he called. "Quick! Come look! What's this?"

It was a praying mantis, and Wendell told Jonny all about the creature—how it gets its name because its front legs are folded as though it were saying its prayers; how you can make a pet of it, stroke it; how it will eat out of your hand. And then he told him the most important thing of all: that the praying mantis eats her own husband.

"And let that," he said, "be a warning to you. There are a lot of women in this world just like that. Sweet and affectionate and interesting to look at. But they'd just as soon swallow a man whole as look at him. When you get around to getting yourself a wife, Jonny, avoid that type. Pick one like your mother—one you can count on and trust. And one who's always good for a laugh."

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Highflying Terry

(Continued from page 72)

about her personal life, from her high-school dates to her brief marriage to the present rumors of romance. And all that she's learned in her twenty-two years is shrewdly put to use before the cameras.

She did her best to create sympathy for the girl in "Little Sheba," who is assuredly a tease. "Why, in high school all us girls were teases," Terry laughs. "I never went as far as she did, of course—I didn't know what I was doing then. But I've always been intrigued with someone I shouldn't be intrigued with—all my life. So I tried to play this girl in the same key. She wanted this boy so much. She tried to hold onto him. I know what that feels like: You know it can't go on; you know it isn't right; but you wake up each morning thinking, 'I'll wait one more day.'"

"I've always had a hard time saying 'No.' I mean—if a boy asks me to a party, I'll usually say 'Yes' even if I don't want to go. Then afterwards I'll think of excuses to get out of it, and I know perfectly well it would have been better to say 'No' in the first place." Maybe this quirk can be explained by the fact that Terry's so few years away from her teens, and in her first impulse she's harking back to those days. "In high school," she recalls, "if you didn't have a date on Saturday night you were dead!"

The kind of date Terry enjoyed most then—and enjoys most now—tells you still more about her. She has a keen interest in people. "I love going to the movies, except when I'm out with a new date. You can't get to know somebody that way. Then, what I like best is a dinner date. You can just sit there all evening and talk. I love to talk! While I was making 'Return of October,' I was going steady with a boy named Bert. We'd just sit around at the beach and talk all the time. The other kids couldn't see how we did it, but we never ran out of things to talk about. And I like sports dates. When I went out with Jerry Courtland, we'd usually go swimming or flying, and wind up at the movies."

Strangely, after having learned the importance of shared interests through all this early dating, Terry promptly forgot the lesson when she met Glenn Davis. "Before that, I'd usually gone with fellows too long—for a year, maybe—and then there would be nothing left. But Glenn and I met in Honolulu. We knew each other only on a surfboard! One month later, we were married. And then we found we had nothing in common."

"Glenn hates movies and flying; I love both. He wanted to live in Texas and be in the oil business; I wanted to stay in Hollywood and the picture business. He's the easygoing type; he said he planned to retire in five years. I'm just the opposite; I always have to be doing something, and I'm never going to retire. I'll be like Sophie Tucker!"

After little more than two months of marriage, Terry went back to her parents' home in Glendale, where she still lives. Her divorce decree will be final in April. But the experience has become part of her, and it has affected her as an actress. Admittedly, she is not the sort who thinks out a role in a calculated, intellectual manner. She pours her own feelings into it. "I couldn't have played these emotional parts when I was eighteen. If I have a crying scene to do now, I think, 'What if I had been deeply in love and had been married for years when my marriage broke up . . . ?'"

Actually, Glenn and Terry did have one thing in common when they became man and wife, but the coincidence happened



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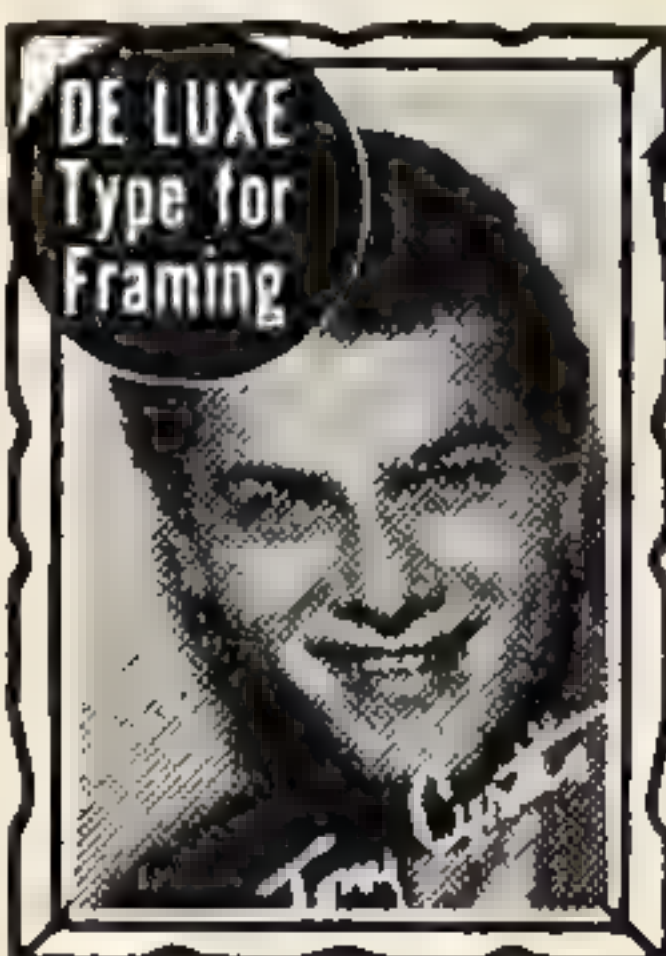
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to be unfortunate. "Both Glenn and I," she says, "were on the rebound." And now comes a stronger memory, which accounts for the fire of her love scenes in "Come Back, Little Sheba." Her agent had trouble selling her for the job. "They said I wasn't sexy enough," she notes demurely. But her tests convinced them, and Terry then repeated the chief love scene with the various boys who were being tested to play *Turk* (the role won by Richard Jaeckel). Terry's work wasn't the center of interest at this point, so she was free to work out her own technique.

During the final rehearsal on the set, director Daniel Mann changed her interpretation all around. But on the take itself, Terry's own emotions came into play. "This is what I thought about: I was very desperately in love once in my life—not just sex—real love. The whole thing came back to me. I had the warmest, most wonderful feeling. 'Let's shoot it!' I told Danny. 'Are you sure you want to now?' 'Yes,' I told him. We did it all in one take, and it was completely different from my first interpretation."

Questioned about the identity of her one real love, Terry readily answers, "The man I was thinking about was the one I was in love with before I was married... No, I'd rather not give his name. I don't want him to know that I care." On this subject, Terry's fondness for talking deserts her, and she won't go any further.

But it's a fairly safe bet that *the man* hasn't slipped completely out of her life. Without referring to him specifically, Terry says, "All my ex-beaux are my best friends." For instance, there's the boy named Mel, one of the first to go to Korea. He flew a carrier-based jet, and he's now stationed in San Diego as an instructor. "Mel and I were romantically interested in each other at first," Terry recalls cheerfully. "Funny thing about flyers—you just naturally think of a pilot as a good man, an all-American type." From the way she speaks about Mel, however, it's clear that he isn't the solution to the mystery. "We're just good friends now," she says. "He'll fly his jet up here to see me, or I'll fly down there. I hope to be a jet pilot when they start turning out the little ones."

Piloting a jet plane hardly ranks among the chief ambitions of the average pinup favorite, but Terry is perfectly sincere in this statement. "I'd kept my flying a complete secret until recently. I learned at Twentieth Century-Fox's flying school. And now my flying is a whole new world, apart from pictures. The name on my license is my real one, Helen Koford. Lots of the pilots don't even know I'm in movies. I like that; I want to be accepted as one of them. You see, pilots are like skiers—all friends."

Terry's enthusiasm for flying gives extra animation to her mobile face whenever she talks about her hobby. "I've been borrowing a friend's plane—haven't had to pay any rent on it!" she laughs. "But I'm going to buy one soon. I like to take my girl-friends places. I flew to La Jolla when I was doing 'Season in the Sun' at the playhouse there. Sometimes I fly to Palm Springs for breakfast or lunch."

Most famous of Terry's fellow pilots is Howard Hughes. He taught her to fly, and this association seems to have given her an unusual viewpoint on the aircraft manufacturer and sometime film producer. "I started out hating him," Terry says. "He called me for a year before I'd even speak to him. But he can win anybody over. He has a great little-boy quality. He's very shy, really, not sure of himself. You feel sorry for him! He's withdrawn, and I am not—he likes that

Howard's a wonderful, wonderful man—my best friend."

Since her divorce is not yet final, Terry shows a natural reluctance to discuss any definite marriage plans. Meantime, she's having a whirl. Favorite dates? "Let's see, there are so many I go out with. David Frame, and a couple of other boys from Texas. Greg Bautzer. Kirk Douglas. I went out with Kirk for the first time just before I went to Europe, so I didn't get to know him very well."

"I had a lot of dates lined up in Europe," Terry remembers wistfully. "Greg

Kirk... a big German director who wanted to take me out... an English viscount who'd seen my picture in Photoplay Pinups..." But a stiff location schedule put her social life into a temporary decline. Not that she's too regretful about the dates she missed. Her co-starring role with Frederic March in "Man on a Tightrope" was worth it. "Gadge," she says (meaning director Elia Kazan) "calls me a female Marlon Brando. I have a real gamut-running part—crying, rolling in the dirt. Gadge had me crying in so many scenes I told him people would think the girl in the story was a crybaby. He wants me for his next picture. So does Danny Mann."

Terry's confidence in her own acting ability is nothing new-found. "I was a good child actress," she maintains. "About three of us got all the best roles on Hollywood radio. After that, I don't see why nobody ever thinks of me as an actress."

But a little item called sex appeal may stand in the way of Terry's ambitions. It has even been suggested that she's slated for a Marilyn Monroe-type build-up, and she realizes its hazards. "It's hard to get known as an actress when you're given that sort of build-up. I don't think I'm anything like Marilyn. Besides, they couldn't give me the same kind of publicity because we're both at the same studio now. My contract with Twentieth Century-Fox started in January."

As for the photographic part of such publicity, Terry's surprised that Marilyn will pose for some of the more revealing magazine photos. "I thought she'd stop doing cheesecake like that after she became famous. I don't disapprove of it, you understand. But most of the boys I know don't like that sort of picture—except to look at, I mean. If I posed for pictures like that, they wouldn't go out with me!"

The former "Miss Shoulders" has acquired dignified tastes in dress, as well. True enough, she was wearing a white sweater and skirt at the time of this interview, but the sweater was turtle-necked and discreetly fitted. At the time of her first success in pictures, most of Terry's clothes were made for her by her mother and two neighbors who are practically "adopted" mothers. These three still make a few loving additions to Terry's wardrobe; one of them knitted the white sweater. But Terry has also had clothes designed for her by Valentina, the New York stylist, who dresses many great ladies of the theatre and screen. "Very conservative," Terry describes the new costumes, "with high necklines like Dietrich's. Hollywood's going in for too much feathers and sequins these days. I'm trying to be as plain as I can. But dramatic!"

That makes the metamorphosis almost complete, though Terry isn't too happy about some results of her new film reputation. "After 'Little Sheba,' I was so eager to do 'Rosalinda' at Paramount, but they said 'No, you're too sexy.' It's funny... when they think you're sweet you want to be sexy, and when they think you're sexy you want to be sweet!" **THE END**

Is It Really Love?

(Continued from page 69)

Hollywood, and such a likely looking brace of femininity that the younger boys in town immediately began clamoring for their phone number. At first the girls made many dates, innocent evenings planned for movies or wienie roasts, but the invitations soon subsided into nothingness. The average American male is smitten with astonishment, disbelief and then final discouragement when he finds that in order to spend an evening with the girl of his choice, he must also squire her mother.

The experience has been no comedy for either Pier or Marisa. Rapidly absorbing American customs, they saw the futility of the chaperonage and pleaded with their mother to be more lenient. They pointed out to her that at this rate they would never be married, at least not to an American. But Mrs. Pierangeli was adamant.

Kirk Douglas' love life has been a horse of a different color. There has been nothing unusual about it—it has been the life of the average American actor—but in contrast to Pier's experience, there is all the difference between white and black. Kirk was married to Diana Dill, daughter of a wealthy Eastern businessman, and sired two children before the divorce that came in 1950. The breach between them began, according to Kirk, some time before he hit Hollywood, which precludes any accusations that success may have gone to his head. Soon after the divorce, he took up with Irene Wrightsman, another socialite, and the love affair blew hot and cold for more than a year.

Kirk became, after that, quite a ladies' man. He was never reputed to be the wolf type, but it was obvious that he was playing the lush field that Hollywood offers. He dated a dozen girls, and it was noticed that, with a few exceptions, they became increasingly younger. His ex-wife is approximately the same age as Kirk, Irene Wrightsman is not more than a few years younger. He dated Rita Hayworth during her brief visit to California last year, but in the main his free time was spent with youngsters many years his junior. The selection included a young Pasadena socialite, then, after her divorce from football hero Glenn Davis, Terry Moore, who is barely out of her teens, and Debbie Reynolds, who had just turned twenty.

He met Pier last summer when the two were co-starred in "Equilibrium," one sequence in M-G-M's "The Story of Three Loves." A flame of interest was immediately fanned between them, but with Signora Pierangeli ever on hand, there was little Kirk could do about arranging to spend an evening alone with Pier. It was said around the studio that this was developing into a romance; anybody around the set who had half an eye could see that Pier and Kirk spent a great deal of time together. As usual, Kirk wouldn't talk. He has always refused to discuss his feelings for any girl.

The news didn't leak too much around Hollywood until Kirk reported to Columbia Studio for his role in Stanley Kramer's movie, "The Juggler." It wasn't long after that that Pier showed up at Columbia to have lunch with Kirk. They ate in a small Italian restaurant near the studio, and despite the fact that Kirk loathes the romance rumors that spring up every time he dates a girl, he was holding hands with Pier. It was obvious the two were far from bored with each other. A writer who was in the restaurant that day reports that they talked together like young lovers, that their relationship seemed to be "a sweet, young kind of thing. Not at all like Kirk. He was very gallant with her—like

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AT ALL
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a young boy showing off his best girl." When they left the restaurant and headed back to the studio, they were standing at the busy corner of Sunset and Gower streets waiting for the traffic signal to change when a car squealed to a stop in front of them. A middle-aged woman climbed out, fumbling nervously in her purse. She brought out an envelope and ran breathlessly in Kirk's direction. He reached into his pocket for his fountain pen and smiled down at Pier as much as to say, "Here comes a fan. Hold onto your hat." Reaching Kirk, the woman handed him the envelope. "I'm sorry," she said, "we haven't a minute to stop anywhere. Would you be kind enough to drop this in the mailbox across the street for me?"

Pier's laughter rang out above the rumble of the traffic and Kirk grinned sheepishly. It was a scene that could have been played between two teenagers; the boy trying to impress his girl and the girl merrily amused at his failure.

Pier spent that entire afternoon watching Kirk rehearse with other members of the cast for Director Edward Dmytryk. One of the actors who was present remarked later that Pier seemed quite attracted to Kirk and that in his opinion it was good for Douglas to have a girl of Pier's innocence and sweetness pay him so much attention. Asked why, he said, "Such a girl is good for any man's ego."

No one knows, but it is probable that as Pier and Kirk sat over their wine and ravioli that noon in the Naples restaurant, they discussed plans to see each other again. At the time, Pier was finishing her picture, "Sombrero," at M-G-M, and Kirk knew that within a few weeks he would be leaving Hollywood for Israel, where the majority of "The Juggler" was to be filmed. Following that picture's completion he was slated to do "The Girl on the Via Flaminia" for Anatole Litvak, a film that was

also to be made on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. It meant that he would be away from Hollywood for a long time.

Coincidentally, Pier was also planning a trip across the sea. Early in 1952, she had gone to Italy to make "The Devil Makes Three" with Gene Kelly, and at that time had visited her many relatives in Rome. Now she was planning to go back once more, ostensibly to visit her relatives, although only a few short months had passed since she had last seen them. Pier is tremendously fond of her family, as are all Italian people, but nevertheless the time between spring and summer does not seem long enough to call for another trip of seven thousand miles just to see one's aunts and uncles.

She was back in Rome when "The Juggler" troupe left Hollywood for Israel. Kirk took off on his own and instead of going directly to Israel, stopped off in Rome for a day or two. He was seen in Romolo's famous restaurant with English actress Jackie Frost, but the reports are that he also saw Pier during that stopoff.

The entire month of October was required for the Israeli scenes of "The Juggler," a film which depicts the readjustment of a vaudeville performer in the post-war years following his internment in a Nazi concentration camp. When the picture was finished, Kirk flew to London for a Royal Command Performance and while there took time off to fly to Rome to have dinner with Pier.

When he left England, he went to Paris to consult with Litvak about the coming production of "The Girl on the Via Flaminia" and from there flew to Rome for a rest. It was while in Rome that he saw Pier as frequently as her mother would permit. Louella Parsons, who is not often fooled regarding the authenticity of Hollywood romances, included an item in her column that Kirk was "goggle-eyed over



She came, she was seen and she conquered: Here Jeanmaire, brilliant ballerina who co-stars with Danny Kaye in "Hans Christian Andersen," is shown in Paris, packing the Christian Dior dress she wore in New York when the picture was premiered

Pier." She and the other columnists who reported an engagement between the two were promptly informed by Pier's studio and Kirk's friends that this was only another "publicity romance." However, the Angeli-Douglas combination seemed to everyone to be on the more serious side. Having been informed it was not, Miss Parsons printed her apologies but added, "I really thought Kirk was serious after talking with him."

Pier and Kirk were seen together everywhere in Rome, and in every picture taken of them they had eyes for no one but each other. When Pier's visit was over and she made arrangements to return to the States, she selected a plane that stopped over in Paris where, coincidentally, Kirk had to go for his new picture. So they took the same plane, and despite the presence of Pier's mother, held hands all the way to Paris. The plane was unable to land there because of bad weather and was forced to fly five hundred miles out of its way to land in Shannon, Ireland. Passengers on the plane said that both Pier and Kirk seemed delighted at the delay, and soon after they landed, Kirk suggested that he hire a car and take Pier to see Limerick castle. Mrs. Pierangeli turned thumbs down on the idea, so instead they sat together at a table for five hours, waiting for a plane to take Kirk and other Paris-bound passengers back to France.

Reporters at the airport in Rome had asked about reports of a romance and Kirk had said, "We are just good friends. There has been no talk of marriage." Reporters at Shannon asked the same question and got the same answer, with the added information that they had been good friends since making "Equilibrium" together. Before Kirk's plane took off for Paris, the "good friends" stood on the steps and embraced and kissed.

Back in Hollywood on December 1, Pier was deluged with requests for information concerning the romance. Most of these requests went, as usual, through the studio. And the studio spokesman said, "This whole thing is silly. Pier won't talk about it and neither will we. If she said she wasn't going to marry Kirk-Douglas her statement would be ignored and it would be printed anyway that she was. There is no use in talking about it."

Contacted personally by phone Pier said, "No, no. I like him very much. He is a nice man. But there is nothing like that." She added that she would be very disappointed if M-G-M did not loan her to Litvak for the title role of "The Girl on the Via Flaminia."

A great deal can be supposed on the basis of this information, and Hollywood is letting its imagination run in all directions. There is even a story going around town that before "The Juggler" was begun Pier met Milly Vitale, Kirk's leading lady in the picture. Miss Vitale is also Italian, very pretty and quite young, and it is said that Pier gave her to understand that if she would be so good as to maintain a hands-off policy where Kirk was concerned, Miss Angeli would greatly appreciate it. This is Hollywood gossip, three-fourths of which may turn out to be untrue, but nevertheless it's been said.

It is not claimed that Kirk and Pier will be married some day—she is too young and he is too unpredictable. But when a man flies from London to Rome for dinner with a girl, when two people move small worlds to be in the same place at the same time, and when for some inexplicable reason they both refuse to talk about the slightest details of their relationship, something is in the air. It can only be supposed that there is on hand, despite both Mama and studio, a real love affair. THE END

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Not-So-Perfect Gentlemen

(Continued from page 44)

also in the film as 'the other woman.'

Lana Turner has been on the receiving end of more male insults than any other gal in town. When she was married to Bob Topping, they attended a dance at the Beverly Hills Hotel for St. John's Hospital. Johnny Farrow was auctioning Star kisses. Pointing to Lana, Farrow gallantly cried, "What am I bid to kiss the most beautiful woman in the room?"

The embarrassing silence was finally broken by a tourist oilman who bid \$1,000. "Why didn't you bid for your wife?" Johnny gently chided Bob afterwards.

"I'll look after my own charities," retorted Topping.

Then there was the time Lana was all set for a rendezvous with Ty Power in North Africa. But before she could pay for her ticket, Ty gave a statement to the press that they were through and the next cable contained news of Ty's new romance with Linda Christian.

There are several versions of what caused Fernando Lamas to tell a columnist that he wouldn't marry Lana because his career came first and "We argue a little too much and life is too short." One story had it that Fernando was rude when Lex Barker asked Lana for a dance at the Marion Davies party for Johnnie Ray. Others say it was Lana who said to Lex, "Will you dance with me, or are you afraid of this guy?"

Anyway, Arlene Dahl goes to bat for Lamas and believes it when she says, "He's a perfect gentleman. He lets everyone else talk and keeps his mouth shut and never answers anyone no matter what they say about him." Which is how Arlene, herself, behaved when Lex talked so freely about their bust-up.

Don't get Arlene on the subject of Cornel Wilde, whom I've always found charming. But I'm told of this incident shortly after Cornel separated from Pat Knight. He was invited to a top star's home for a birthday party and asked to pick up Arlene, as she was to be his partner for the evening. He picked her up all right. However, three seconds after arrival, he dropped her like a hot potato and was later spotted in the dining room changing the place cards!

Now for Mr. Cochran. Steve hates to date big name actresses. He says they expect too much of him. And invariably when a hostess asks him to bring a top star, he shows his contempt by ignoring her all evening. Steve prefers no-name women to stars—and three and four at a time. A friend who visited him at home unexpectedly, found one girl cleaning up for Stevie, one cooking, and one changing records for him!

Bob Mitchum is rarely rude to the ladies. He loves 'em too much. But when Loretta Young was making a picture for RKO and fining people fifty cents every time they said a swear word, Bob went on her set and baited her with, "How much do I have to pay to tell you to jump in the lake?"

Men find it pays sometimes to tell off Shelley Winters. When Joe Cotten told Shell what makes her tick and him sick for forty-five minutes by the studio clock during a recent Western, everyone was spellbound by Joe's command of the English language—early English language. And Miss Winters was so surprised she not only behaved like a lamb, but when Cotten was ill on location, she nursed him.

If Gary Merrill needs any lessons in bad manners—and he was doing well in that line the night he heckled sweet Danny Thomas at the Mocambo—he could learn

a lot from Bette Davis who topped herse at her last beach birthday party for Gary when she quarrelled continuously with him in front of their guests.

Charlton Heston probably doesn't realize how rude he is when he can't remember people he's been introduced to many times before. It might help his reputation for manners to look at the people he meets.

Scott Brady behaves like a man who is ashamed to have good manners. He is negligent with his girls, doesn't introduce them when friends stop at his table at restaurants. And I've seen him lunch with girls and read the paper in their faces. He was next to him at Scandia when he was dining with Dorothy Malone one time. His pal stopped by to say hello, and Scott's greeting was somewhat rugged. He could just as easily have said, "Good evening" and spared Dotty embarrassment. I've heard Scott described as a diamond in the rough. But after all these years in Hollywood, the edges should be more polished. Trouble is, Scott seems to believe a star should be rude. Perhaps many girls agree. He proves it the tough manner. He never lacks for dates.

Joan Crawford judges her men by the manners. She was at a party at Sam Goldwyn's house one time, and Oscar Levant came in late. Seeing the vacant place next to Joan, Oscar said, "My God, do I have to sit next to you?"

Joan burst into tears and went home. I think she preferred Greg Bautzer's behavior. When he was mad he used to break her windows. That, at least, was exciting.

When Joan met Burt Lancaster at Warner's 'tis said she didn't like him because he would hold forth on any given subject without letting Joan join in. In fact, he paid no attention to her at all. And Joan is said to have fumed, "This is the most conceited man I know."

One thing's for sure, Burt pays less attention to his "civilian" clothes than any man here. You can usually tell what he's eaten for breakfast, lunch and dinner by looking at his coat in the evening.

It is believed that Farley Granger developed a crust intended to repel older actresses wanting to date him. It started when Rocky Cooper asked him to bring Barbara Stanwyck to a party. Actually, Babs is more fun than most starlets her age. Bob Wagner, four years Farley junior, loves to be around her. But Farley is the little boy who walks alone. He always seems to be pre-occupied—never says good morning to secretaries. Could be shyness, of course, but it would pay off in popularity if he'd get outside of himself to see how the other half is smiling.

Pete Lawford scrams Hollywood for social Southampton, Long Island, and Palm Beach, whenever his presence here is unnecessary. His critics complain he's a snob; however, this doesn't quite add up to his friendship with press agent Jeann McDonald—he even loaned her his jeep. And most of his surf riding pals are strictly nonentities. But I always thought he was casual to the point of rudeness with Charmin' Sharman—as if he were trying to show that he wasn't impressed.

And how did you like Aly's attempted kiss of death for glamorous star Rita Hayworth, calling her a "homebody" whose idea of a big time is to sit around the house in slippers and slacks all evening. A wet blanket is the insult he threw at her for all the world to read. A Prince by another name would have kept the family linen in the family laundry.

Monty Cliff's casual rudeness stems from the fact that he just doesn't care what people think of him. He doesn't go out of his way to hurt sensitive folks. He just

gnores them. But his pal Marlon Brando is a burp of a different breed. His peccadilloes are well known, but he seems to be going deliberately out of his way to shock. If this is the new naturalism, give me the old-fashioned school of courtesy and consideration.

And to go back to Miss Stanwyck, I'll never believe that Robert Taylor told that Italian actress that Barbara bored him and he preferred something younger and gayer. Bob is dating young Ursula Thiess, and he did hurt Barbara very much, but I just can't hear him saying the cruel words quoted by the wire service from Rome.

Lauren Bacall is the only woman in the world who knows how to handle Mr. Bogart, who was born with a provocative streak and the dignified name of Humphrey that no one calls him by, just as no one calls her Lauren. She's Betty. Bogey, like Brando, aims to shock. That's why he picks quarrels. He treats Betty like a man. She treats him like a baby. And he adores her. But he doesn't care for actresses in general—not Bette Davis, nor Crawford. He does like tough-gal Ann Sheridan who can match him letter for letter in the swear-word department. And he was on his toes and very impressed, in a different way, of course, with Ingrid Bergman.

Zsa Zsa Gabor has to be in love with George Sanders because he's been pretty rude to her. Once when he was caustic to a columnist, Zsa Zsa comforted the writer with, "You shouldn't worry. He once called me names."

When Stewart Granger calls Jean Simmons names, it's supposed to be part of a secret game they're playing. I think he should explain the rules, because when you call your wife stupid and silly, the point of the game is lost on the listeners. I wonder what game Stewart was playing the time he slapped Jean's hand down because she absentmindedly ate a salad he told her she shouldn't. One day I'm going to sit down with him and find out, because all that charm on the screen can't be play-acting entirely.

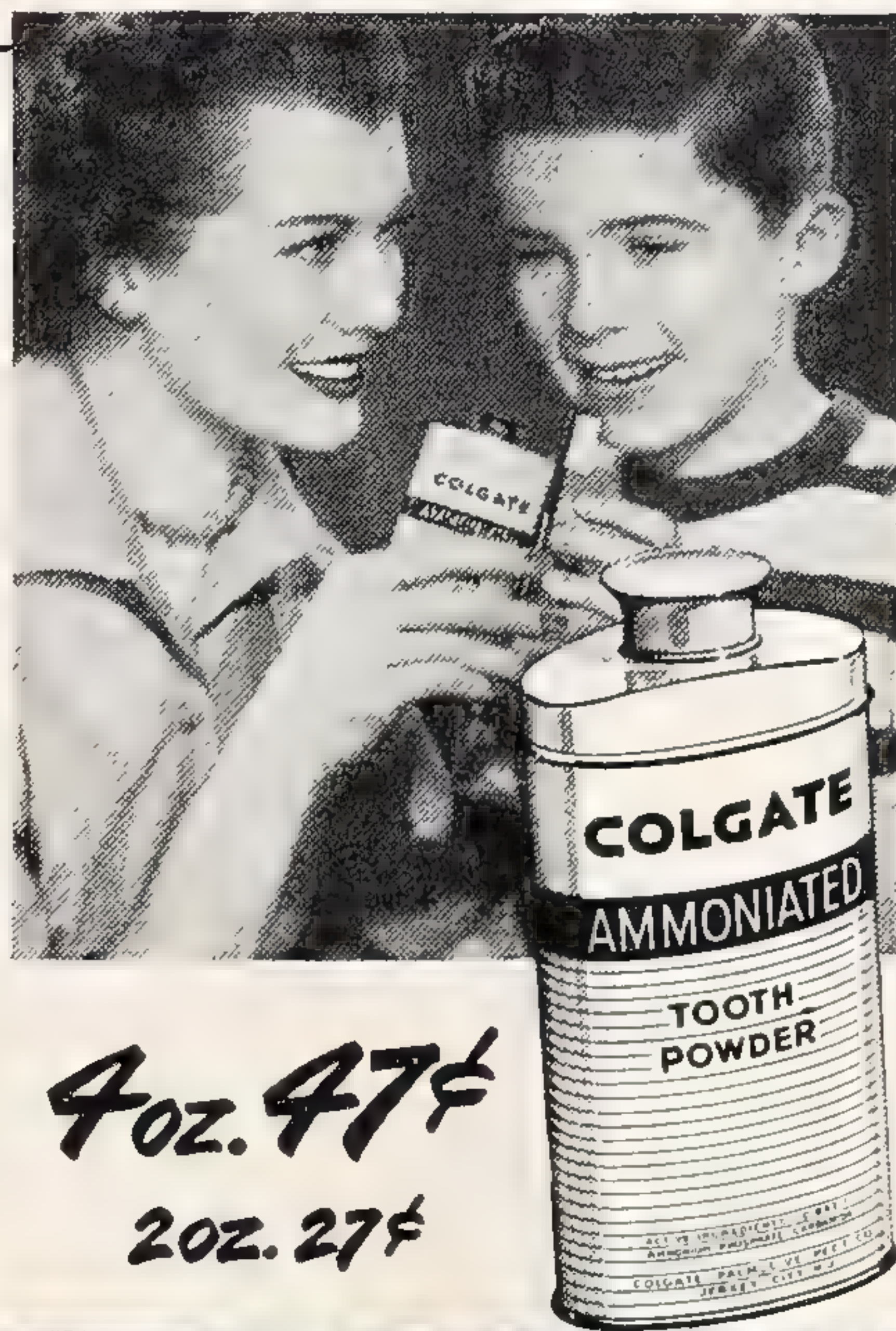
I don't want to leave you with the impression that we don't have any gentlemen in pictures. Bob Hope is always courteous to the fair sex without indulging in flowery compliments. And Bing is always kind. Their combined kindness to Dorothy Lamour is something to remember. Dotty had had a few bad pictures and the film offers weren't coming so fast. But they insisted on having her in "Road to Bali," also "Road to the Moon." And it's little insouciances of this nature that revive a career. It's what Jack Benny did for Eddie Cantor when Eddie's star dipped a decade ago.

A lifting hand when you're down. That's what Bing offered Judy Garland. The outlook was really black for Judy. Metro had dropped her. She had tried suicide. No one was willing to take a chance on her—except Bing, who paid her to sing on his radio show and gave her back the confidence she needed to try her luck in London at the Palladium and rebuild her then shaky career.

Jerry Lewis always treats his wife like a Queen. So does Dean Martin. And Mel Ferrer is as courteous as they come. So is Dick Powell. And there are more, of course. John Wayne is polite—unless you do something to offend—then he'll want to take a swing and punch your nose regardless of your gender.

Summing up, I'd say it's two to one—the rude—and the gentlemen. But when you consider the two women to every man situation here, it's surprising things aren't worse. THE END

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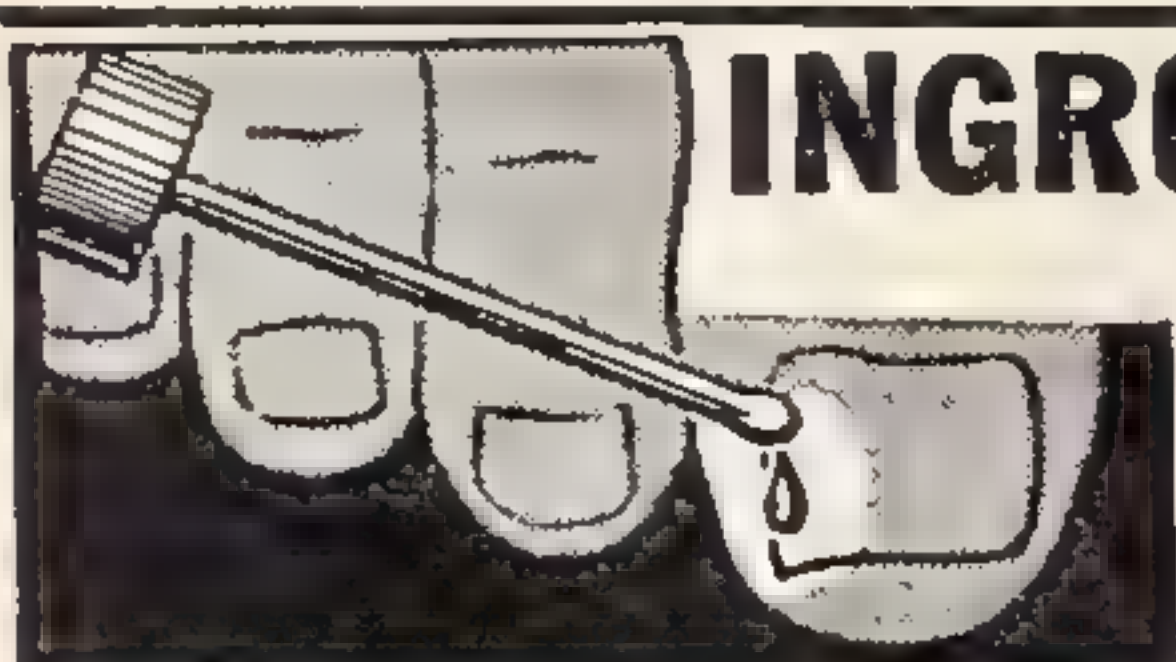
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Will Maturity End Jane's Appeal?

(Continued from page 36)

Jane had a brief fling at a comparatively "grown up" portrayal as Fred Astaire's sister in "Royal Wedding." Her next, "Small Town Girl," may tell the tale in full.

Her success has never given Jane a worldly, bored-with-it-all attitude on screen or off. Her friends remember the occasion when she was guest of honor at a luncheon given by a number of girls her own age. The sub-deb sophisticates were indulging in table-talk. "Well," said one in a bored tone, "Dad finally got around to getting me my mink."

"I'm hoping for sables come Christmas," said another.

Then Jane spoke up. She had news, too, and she was bursting to tell it. "Daddy's getting me a suede coat. And he's getting it wholesale!" she bubbled.

With maturity has come a new dignity. It was apparent when Jane vacationed in a popular resort town, and the local populace was somewhat shocked. "What a shame," they said. "That horrible Hollywood makes children old before their time." Children?

It may be equally as difficult for her fans to realize that Jane has grown up. As for Jane, she is grateful for the stardom she has achieved. It came as a surprise. She never meant to be a star. She was Suzanne Burce whose parents man-

Considering the price we pay for experience, it should be the best teacher

DENNIS MORGAN

aged an apartment house in Portland. She made her first public appearance at the age of four—tap-dancing in a school recital. At eleven, when it became evident that she had a good singing voice, Jane began her lessons. Two years later, she had her own radio show in Portland.

When her parents decided to vacation in Southern California, the station manager suggested that she audition for Janet Gaynor's "Hollywood Showcase" program. Jane and her family figured that if, by chance, she won, the money would help with expenses.

After her appearance, studio calls poured in. She auditioned at M-G-M for L. B. Mayer and Joe Pasternak. She sang "Il Bacio"—the same aria that won a contract for Deanna Durbin. It was then that Jane Powell began her climb to stardom.

Fortunately, Jane's private life has been as successful as her career. And, unlike many other stars, when she says that her husband and children come first in her life, she means it. The new baby, Suzanne Ileen, adds to the responsibility at home for Jane, who has never shirked any kind of responsibility.

But soon she will return to the screen to face the maturity that has been the kiss of death for many a child star's career . . . for Jane Withers, Bonita Granville, Shirley Temple. Now comes the same familiar question. Will Jane continue to be cast as a sweet young thing? Will her public believe her in a different sort of role? Seemingly, that would depend upon her studio. The studio can take a good guess and plan her pictures accordingly. What's next for Jane Powell? Only you—the fans and moviegoers—can furnish the answer.

THE END

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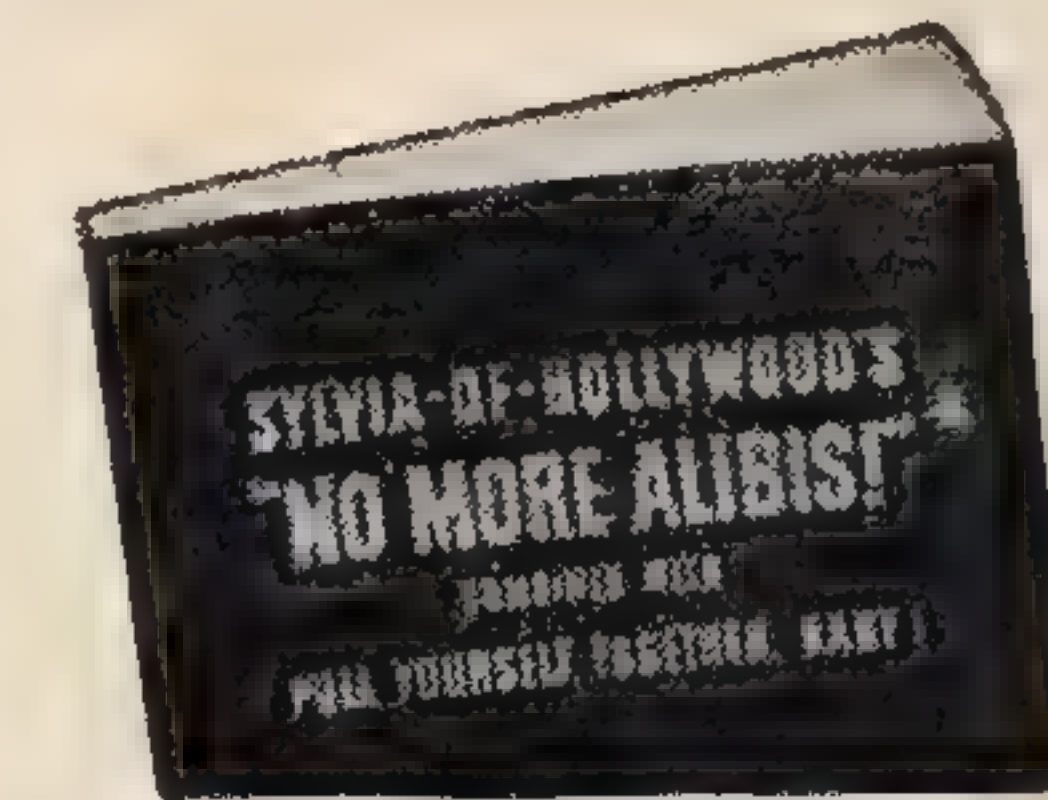
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Behave Yourselves!

(Continued from page 39)

Since the beginning of movies as an industry, a certain amount of justifiable criticism has been leveled at the behavior of Hollywoodites who refused to conform. But the new wave of public wrath, I believe, started with the Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini affair.

Ingrid was idolized by millions. Publicity practically built her into a saint; and she was not averse to the halo adoring fans placed around her head.

For a while she had many people fooled. They never guessed what lay beneath that cool, poised exterior. But I began to find cracks in that shining armor of Bergman's. She had an aloofness, whether feigned or real, that startled me. She seemed to regard her fans as a sea of abstract faces to whom she owed nothing. I had more than one argument with her about this matter. But her attitude never changed. And when Ingrid openly had a love affair with Rossellini while still married to Dr. Peter Lindstrom, it was like hitting her fans a blow in the face with her fists.

The shock and disappointment were bad enough. But how many young girls and thoughtless women said, "If Ingrid Bergman does it, why can't I?" There is where the real harm lies. Many copy the actions—good or bad—of their idols.

Ingrid is paying heavily for her impulsive behavior. She's still the artist. But who sees her pictures?

It's true that time has softened the bitter criticism leveled toward Ingrid during the post-Stromboli days. In Photoplay's poll, for instance, fans voted for her to return to American films, and the ratio in her favor was three to one. And from fan mail I judge that the public is beginning to forgive Bergman, the woman; but not Ingrid Bergman, the movie star. Fans just won't forget that she let them down and set an example that their own daughters might be encouraged to follow.

Some Hollywoodites were taking morality lightly before the public started putting its foot down. If the wrath had been heaped on these people alone, it would have been only justice. But for their actions, all Hollywood has suffered a black eye.

Rita Hayworth, who was making headlines with Aly Khan, is still on trial. Nobody can yet say whether the public will accept her as of old. I'm told that her picture, "Affair in Trinidad," is earning money; but I'll have to see a certified account of the box-office receipts before I believe it. Besides, that film is hardly indicative of the future of her career. It was her first picture since she became a princess, and, therefore, a novelty. People wanted to see how Princess Rita looked on the screen. But from now on she's on her own with a public that has a far from completely amiable attitude toward her.

She asked for it. When she first started gallivanting over Europe with Aly Khan, Rita was single. But he was not. The whole world knew it. Frowns of disapproval began to blacken Rita's horizon.

There's little indication that Rita bothered her pretty head greatly about such criticism. But Hollywood, which the public seems to regard as a lump sum rather than a pattern made up of many individuals, did. The town knew that Rita was again bringing it under fire, and many upright citizens resented it.

Rita married her prince; but let it be said that she certainly never went into obscurity. Her every move was fervently chronicled by the press. To wide-eyed young girls, it was a fairy tale that came true: the poor little maid who turned into a princess. Rita had her baby; and then



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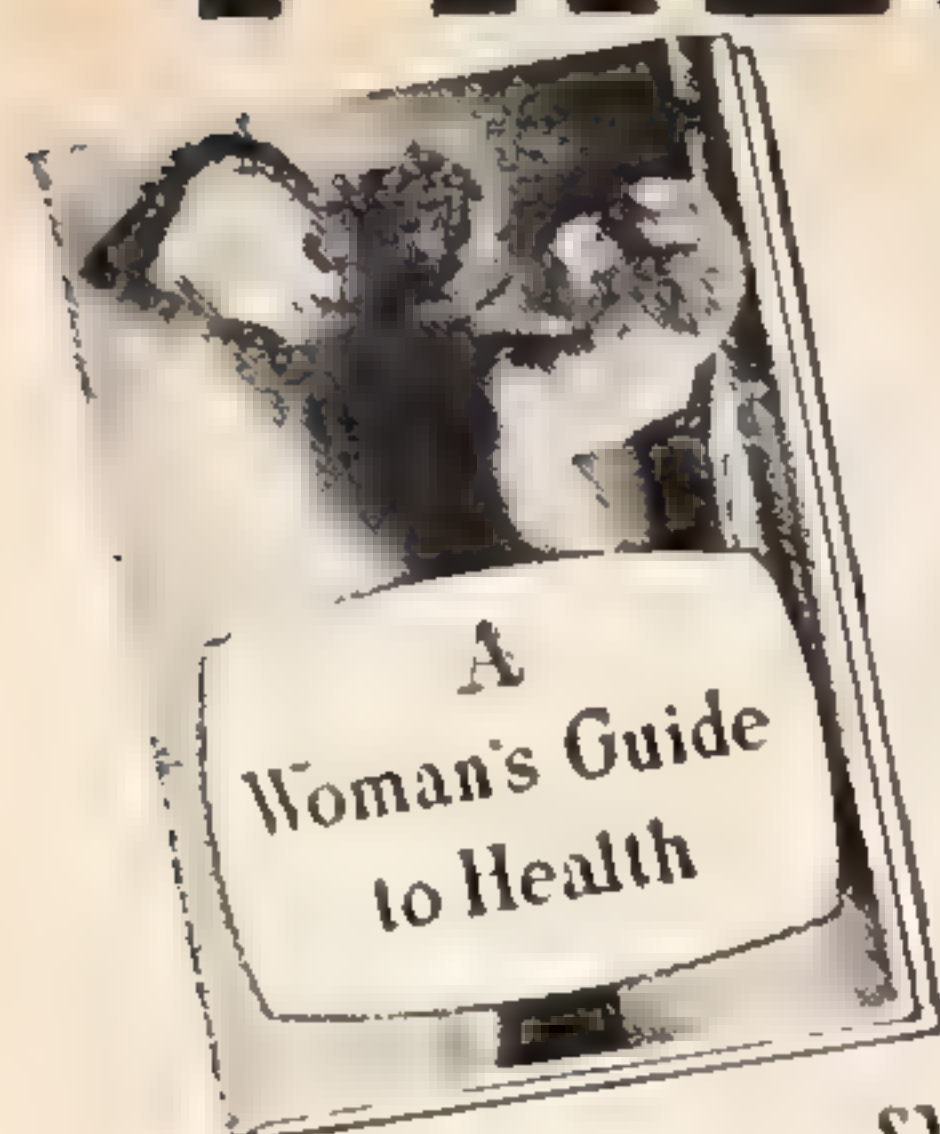
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we began to hear rumblings that the marriage had gone sour. Cinderella came home; and Aly's continued playboy antics further cheapened this publicized marriage.

Rita can now redeem herself with the American public only through hard work and circumspect living. But after finishing a second picture, she sauntered right back to Europe; and there she began making news again with men other than Aly. If Rita continues to ask for obscurity, I'm sure that the public will eventually oblige her. I could name a dozen youngsters who, with the proper publicity buildup, could step into her shoes. Stars are usually a bit late in getting around to this sort of news; so I'm handing it to Rita now. No star is irreplaceable.

As for Ava Gardner, I personally believe that having children would solve many of her behavior problems. She's always wanted kids; and they would give her a sense of responsibility which her career has failed to do. I think that she's tried to make a go of her marriages. But what chance had she as the teen-age wife of Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw? These fellows have a habit of not wanting to stay married.

And now Frank Sinatra. This guy has a positive talent for trouble. Together, he and Ava are dynamite. Frank is a moody fellow with a hair-trigger temper, but he can charm the birds off the trees. I know of nobody who can get himself in and out of the doghouse so fast and so frequently. Frank somehow bears about him an air of innocence. Hearing his side of a story, one is apt to think: "This poor wronged boy!" I know, because I've been snowed under by that old routine. After a series of bad stories had broken on him, I offered Frank my column to explain himself. He did so convincingly. But before the story hit print, Frank was in the headlines again. This time he'd smacked Lee Mortimer and reaped the ire of the Hearst press empire.

To get that little matter straightened out required a bit of doing; but Frank did it. Through a friend of mine, he got in to see William Randolph Hearst himself. Evidently he turned on the charm and air of injured innocence, because the Hearst reporters promptly left off flaying Frank. But that didn't teach Sinatra a lasting lesson. He was to have many stormy sessions with the press after that.

Nobody can tell me that bad publicity did not help a great deal in undermining Frank's career. When he separated from Nancy, I was amazed at the number of letters I received from bobby-soxers expressing great indignation at Sinatra's action. Frank is trying hard to pull his career together. He's returning to Metro for one picture; and at this writing is up for the dramatic role of the embittered Italian soldier in "From Here to Eternity." This could open up a new phase of show business for him—that of being a dramatic actor. Now if he'll just behave himself, he might regain his old popularity.

Lana Turner is another who could do with more self-discipline—much more. She allows herself to be governed completely by her emotions rather than by her mind. She acts first and thinks second. In going back over her life, I was astounded at the number of errors she's made. Her studio has frequently called her on the carpet. She calms down when her bosses start reading the riot act; but you never know when she's going to erupt again. It was her bad luck to be with Ava Gardner when Ava had her last big quarrel with Frank Sinatra. Naturally Lana got her share of brickbats.

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many of Lana's impetuous, foolish deeds. But no more. The public expects her to act her age. So does her studio. Youth will soon be slipping away from Lana. Her career will then depend upon her ability as an actress and the esteem the public has for her. Metro is patient, but it can be ruthless when necessary.

This was proved in the case of Judy Garland, one of the greatest money-makers of them all. When Judy used to scrap with her studio, I always got myself right in the middle by taking her part. I knew she was being overworked and had a diet problem. Shedding pounds before starting a picture left her nerves jangling. I've seen her working on a movie set when she was so exhausted she was shaking like a leaf. But still she wanted to do big pictures. When her delays started costing Metro money, Judy was dropped like a millstone. That can happen to any player.

But Judy's case was special. Having grown up in the movie industry and into the heart of America, she was always the little girl from over the rainbow. Anything she did as an impulsive, stubborn woman reflected on that little girl. The public was profoundly shocked. But her personal appearances proved she still had a strong following. I'm wondering, though, how the public at large will take her when she attempts a screen comeback in "A Star Is Born."

Judy and Sid are married now for better or worse. And they are doing everything to insure that her next film will be a successful one. They've got Harold Arlen, who wrote "Over the Rainbow," to compose the score; and Moss Hart to do the script. But if she starts slimming down for the picture—as certainly she must—she's likely to get the old "nerves" back.

Mario Lanza leaped to stardom, then mystified his multitude of fans by brushing aside his film career, at least temporarily. When he balked at doing "The Student Prince," many thought it was due to an enlarged head brought on by too sudden fame and fortune. I met Mario long before he made his first picture and have helped push his career. He is one of the few actors who ever thanked me publicly for the aid given him.

But when his trouble with Metro started, Mario absolutely clammed up. I couldn't even get him on the phone. After seeing the storm warnings being hoisted at the studio, I contacted his wife, Betty, and pleaded with her to have Mario call me with his side of the story. Betty sounded slightly hysterical, but would tell me nothing to explain Mario's action to the public. So the public was left to believe that Lanza had turned into a temperamental, spoiled brat. He did nothing to refute the reports.

I had heard that Mario was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. There's nothing shameful about that. It could happen to any of us. "If Mario is sick, let the public know," I told Betty. "He'll get the sympathy." She would admit that he "needed only a little rest," but promised Mario would call me. He sent me flowers "with love" several months ago. Otherwise I haven't heard a word from him. He owes the truth to his puzzled fans. Their indifference can break him as fast as their enthusiasm made him.

It was, I believe, Bob Mitchum's complete honesty in the marijuana episode that saved his career. A married man with children, Bob had no defense for his deed. And when he took his medicine without wailing, he began to gain public sympathy. But he has learned his lesson. Now he'll walk away from trouble. Not long ago, I saw a writer trying to needle Bob into anger. Mitchum wasn't afraid of the fel-



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low; but he didn't want trouble. He sidestepped it by readily admitting that every bad thing the writer said about him was true. In so doing, Bob won the fellow as a friend. But Bob is by nature reckless. So he keeps his studio publicity department in a sweat. They never know when he may be making the headlines again. I don't believe his career could survive a second jolt similar to the first.

Morality has moved into the political front. The standard contract bears a clause giving a studio the right to drop a player if he does anything to damage his box-office potentiality. The last election proved that America detests Communism and its front organizations. Yet some of our players keep flirting with red ideas. I believe left-wing political activities have done more than anything else to curtail Charlie Chaplin's career.

Sterling Hayden got sucked in by the Commies; but he got out on his own volition, reported his former party affiliation to the FBI and cooperated with investigators. His career suffered not at all. In fact, 1952 was his busiest year as an actor. Behaving oneself does not mean that a star must be forced into any set political beliefs.

Immaturity is a state of mind when people fit the word "can't" into their way of living

JOAN CRAWFORD

The public is eager to know the facts. On my lecture tour throughout the country, the one question asked me most frequently was about Communism in Hollywood. A handful of reds associated with the movie industry in the public mind had given our town an enormous shiner.

Whenever a star gets so big and demands the "free soul" of an artist, I'm always reminded of a story told me by Florence Bates. While doing a picture, she heard a talented young girl talking rudely to a cameraman. When the scene was finished, Florence called the girl into her dressing room and told her the anecdote about the fly riding on a cart pulled by oxen. Looking back, the fly said, "My, what a dust I've raised!" Then Florence pointed out the work of the writer in preparing the script; the producer who had to put the picture together; the director who has to see that the scenes come off well; the men who build the sets; and the electricians who light them; the publicists who have to sell both stars and their pictures to the public. The girl then saw how infinitely small her part was in the making of a picture.

I get sick of people who revel in the gifts of stardom but groan at the liabilities. They forget that they were deliberately created in and by the public mind; and therefore, to a great extent, belong to the public. They want the fame that brings screen success; and at the same time, the anonymity of John Doe when they choose to step out of line. This is impossible; and, having written about Hollywood for many years, I've sweated blood in trying to explain it to stars.

If all stars would take stock of themselves, they would see just how dependent they are on their associates and the world for their success. They have no right to offend the public who decides whether or not they'll swim or sink professionally. I for one feel the time has come for the people of Hollywood to draw the line. We must say to the stars who won't conform: Behave yourselves, or there will be no place for you in our town. THE END

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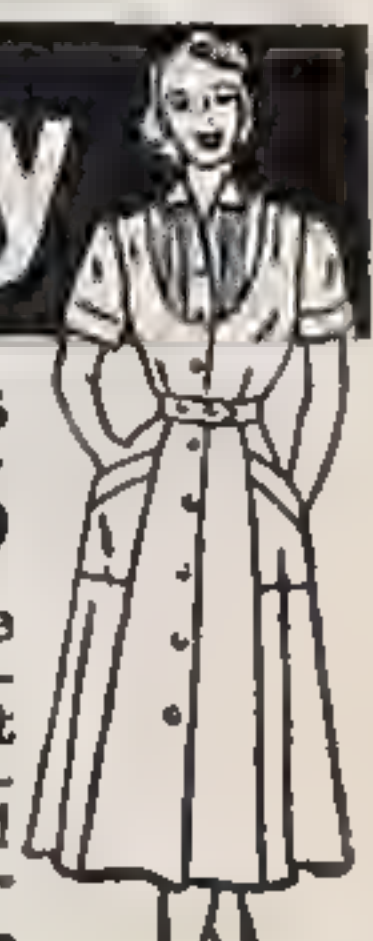
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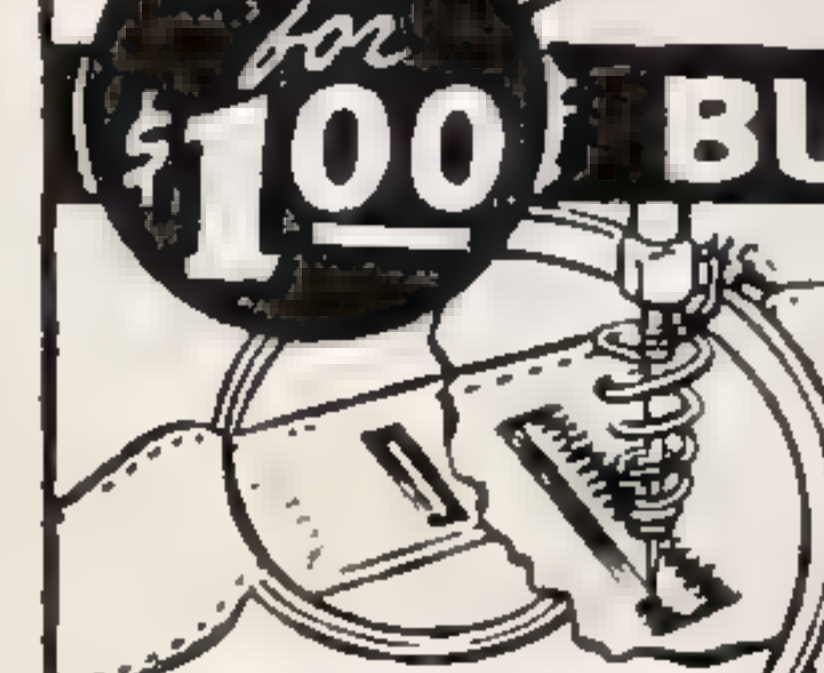
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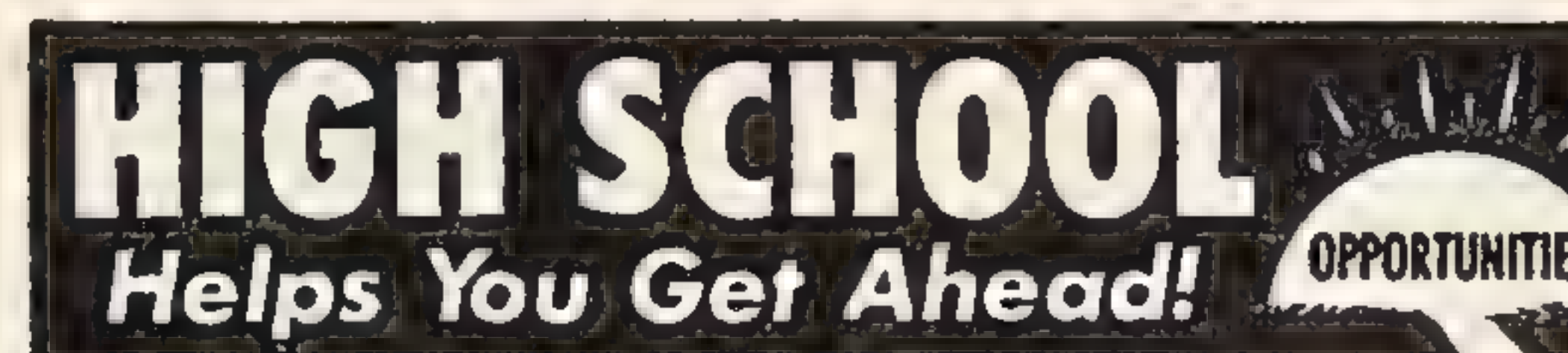


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Casts of Current Pictures

ANGEL FACE—RKO. Directed by Otto Preminger: Frank, Robert Mitchum; Diane, Jean Simmons; Mary, Mona Freeman; Mr. Tremayne, Herbert Marshall; Fred Barrett, Leon Ames; Mrs. Tremayne, Barbara O'Neil; Bill, Kenneth Tobey; Arthur Vance, Raymond Greenleaf; The Judge, Griff Barnett; Miller, Robert Gist; Juror, Morgan Farley; Judson, Jim Backus.

BLACKBEARD, THE PIRATE—RKO. Directed by Raoul Walsh: Blackbeard, Robert Newton; Edwina, Linda Darnell; Worley, William Bendix; Maynard, Keith Andes; Sir Henry Morgan, Torin Thatcher; Alvina, Irene Ryan; Noll, Alan Mowbray; Briggs, Richard Egan; Gilly, Skelton Knaggs; Dutchman, Dick Wessel; Pierre La Garde, Anthony Caruso; Tom Whetstone, Jack Lambert; Jeremy, Noel Drayton; Job Maggot, Pat Flaherty.

FORBIDDEN GAMES—Times Film. Directed by Rene Clement: Paulette, Brigitte Fossey; Michel, Georges Poujouly; Father Dollé, Lucien Hubert; Mother Dollé, Suzanne Courtal; Georges Dollé, Jacques Marin; Berthe Dollé, Laurence Badie; Father Gouard, Andre Wasley; Francis Gouard, Amedee; The Priest, Louis Saintevé.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Goldwyn-RKO. Directed by Charles Vidor: Hans Christian Andersen, Danny Kaye; Niels, Farley Granger; Doro, Jeanmaire; Peter, Joey Walsh; Otto, Philip Tonge; The Hussar—Danced by Erik Bruhn; The Prince in "The Little Mermaid" Ballet, Roland Petit; Schoolmaster, John Brown; Burgomeister, John Qualen; Celine, Jeanne Lafayette; Stage Doorman, Robert Malcolm; Farmer, George Chandler; First Gendarme, Fred Kelsey; Second Gendarme, Gil Perkins; Lars, Peter Votrian.

HOAXTERS, THE—M-G-M: Narration by Marilyn Erskine, Howard Keel, George Murphy, Walter Pidgeon, Dore Schary, Barry Sullivan, Robert Taylor, James Whitmore.

IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, THE—Rank-U-I. Directed by Anthony Asquith: Ernest Worthing, Michael Redgrave; Seton, Richard Wattis; Algernon Moncrieff, Michael Denison; Lane, Walter Hudd; Lady Bracknell, Edith Evans; Gwendolen Fairfax, Joan Greenwood; Cecily Cardew, Dorothy Tutin; Miss Prism, Margaret Rutherford; Canon Chasuble, Miles Malleon; Merriman, Aubrey Mather.

LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO, THE—I.F.E. Releasing. Directed by Julien Duvivier: Don Camillo, Fernandel; Peppone, Gino Cervi; Cristina, Sylvie; Gina, Vera Talqui; Mariolino, Franco Interlenghi; Bishop, Charles Vissières; Filotti, Luciano Manara; Brusco, Armando Migliari.

MAN BEHIND THE GUN, THE—Warners. Directed by Felix Feist: Major Callicut, Randolph Scott; Lora Roberts, Patrice Wymore; Monk, Dick Wesson; Capt. Roy Giles, Philip Carey; Chona Degnon, Lina Romay; Mark Sheldon, Roy Roberts; Bram Creegan, Morris Ankrum; Phoebe Sheldon, Katharine Warren; Olaf, Alan Hale, Jr.; Buckley, Douglas Fowley; Vic Sutro, Tony Caruso; "Kansas" Collins, Clancy Cooper; Joaquin Murieta, Robert Cabal.

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—U-I. Directed by Rudolph Maté: Mark Fallon, Tyrone Power; Angelique Duroux, Piper Laurie; Ann Conant, Julia Adams; John Polly, John McIntire; Pierre, William Reynolds; Edmund Duroux, Paul Cavanagh; Paul O. Monet, Robert Warwick; Laurent Duroux, John Baer; George Elwood, Ron Randall; Andre, Guy Williams; Caldwell, Ralph Dumke; Spud, King Donovan; Kennerly, Hugh Beaumont; Julian Conant, Dennis Weaver.

MOULIN ROUGE—U.A. Directed by John Huston; Toulouse-Lautrec and Count de Toulouse-Lautrec, José Ferrer; Marie Charlet, Colette Marchand; Myriamme, Suzanne Flon; Jane Avril, Zsa Zsa Gabor; La Goulue, Katherine Kath; Aicha, Muriel Smith; Countess de Toulouse-Lautrec, Claude Nollier; Patou, Georges Lannes; Valentin Dessosse, Walter Crisham; Madame Loubet, Mary Clare; Maurice Joyant, Lee Montague; Zidler, Harold Gasket; Sarah, Jill Bennet; Denise, Maureen Swanson; Pere Cotelle, Jim Gerald; Chocolat, Rupert John; Aicha's Partner, Tutti Lemkow; Proprietor (1st Bar), Eric Pohlman; Seurat, Christopher Lee; Anquetin, Jean Landier; Gauzi, Robert Le Fort; Drunken Reveler, Jean Claudio; Lorette, Suzi Euzaine; Delivery Boy, Guy Motschen; Maitre d'Hotel Maxim's, M. Ledebur.

MY COUSIN RACHEL—20th Century-Fox. Directed by Henry Koster: Rachel, Olivia de Havilland; Philip Ashley, Richard Burton; Louise, Audrey Dalton; Nick Kendall, Ronald Squire; Rainaldi, George Dolenz; Ambrose Ashley, John Sutton; See-combe, Tudor Owen; Reverend Pascoe, J. M. Kerrigan; Mrs. Pascoe, Margaret Brewster; Mary-Pascoe, Alma Lawton; Pascoe Daughters, Ola Lorraine; Kathleen Mason; Signora, Argentini Brunetti; Care-

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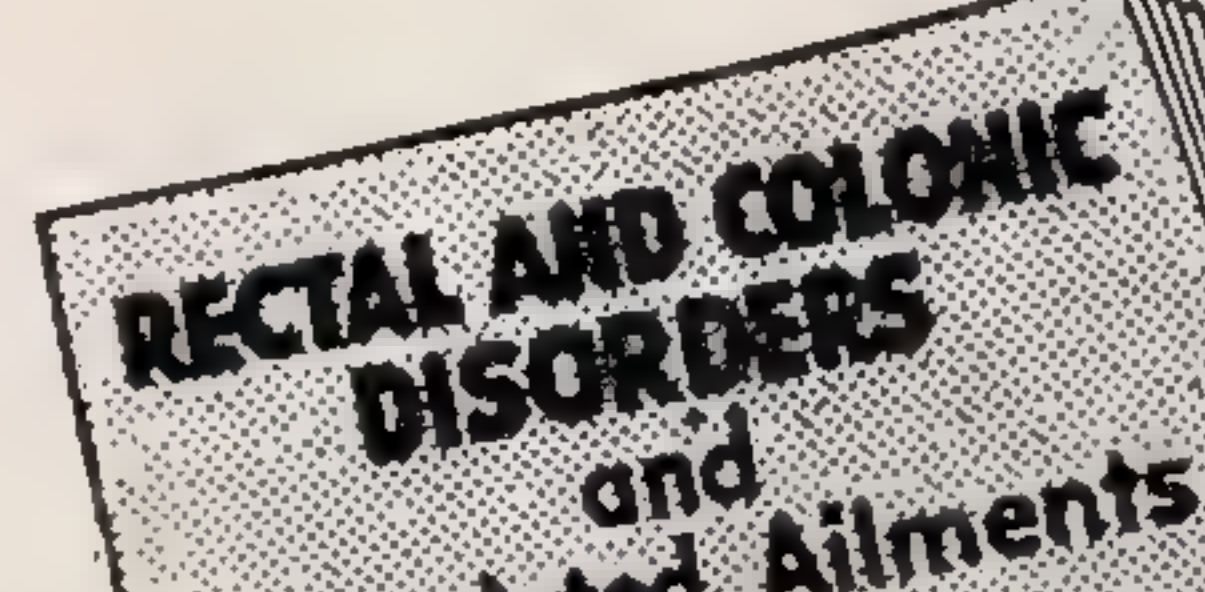
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NO TIME FOR FLOWERS—RKO. Directed by Don Siegel: Anna Svoboda, Viveca Lindfors; Karl Marek, Paul Christian; Papa Svoboda, Ludwig Stossel; Mama Svoboda, Adrienne Gessner; Emil Dadak, Peter Preses; Kudelka, Manfred Inger; Stefan Svoboda, Peter Czeyke; Anton Novotny, Frederick Berger; Johann Burian, Oscar Wegrosteck; Milo, Helmut Janatsch; Lawyer, Karl Bachman; Mrs. Pilski, Hilde Jaeger; Flower Woman, Pepi Glockner-Kramer; Police Guard, Reinhold Seigert; Police Sergeant, Willi Schumann; Woman Drunk, Ilka Windisch; Sedlacek, Toni Mitterwurzer; Czech Peasant, Theodore Prokof; Taxi Driver, Robert Eckertt; 1st Soldier, Peter Brand; 2nd Soldier, Karl Schwetter.

REDHEAD FROM WYOMING, THE—U.I. Directed by Lee Sholem: Kate Maxwell, Maureen O'Hara; Stan Blaine, Alex Nicol; Reece Duncan, Alexander Scourby; Myra, Jeanne Cooper; Amy, Claudette Thornton; Hal, Palmer Lee; Sandy, Jack Kelly; Jim Averell, William Bishop; Wade, Ray Bennett; Jack, Joe Bailey; Ned, Rush Williams; Matt, Dennis Weaver; Wally, David Alpert; Tex, Joe Bassett; Chet Jones, Stacey Harris; French Heels, Betty Allen; Knuckles, Bob Strauss; Professor, Larry Hudson.

STOOGEE, THE—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by Norman Taurog; Bill Miller, Dean Martin; Ted Rogers, Jerry Lewis; Mary Turner, Polly Bergen; Frecklehead Tait, Marion Marshall; Leo Lyman, Eddie Mayehoff; Ben Bailey, Richard Erdman; Mrs. Rogers, Frances Bavier.

STOP, YOU'RE KILLING ME—Warners. Directed by Roy Del Ruth: Marko, Broderick Crawford; Nora, Claire Trevor; Mary, Virginia Gibson; Chance Whitelaw, Bill Hayes; Mike, Charles Cantor; Lefty, Sheldon Leonard; Giuseppe, Joe Vitale; Mahoney, Howard St. John; Innocence, Henry Morgan; Mrs. Whitelaw, Margaret Dumont; Cal Ritter, Stephen Chase; Clyde Post, Don Beddoe; Pete Ryan, Henry Slate; A Singer, Jack Pepper; Donnie Reynolds, Louis Lettieri; Sad Sam, Ned Glass.

BROTHERHOOD WEEK

FEBRUARY 15-22nd



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BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for months indicated. For this month's full reviews, see page 20



A—Adults F—Family

OUTSTANDING

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER—U. A.: Superbly made, taut, adventurous tale of Britain's pioneer jet flyers. Family conflicts involved become convincing and touching through fine performances by Ann Todd, Ralph Richardson, Nigel Patrick, John Justin. (F) February

CINERAMA — Cinerama Productions, Eastman Kodak color: An amazing new movie technique, using three curved screens and special sound,

takes you right into the action. No story, but plenty of thrills: a roller-coaster ride, opera at La Scala, an air tour of the U. S. (F) January

COME BACK, LITTLE SHEBA—Wallis, Paramount: Intimate, grueling drama of a marriage, of youth and the yearning for lost youth. Shirley Booth is magnificent; Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, Richard Jaeckel score. (A) January

LIMELIGHT—U. A.: Intensely personal, slow,

but affecting story of a has-been music-hall comic who gives a sad young ballerina new faith in life. Charlie Chaplin's unique style runs a full range, from tender moments with lovely Claire Bloom to slapstick with Buster Keaton. (F) February

PETER PAN—Disney, RKO, Technicolor: Enchanting cartoon feature based on the beloved fantasy of eternal childhood. *Peter, Wendy, Tinker Bell, Captain Hook* come alive to the tune of many sprightly songs. (F) February

VERY GOOD

APRIL IN PARIS—Warners, Technicolor: Featherweight farce enlivened by the musical talents of Doris Day, as a chorine on a Paris junket, and Ray Bolger, as a stuffy-to-start-with junior diplomat. Gay songs and dances. (F) February

BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL, THE—M-G-M: Fascinating close-up of Hollywood. Kirk Douglas is a producer who wins the hatred of actress Lana Turner, director Barry Sullivan, writer Dick Powell—till the surprise finish. (A) February

BLAZING FOREST, THE—Paramount, Technicolor: Neat, breezy melodrama of the redwood country. John Payne's the tough foreman bossing a logging operation for Agnes Moorehead; comely Susan Morrow provides romance. (F) January

EIGHT IRON MEN—Kramer, Columbia: Realistic story of one day on the Italian front, with good talk, but more talk than action. Bonar Colleano,

Lee Marvin and Richard Kiley stand out among the believable G.I.'s. (F) January

FACE TO FACE—RKO: Two-episode film. "The Captain" with James Mason, is a dreary sea tale. But "The Sheriff of Yellow Sky," with Robert Preston, Marjorie Steele, Minor Watson, is a delightful, unusual Western. (F) January

FOUR POSTER, THE—Kramer, Columbia: Tragicomic, talky history of a marriage, with only two characters. Lilli Palmer's brilliant throughout; Rex Harrison, at his best in light moments. Cartoon interludes are richly imaginative. (A) February

KANSAS CITY CONFIDENTIAL—U. A.: Well-photographed, tricky thriller about an innocent suspect who solves an armored-car robbery. With John Payne, Colleen Gray. (F) February

LAST OF THE COMANCHES—Columbia, Technicolor: Vigorous, tightly constructed Western in

which cavalryman Broderick Crawford leads a chance-met group in its stand against desert thirst and hostile Indians. (F) February

OUTPOST IN MALAYA—U. A.: Tense, expert topical drama showing the defense of rubber plantations against Malayan raiders. Jack Hawkins plays a British planter; Claudette Colbert, his troubled wife, with him in the siege. (F) February

ROAD TO BALI—Paramount, Technicolor: Further adventures of Crosby, Hope and Lamour—a casual, comical improvisation on the South Seas theme, with songs, gags, menacing villains and surprise guest celebs. (F) February

STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER—20th Century-Fox, Technicolor: Amiable, near-plotless musical in four-four time, with Clifton Webb as John Philip Sousa, bandleader-composer, Robert Wagner and Debra Paget as young lovers. (F) January

GOOD

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET CAPTAIN KIDD—Warners, SuperCinecolor: Tavern flunkies Bud and Lou vie with Charles Laughton for buried treasure. Laughs and music. (F) February

ABOVE AND BEYOND—M-G-M: Robert Taylor has some gripping moments as the pilot of the plane that dropped the A-bomb on Hiroshima; but scenes of domestic discord with wife Eleanor Parker are out of key. (A) February

ANDROCLES AND THE LION—RKO: Wordy, occasionally interesting version of Shaw's play about early Christians. Maurice Evans makes a

witty *Caesar*; Alan Young, a gentle *Androcles*; Jean Simmons, a glowing Christian maiden; Victor Mature, a stalwart Roman. (A) February

MEET ME AT THE FAIR—U-I, Technicolor: Tune-trimmed, nostalgic comedy-drama about a medicine-show man (Dan Dailey) who befriends an orphan (Chet Allen). (F) February

MILLION DOLLAR MERMAID—M-G-M, Technicolor: Extravaganza casting Esther Williams appropriately as Annette Kellerman, old-time swim star. With Victor Mature. (F) February

MY PAL GUS—20th Century-Fox: Engaging story

of parental love, with Richard Widmark and baby baritone George Winslow as father and son, Joanne Dru as an understanding teacher, Audrey Totter as Dick's grasping, estranged wife. (F) January

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Halfway successful attempt to humanize the *Mayflower* saga. Spencer Tracy is the cynical captain; among the voyagers are Gene Tierney, Leo Genn, Van Johnson. (F) January

TROPIC ZONE—Paramount, Technicolor: Ronald Reagan saves Rhonda Fleming's banana plantation in a Central American Western. (F) February

FAIR

AGAINST ALL FLAGS—U-I, Technicolor: Ramshackle action story set on Madagascar. In off-handed style, Errol Flynn plays a buccaneer who's really a British Navy officer; Maureen O'Hara is a fiery lady pirate. (F) January

BLACK CASTLE, THE—U-I: Not very horrible horror story. Gallant Richard Greene and evil Stephen McNally chase each other through a castle haunted by Lon Chaney and Boris Karloff; Paula

Corday plays the helpless heroine. (F) January

DESPERATE SEARCH—M-G-M: Mechanically plotted drama about flyers seeking two child survivors of a plane crash. With Howard Keel, Patricia Medina, Jane Greer. (F) February

THIEF OF VENICE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Slight, Italian-made yarn of a Renaissance Robin Hood (Paul Christian), with splendid settings. The late Maria Montez stars. (F) February

THUNDER IN THE EAST—Paramount: Shallow thriller of strife in India. Alan Ladd's a greedy American; Deborah Kerr, a British girl; Charles Boyer, a peaceable Indian. (F) February

UNDER THE RED SEA—RKO: Record of ocean-floor exploration by Dr. Hans Hass and his expedition, with fascinating shots of coral reefs and marine life—and phony touches that keep it from rivaling "Kon-Tiki." (F) November



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